The Essays and Hymns of Synesius of Cyrene

including the

ADDRESS TO THE EMPEROR ARCADIUS AND THE POLITICAL SPEECHES

Translated into English with Introduction and Notes

BY

AUGUSTINE FITZGERALD

Volume I

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
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PREFACE

THE Essays of Synesius, his address to the Emperor Arcadius, and the speeches that he delivered in Libya on the political situation, during the struggle between the cities of Pentapolis and the barbarian tribes of the desert, although not so celebrated in antiquity as the letters, and perhaps less well known to scholars of to-day, are none the less of great value as bearing upon the evolution of philosophic thought in the latter part of the fourth century and the beginning of the fifth. The present volume is an attempt to make them more familiar to English readers. The task is not an easy one, owing to the style of Synesius, which, as I have attempted to show in the Introduction, is apt to run into obscurity in places, owing to frequent use of ellipsis, and to the encumbrances that he made for himself in an attempt to follow certain latter-day rules of formal rhetoric. The precise value of these rhetorical points is apt to escape us to-day, and they fill his pages with various untranslatable plays upon words and subtleties of rhythm. I have attempted to follow the Greek idiom as much as possible, sometimes at the expense of a more fluent rendering into English, as the only way open to me of conveying to the English reader the undeniable personality of the author's style. In decisions concerning doubtful passages, I have every acknowledgement to make to the experience and scholarly co-operation of Professor Souter, of the University of Aberdeen, who has helped me with his advice and assistance, and who has kindly consented to read the proofs of the work. I wish also to express my thanks and gratitude to Dr. W. S. Crawford, whose work, *Synesius the Hellene*, has done much for the study of this author, for his generosity in lending me an original translation of the works of Synesius, which he prepared to assist him in his own investigations concerning the essays and hymns, and from the examination of which I have greatly profited.

My debts to this work are too numerous to permit of my acknowledging them in detail.

The text that I have used in translating the prose works of Synesius is that published in Migne's *Patrologia Graeca*. This is in part a reprint from the folio of Petavius and elsewhere a text established by Krabinger, the talented scholar whose valuable work was cut short by an untimely death. The best as well as the latest edition of the Hymns is that published by Professor Terzaghi,[1] who has appended to a new text founded upon a further collation of the manuscripts an apparatus criticus, and references to passages in Greek authors comparison with which throws some light on the shades of meaning implied in the language of Synesius. I have attempted in the introduction to emphasize the points in Greek history and culture that seem to me to throw light on the foundations of the character of this latter-day Lacedaemonian, and to disentangle some of the confused threads of Neoplatonism for the benefit of those who have not had time to unravel them. The essays and addresses have not been presented before to English readers, and there has been a tendency to regard them as interesting only to specialists on the decay and extinction of Greek literature under the later Roman Empire, or to philologists pure and simple. I hope that a perusal of them will convince many that, so far from this being the case, they are broadly human documents, as intelligible to our own age as to any other. The object of the notes, beyond giving some historical explanations, is to attempt to trace the influence of previous writers on the mind of Synesius. At the same time I have appended extracts from such Neoplatonic philosophers as Proclus, Olympiodorus, and Simplicius, with a view of showing to what extent the same trend of thought persisted in the following centuries. Nicephorus Gregoras and Michael Psellus under the later Byzantine Empire have still much in common with the culture of the fourth and fifth centuries as

[1] *Synesii Cyrenensis Hymni Metrici*, . . . dal Prof. Nicola Terzaghi, Napoli, 1915.

evinced in these essays and hymns. It is only by keeping these facts in view that we can trace a certain cohesion and unity in Greek culture which, under outwardly varying forms and through gradual transmutations, has come down to our own times, and is interwoven with many currents of thought in the present day, possibly with all of them.

A. F.

LONDON, 1929.

ADDENDA ET CORRIGENDA

page 7, note 2: for ἀφθέγγοις read ἀφθόγγοις.
" 85, line 10: read 'Orcagna's'.
" 90, line 3 from foot: read 'works'.
" 103, line 5: for *Synesus* read *Synesius*.
" " (*b*) add: *A Discourse on Dreams*, by Synesius, with a preface and paraphrase by Alex. C. Ionides, Jr. London and Aylesbury. Privately printed [1929].
" 135, add reference: *Od.* xvii. 193.
" 137, note 1: cf. Plato, *Crito*, p. 45 E.
" 146, note 3: for *Ib.* read *Il.*
" 193, line 3 from foot: for ἀστοῖς read ἀστὸς.
" 199, line 4: read ἀνδρείαν.
" 200, line 8: omit 'Loeb Library, *Fronto*, vol. i, p. 136, and'.
" 209, line 7: for 'W.' read 'tr.'
" 224, line 8 from foot: read διεξαγωγῆς.
" 272, line 4: read 'Pherecydes'.
" " line 12: read ', this'.
" 291: the note refers to line 4, not to line 14.
" 311, lines 6 and 7: read 'took' and 'would'.
" 315, line 14: for 'unbidden', read 'under no authority'.
" 368, line 9: the reference is Hes. *Op.* 98.
" 381, line 2: read 'sustainedst'.
" 417, line 11: omit the second 'to'.
" 421, second line from foot: read 'Pharisaic'.
" 451, line 6: read 'Simplicius'.
" 456, line 4: read πείθουσι.

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INTRODUCTION

I

THE traveller who can find time, in these days of belated haste, to return from Eleusis to Athens on foot, and to follow the road once worn by the feet of pilgrims to the shrine of Demeter, may see at sunset time a sight which has, perhaps, no parallel in this modern world, either for the perfect mirage that it presents to us of a past that is always present in our traditional Western culture, or for the profound symbolism that it conveys to the mind's eye of the lasting, if transformed, vitality of the spirit of Athens. All of the great cities of antiquity have disappeared so far as their outward semblance viewed from a distance is concerned. Rome as we approach it through the wild beauty of the Campagna is dominated by the great dome of Saint Peter's, a monument of a later period of civilization; the cattle graze to-day on meadows where once stood the temples and marts of Carthage; but if we gaze at Athens from the road to Eleusis, standing at a distance of some three miles from the old town walls on an autumn evening, when the Acropolis, lit up by the sun's last rays, glows with incandescent splendour, and when Mount Hymettus is turning rapidly to the deep blue of a distance painted by a Titian or a Giorgione—at such a moment as this a living picture is conjured up by nature before our eyes, scarcely removed from that which would have been displayed to their view in the days when Plato was teaching at the Academy and Aristotle at the Lyceum, or when eight centuries later Synesius visited Athens for the first time. This impression of the historic continuity of the city, when seen from a certain distance, is due to the marvellous natural configuration of the Acropolis, which gives an unmistakable physiognomy to the town, and to the fact that time has spared the outstanding features of the Parthenon, which, illuminated by the decline of the sun, still glitters as it must have done over two thousand years ago, however changed its hues may be, and however maltreated its columns by the barbarities of war. As to the town that has grown up, or lingered on beyond the Acropolis, it is made up for the most part of white houses, probably indistinguishable in their mass—when seen far away through the pines and olives that

border the old road—from the walls and roofs that once sheltered Athenian citizens; and such is the crown of wild olives that the 'heir of Time', to quote one of Synesius' favourite phrases, has awarded to these victors in games greater than the Olympian.

As we watch the last glow of the sun linger in golden warmth on the Temple of the Virgin Goddess, we are insensibly reminded of the last words in what is perhaps Plato's greatest work:

'Wherefore my counsel is, that we hold fast ever to the heavenly way, and follow after justice and virtue always, considering that the soul is immortal, and able to endure every sort of good and every sort of evil. Thus shall we live dear to one another and to the Gods, both while remaining here, and when like conquerors in the games who go round to gather gifts, we receive our reward. And for ourselves, both in this life and in the pilgrimage of a thousand years which we have been describing, may we fare well.' [1]

The stream of time has taken us more than a thousand years beyond the point that Plato foreshadowed as the goal of his pilgrimage, and whether his successors have succeeded in keeping to the 'Heavenly Way', I leave to the reader to determine; but he had one follower at least who was worthy to make the pilgrimage which he adumbrates in the great myth of Er, and that follower, always a Platonist at heart, was Synesius of Cyrene, who flourished eight centuries after his death, and most of whose works have come down to us. Looking at this still beautiful shell of the city of the past with all the illusion of the sun's last touch to vivify it, we are again irresistibly, if sadly, reminded of that other sunset that was rapidly approaching Athens when Synesius visited it for the first time at the end of the fourth century after Christ, for its light which had so long illuminated the world was soon to be extinguished in the earlier days of the sixth by the orders of the Emperor Justinian.

The seat of the great University to which Greeks had flocked from the 'sprinkled isles' of the Aegean, from Magna Graecia and Ionia, and to whom, even in the fourth century B.C. as Isocrates [2] tells us, 'all other Greek cities were in comparison villages', was sadly declining at the time of Synesius' visit to it. 'It is nothing to be wondered at', writes Libanius to one of his friends some seven hundred years after Plato's

[1] Plato, *Rep.* 621 c. [2] Isoc. *De Permutatione* 299.

death, 'if any man has fallen in love with the land of Attica, for the spot is most beloved alike by those who have seen it and by those who have seen it not', and adds that though in his day the masters of thought had become weak through luxurious ease, young men were in duty bound to complete their studies in this privileged spot, so as to return to their homes with at least a semblance of greater learning.[1] Thus Athens still stood high in the esteem of the Roman Empire as late as the fourth century, Athens where, in the words of Gibbon, 'the philosophic student, according to the temper of his mind, might doubt with the Sceptics or decide with the Stoics; sublimely speculate with Plato; or severely argue with Aristotle.'[2]

But already the great beacon was beginning to wane, and it continued declining until, with the death of Proclus at the end of the fifth century, we come—to quote the same historian again—'to a deplorable picture of the second childhood of human reason. Yet', he continues, 'the golden chain,[3] as it was fondly styled, of the Platonic succession continued for forty-four years from the death of Proclus to the Edict of Justinian, one which imposed a perpetual silence on the School of Athens, and excited the grief and indignation of the few remaining votaries of Grecian science.' The last throes of the Academy, the Lyceum, and the Stoa must have taken place in the year 529, a date which carries us on to a point about one hundred and thirty-four years later than the year of Synesius' short stay in Athens. The course of events, even at that time, must have pointed to the extinction of the schools of philosophy to any mind sufficiently clairvoyant to see the inevitable consequence of the forces both religious and political which the rapid spreading of the Christian Churches had introduced. Did Synesius foresee the doom that in a little more than a century must overtake the last vestiges of the Academy of his beloved Plato? I think, decidedly not. The Hellenic philosopher who was later to become

[1] Liban. Ep. 627 (Wolf = 715 Förster) ad Celsum. [2] Gibbon, I, xl, p. 280.

[3] Marinus speaks of Hegias in his *Life of Proclus* (cap. xxvi) as follows: 'From his childhood he showed signs of all his ancestral virtues, of his legitimate descent by the golden chain from Solon.' Athenaeus, writing about A.D. 200, reminds us of the glories of Athens: . . . *τὴν Ἀθηναίων πόλιν, τὸ τῆς Ἑλλάδος μουσεῖον, ἣν ὁ μὲν Πίνδαρος "Ἑλλάδος ἕρεισμα" ἔφη, Θουκυδίδης δ' . . . "Ἑλλάδα Ἑλλάδα", ὁ δὲ Πίσων "Ἑστίαν καὶ πρυτανεῖον τῶν Ἑλλήνων". Deipnosophists*, v. 12.

Bishop of Ptolemais, apparently saw no insuperable difficulty in Christianity and Greek philosophy dwelling together harmoniously. With buoyant optimism he imagined himself living, so far as religion and thought were concerned, in that millennium where the lion and the lamb shall lie down together. The world that he saw around him was torn with strife and war; the Emperor Theodosius had died and had left his great work of unification uncompleted; the Roman Empire in the East and the West was trembling and uncertain, in the hands of young and worthless rulers; but in the precincts of the Temple, in the aisles of the Christian Church, in the quiet chamber of the philosopher, in the cell of the anchorite, here at least there must be peace.

The Bishop of Ptolemais calls on the Churches to pray for him in several of his letters, in terms the sincerity of which I cannot doubt, and the same Synesius, on the eve of his ordination, proclaims his belief in the Platonic doctrine of the pre-existence of the soul. Was it not said to Saint Jerome, 'Thou art not a Christian but a Ciceronian'? Proclus, half a century later, tells us that he regarded all religions as honourable and as his own.[1] Had Synesius foreseen the death of the Schools of his masters Plato and Aristotle, he could scarcely have written so heartlessly of Athens as he does in Letters 54 and 136, for his instinct would have told him that the time was coming for her when

> ' as some green afternoon
> Turns towards sunset, and is loth to die,'

the last life breathed in her by Proclus would struggle for its existence in vain.

But when the sun of political freedom approached its decline at Athens, thought, in the sense that thought was understood in the golden days of the Academy or the Lyceum, was declining also, and the twilight of mysticism was at hand; a change this, well expressed in allegoric vein by Philo of Alexandria as follows: 'What reasoning is in us, that the sun is in the Universe.... As long as our intellect shines and pours itself into our whole soul, even as the effulgence of noon-tide, we

[1] Marinus, *Life of Proclus*, c. xix: τὰ παρ' ἑκάστοις πάτρια ἀρῶν ἐνθέμενος διετέλεσεν... καὶ γὰρ πρόγονον ἐκεῖνο εἶχεν αἰεὶ καὶ Θεὸν ὁ θεοσεβέστατος ἀνήρ, ὅτι τὸν φιλόσοφον προσῆκεν οὐ μιᾶς τινος πόλεως οἴδε τῶν παρ' ἑκάστοις πατρίων εἶναι θεραπευτὴν κοινῇ δὲ τοῦ ὅλου κόσμου ἱεροφάντην.

are self-contained and are not possessed. But when it declines towards its sunset, then, as is natural, ecstasy falls on us and frenzy, for when the divine light shines the human light sets.'[1] At the time when Synesius made his first and only visit to Athens, a formidable rival to the more ancient seat of learning had already reached its maturity. This was the younger sister University of Alexandria, of whose tenets Philo was the forerunner, and whose position in regard to the ultimate problems of thought might be said to be enclosed in the one short sentence just quoted. Thus a new star had arisen when that of Athens seemed paling in the first century after Christ, a light which although at first only one reflected from the original centre, had gradually increased in brilliancy until, if we can credit Synesius, by the end of the fourth century it laid claim to an even more dazzling intensity. Much had happened in the world of thought and learning since the day when Philo of Alexandria expressed the foundations of his faith in such lines as those above. They point the way quite clearly to the growth of that Neoplatonism which, two centuries later, was moulded in its definite form by the Christian Ammonius Saccas, and his famous pupil the Hellenic Plotinus, by whom it was carried to Antioch and finally to Rome, to receive there an official acknowledgement at the hands of the Emperor Gallienus. Why its direct founders did not come to Athens we do not know. They looked to Plato as their Master, basing their doctrines on their own mystical interpretation of the Dialogues. It was even the dream of Plotinus to establish a city which should be governed according to Plato's 'Laws'. By the time, then, that Synesius had come to Athens the Alexandrian School had in its turn imposed its way of thinking on the Schools of the older city. Nestorius, the pupil of Iamblichus, is said to have brought the later phase of Neoplatonism thither in the fourth century, just as in the third Longinus, the pupil of Plotinus, had brought the earlier. Neoplatonism had gone through three phases since the days of Plotinus, but the current was in one direction; always towards mysticism and away from rationalism; towards religion and away from philosophy, a positivist might say. The first of these three phases was that ushered in by Plotinus, who essayed to found in

[1] Philo, *Quis rer. div. heres*, liii (vol. III, p. 60, ed. Cohn-Wendland).

Alexandria a School of Metaphysics that should be at once rationalistic and mystical. Porphyry and his other pupils, Amelius, Theodorus, and Nestorius, continued his work without alteration. With minds of this order, minds that alternately abandoned reason for faith and faith for reason, the golden age of Neoplatonism begins and ends. Iamblichus, according to Jules Simon,[1] marks the second period. With him theurgy replaces ecstasy; the evocation of spirits, demonology, and the mysteries begin to supersede metaphysical speculation; the School assumes more and more a sacerdotal character. Iamblichus and his circle, comprising men such as Sopater, Edesius, and Chrysanthius, are more like the hierophants of the mysteries than philosophical thinkers, for they were men whose intellectual inspiration was being rapidly extinguished by superstition. The third phase might almost be termed the political phase. Neoplatonism, now struggling for its life, is at grips with Christianity, a force which had, after Julian's unsuccessful Hellenistic revival, become openly hostile. Consider how strangely these forces had been grouped in the third and fourth centuries and later. The great Hellenic rhetorician Libanius was the master and intimate friend of such men as St. Basil and St. John Chrysostom, and the founder of Neoplatonism, Ammonius Saccas, had been born and bred in Christianity. All this is matter of history, but at the moment when Synesius came to Athens the exponent of the third phase of the doctrine was Plutarch, the son of Nestorius, a native of Athens himself, and under his guidance the focus of light seems to have passed from the younger city again to the older. 'Plutarch the Great', as his pupils insisted on calling him, eventually passed on the torch to his disciple Syrianus, who in turn was succeeded by Proclus. Such was the succession in 'The Golden Chain'.

But alas for the glory of the great seat of learning at the end of the fourth century! Synesius, fresh from the classes of his adored Hypatia at the Schools of Alexandria, dismisses it with scant praise in a few words written to his brother from Anagyrus. 'In our day it is Egypt which nourishes the offspring of philosophy which she has received from Hypatia, whereas Athens, formerly the home of the wise, is now only famous for its commerce in honey. And so that pair of Plutarchian

[1] Jules Simon, *Histoire de l'École d'Alexandrie*, vol. II. p. 190.

sophists attract the young men to the lecture-rooms not so much by the fame of their discourses as by the pots of the honey of Hymettus.'[1] The Plutarchian sophists were probably Hierius and Archiades, the former, Plutarch's son, the latter the husband of his daughter Asclepigeneia, a woman whose fame as a teacher of philosophy was widespread and who, according to Marinus, the successor of Proclus, communicated to the latter a form of religion secretly evolved by her grandfather Nestorius.[2] But although Athens, as well as Alexandria, had its great priestess of philosophy, we hear nothing of her from Synesius. 'In future', he writes ironically to his brother when about to set sail for the great city, 'I shall be relieved from the duties of bowing to the ground when I meet men who come from Athens because of their learning. They are, after all, only simple mortals like ourselves; they understand Plato and Aristotle no whit better than we, and yet when they are in our company they stalk about as demi-gods might amongst mules.'[3] These carping remarks seem to betray an uneasy consciousness in the mind of Synesius of some superior force in the more ancient seat of learning, although he affects to throw it aside as an empty husk. His studied avoidance of any allusion to the surpassing beauties of architecture in Athens is also significant. He had an eye for works of art, for he tells us that the Stoa had lost its famous pictures by Polygnotus, but of the great temples and shrines he says nothing.[4] This paradoxical attitude in the case of a man whose mind was Greek to the core, is only further evidence that in his own time, as in that of Libanius, Athens was still supreme as the fountain-head of learning in the Roman Empire, and that the student from Alexandria was somewhat jealous of its prestige.

It would not be without profit here to inquire what were the determining forces which caused Athens to rise to this point of intellectual supremacy, and to keep such a position in the civilized world for nearly ten centuries. I must be forgiven for what may at first seem a digression,

[1] Ep. 136.

[2] *Ταῖς γὰρ τῶν Χαλδαίων συντάσσει καὶ ἐντυχίαις καὶ τοῖς θείοις καὶ ἀῤῥήτοις στοφέλοις ἐκίχητο. Καὶ γὰρ ταῦτα παρειλήφει καὶ τὰς ἀφωνήσεις, καὶ τὴν ἄλλην χρῆσιν αὐτῶν μεμαθήκει παρὰ Ἀσκληπιγενείας τῆς Πλουτάρχου θυγατρός.* (Marinus, *Life of Proclus*, c. 28).

[3] Ep. 54.

[4] Ep. 136.

that I may place the facts and if possible some of the causes before the reader. We are so accustomed to conceive of countries as large political entities, whose populations are counted by tens of millions, that it is difficult even to the most imaginative of us to-day, to conceive of the outlook on life of a people to whom the city, a group of perhaps only a scant ten or twenty thousand citizens, plus their slaves and retainers,[1] was an autonomous unit, which could of itself decide for peace or war, and for whom other Greek cities must have appeared as countless as those leaves of the trees to which the Ionian poet Mimnermus likened the generations of man.[2] Scattered all through the country we call Greece to-day, through Asia Minor, the islands of the Aegean, the coasts of Italy and Africa, any one of these many independent and sovereign democracies, oligarchies, or tyrannies, might easily be out of the ken of another, and by the very vastness of Hellas lost to the knowledge of its fellow, living in a retirement broken only by the trader's ship or the advent of some new stranger, driven perchance from his own city by political exile or crime. If we could imagine that some Icarus more successful than the legendary one should have taken his flight from Larissa or the vale of Tempe, and moving southward at some inconceivable height should find a central point from which he might embrace in a glance every spot where Greeks had built a temple to their gods, he would behold more than a thousand glittering cities scattered from the Euxine to the Pillars of Heracles, from far Macedonia to the sands of the Libyan desert, and a map of Hellas would be extended before him that would resemble one of the star charts of our modern astronomers. But this chart would be full of intermittent stars also. Some, of the third magnitude only, might suddenly blaze out and become stars of the first magnitude, or, again, disappear entirely. How often when reading Greek history, have we shuddered at the intimation that 'the city walls were razed to the ground and the inhabitants sold into slavery'![3] The condition of life then in these cities was dynamic

[1] Plato (*Leges*, p. 737 E) places the ideal number of citizen landholders at 5,040. Beloch estimates the population of Athens (A. D. 432) at 30,000 citizens, male and female of all ages, 20,000 to 25,000 metics, and 60,000 slaves. (See Appendix 25, in Bury's *Gibbon*, vol. i.)

[2] Mimnermus, 2 (Bergk).

[3] Cf. Syn. *Catastasis*, 1570 (301) A: 'I have long been listening to the Greek

rather than static. The city was in a chronic state, in many cases, of giving birth to new cities, either from over-population or from that ever-lurking enemy in its heart, 'Stasis'—the word is untranslatable—and it would throw out, at a given moment, a colony, that is to say a new city, bound to the parent city by filial ties and claiming its protection. Others again might be extinguished or deserted from natural causes, sometimes only temporarily. 'Let us leave the city', says the Spartan Archidamus, in Isocrates' monograph, 'send our parents, wives and children to our kindred cities; they will be glad to receive them out of gratitude to us for past benefits and ties of blood. We will abandon our city, and occupying the best strategic positions will fight the enemy by land as well as by sea.'[1] Notice that the city means the group of men to him, not the walls and buildings. It can even be dispersed for awhile if the fortunes of war call for such a course. Its cohesion is moral, not material. Thus our star map will be in a state of continual flux and change like Heraclitus' river. One could not travel through the same Hellas twice.

There may be some of us who will remember reading Macaulay's *Lays of Ancient Rome* for the first time in their boyhood, and who have not forgotten the thrill they felt at the verses recounting the envoy of 'The Thirty Cities' to Rome. There was some image evoked in the phrase 'The Thirty Cities' which seemed to call up in our budding imaginations a world that was far removed from ours in its organic structure, and a decentralization of forces that is difficult to grasp to-day. Rome steadily advanced in the path of centralization, but Hellas was disunited to the end, and, futhermore, the strife was not only of cities one with another, or one group of them with another group, but each city itself was the theatre of an internal strife that was always latent, one that frequently caused its form of government to change from monarchy to oligarchy, from oligarchy to plutocracy, from thence to democracy, and finally perhaps to tyranny. The history of many of

historians how "the enemy left the women and children behind as a token of the devastation wreaked during the war".' Cf. Thucydides (iii. 68), who describes the fate meted out to the Plataeans.

[1] Isoc. *Archidamus*, 73, 74. So in Roman history 'civitas' means an aggregation of cives, i.e., a 'populus'. The Spanish derivative *pueblo* means a town.

the cities, as we read in Aristotle's *Politics*, ran continuously in some such vicious circle. The chronic condition therefore of a Greek city was war from without and war from within. Let it be remembered that, in talking of Hellas, we are in the presence not of thirty cities, but of over one thousand, if I may accept the estimate once given me by the late Alfred Croiset, when speaking of the period of the Peloponnesian war. Yet all these cities, politically independent though they were, except to the extent that they had made for the moment shifting and ephemeral alliances for greater security against each other,[1] were linked together, in a cultural sense, by their recognition of the same gods, by common traditions of ancestry, by devotion to the shrine of the Delphic Oracle, by their participation in the sacred games at Olympia, in which warring cities might take part under an inviolate covenant of peace, and lastly in the possession of a language common to them all. There was a strong bond of culture in religion and language, that made each one of these thousand cities a participant in a larger community of racial sentiment, and in an ever-present consciousness of a common ancestry, in the remote past, an ancestry sprung from gods and heroes, and one that made them all members of the great Hellenic race.[2] This consciousness of an ancestry and destiny shared by all, under the gods, and sanctified by the vatic utterances of the priestess at Delphi, is the golden thread that runs through all Greek literature. It scintillates in Demosthenes as brightly as in Homer or Pindar, and we have gleams of it in Synesius, eight centuries later. It gave a wider horizon for the aspirations of the Greek mind, but it never led the cities to permanent political cohesion. Isocrates, it is true, made a determined effort to rally all the Greek cities in a combined movement against Persia. He dreamed of a great Panhellenic policy which should make a new Hellas united against the

[1] Cf. Thucyd. iii. 11: τὸ δὲ ἀντίπαλον δέος μόνον πιστὸν ἐς ξυμμαχίαν.

[2] Just as the citizen of a Greek town had in this sense two countries, the more highly cultured might be said to have in a way two religions. There was in Greece as well as in Rome the religion of the masses, crude in its conceptions, of which we hear much in the works of St. Clement of Alexandria, and the religion of the highly cultured which sought its goal in 'philosophy'. Plato takes great pains, for whatever reason, to show us that Socrates was pious in his attitude to the gods, that he adhered to all the forms of the *popular* religion. His last words in the *Phaedo* are, 'We owe a cock to Aesculapius; see that the debt is paid.'

rest of the world, but he was a voice crying in the wilderness, and the Athenians, as well as the other Greek states, were deaf to his appeal.[1]

Every citizen then of a Greek town had, as it were, two countries, one his own city which meant to him, in the language of our own forefathers, 'King and Country', and another, standing behind this and 'but dimly understood', the precious Hellas, the country of his spirit in a plane nearer perhaps to the shadowy world below, where there would be no cities or founding of cities. How deeply this Hellenic tradition affected the mind and character of Synesius, living under the Roman Empire, centuries after every Greek town had ceased to exist as a sovereign state, we shall have occasion to remark later in greater detail.[2] Suffice it to say for the moment that he came from the town of Cyrene founded by the Lacedaemonians a thousand years before his birth, and that Cyrene held his heart to the end. But there is more than this. The Greek city was bound together by its very political independence. It was a perfect dynamo of forces generated in its own market-place if it were a democracy, or in the public banqueting halls of its oligarchical rulers if it were a timocracy or an oligarchy. Of settled peace, of security, there was none. Each of our thousand cities knew not the day nor the hour when it might have to struggle for its very existence, or which one of the others it might have to summon to its side as friend, or to meet in the field as foe. There were always distant rumblings of thunder on its horizon; the call to arms might sound at any moment and the appeal to think first of national honour and afterwards of safety was always on the lips of its orators. The city is, perhaps, not strong enough to repel the forces of the antagonist. A force sent out to meet them has already been destroyed. The farmers are then torn from their vineyards by their own countrymen and are collected within the city walls; even the greatest city of them all, Athens in her prime, Athens under Pericles, did not escape this fate. It does not take any great stretch of the imagination to picture the scene to-day, if we stand on the Acropolis and look around us. Here an Athenian citizen at a given moment of the Peloponnesian war might have been moving restlessly about the ram-

[1] Isoc. *Panegyric*, 173–4; *Philippus*, *passim*.

[2] In *Dio* he uses the expression εἰς ἅπαν τοὺς Ἕλληνας, p. 1144 c. 'The Greek public', Crawford suggests.

part sacred to the goddess of his own inviolate city, and anxiously scanning the horizon. He would see the sun, perhaps, flash on the helms of a distant mass of Spartan hoplites slowly threading their way through his devastated farmlands. At night he would see the fire of their bivouacs, or the dull red glare of some burning hamlet in the far distance. He descends to his home in the city only to meet on the way vigilance parties of other citizens carrying to their last rest those who have succumbed to the plague within the walls. There was war with the enemy without, war with nature within. But the city is inflexible. The city stands to arms to the end. It is not merely life and limb that are at stake, nor even is it the honour of the city and that alone; it is the tutelar divinities who protect the city that are indirectly challenged.[1] The sense of duty to the city that has bred and the deities that have protected him was a matter of pride to the Greek; and so the flames burn at the altars on the Acropolis, and the steam of victims ascends even during pestilence and famine.[2]

Only a few months ago Pericles had pronounced the funeral oration over the tombs of those fallen in the war, of which we have to-day a magnificent transcript in the cold, restrained words of Thucydides. We can see the Agora packed with its silent masses, its stern and resolute faces. The strongest city of all, the leader of the great confederacy

[1] Macrobius (*Saturnalia*, Bk. III, cap. ix) gives a curious formula of invocation employed by the Romans in the case of the tutelary deities of Carthage during the Punic wars:

'If there is a god, if there is a goddess who watches over the people and state of Carthage, and that one most of all who has accepted the tutelage,—to thee I pray, bow down to, and beg for mercy; that you may abandon the people and state of Carthage and desert all the houses, temples, sacred shrines and the city itself, and leave them behind; that you may inspire this people and this city with fear, terror, and forgetfulness, and that after abandoning them you may come to Rome, to me, and to mine. May our houses, temples, sacred objects, and city be more delightful to you and more commendable, so that we may know and understand that in future you will be the protectors of myself, of the Roman people, and soldiers. If you will do this, I vow to found a temple to you, and to hold games in your honour.'

Dio Chrysostom (xxxiii. 47) reminds the citizens of Tarsus that gods have been known to abandon their cities to others. *Τί δὴ οἴεσθε, εἰ καθάπερ εἰκὸς ἐστι καὶ φασι, τοὺς οἰκιστὰς ἥρως ἢ θεοὺς πολλάκις ἐπιστρέφεσθαι τὰς αὑτῶν πόλεις τοῖς ἄλλοις, ὄντας ἀφανεῖς ἐν τε θυσίαις καὶ τοῖν ἑορταῖν δημοτελέσιν; . . .*

[2] This close interconnexion of the religious with the political was common to all the Greek states. Isocrates (*De Bigis*, 6) remarks that the city (i.e. Athens,

of Delos, is at grips with destiny; its military power is in eclipse for the moment, but its fleet is sweeping the seas. Standing on Sunium to-day we can picture the outlook that was eternally on the watch for a sight of the fleet; we can hear the anxious voices in the Peiraeus asking news of its position from some chance trading vessel. My only excuse for touching for a moment on events so well known as these, is to show how intense the life of the Greek city was, in time of war as in time of peace, circumscribed as it was by the city walls; and if we compare this picture with that drawn by Synesius in the *Catastasis* and the letters that refer to those days of war in which he, the Bishop of Ptolemais, was himself fighting for his native Cyrene, we shall be struck by an extraordinary similarity to it in the life and fortunes of this other ancient Greek city, eight hundred years later. Synesius moves behind the battlements, he tells us, he sleeps on the ramparts, his eyes are always on the far distance, he is making a sortie from the town wall in pursuit of the invader. The one picture is written in large letters, to use Plato's simile in the *Republic*, the other in far smaller, but there is no mistaking the likeness between the two. The outlook is the same for Synesius as it was for Pericles. The latter-day Roman citizen is still the lion-hearted Greek defending his Greek city. He has been described by one carping critic as a Sophist of a later day. Possibly,

was most incensed of all things at any violation of the sacred mysteries on the one hand, or at any attempt to upset its democratic form of government on the other. The text is worth quoting here: *Εἰδότες δὲ τὴν πόλιν τῶν μὲν περὶ τοὺς θεοὺς μάλιστ' ἂν ὀργισθεῖσαν εἴ τις εἰς τὰ μυστήρια φαίνοιτ' ἐξαμαρτάνων, τῶν δ' ἄλλων εἴ τις τὴν δημοκρατίαν τολμῴη καταλύειν, ἀμφοτέρας ταύτας συνθέντες τὰς αἰτίας εἰσήγγελλον εἰς τὴν βουλήν.* . . . Synesius is fully conscious of this tradition, though, as he clearly states in his impeachment of Andronicus (i.e. Ep. 57), he is for separating the functions of civil administration from those of the priesthood. As to the state of mind of the Greek in regard to the city-state (*πόλις* or *πατρίς*) in which he had been brought up, no better example could be given than the passages in Plato's *Crito* (pp. 50 ff.) in which Socrates in prison invokes the laws and the commonwealth (*οἱ νόμοι καὶ τὸ κοινόν*), and personifies them in an imaginary dialogue with himself to prove to his friend Crito the unworthiness of his proposal to aid him to escape from the hands of his judges and executioners. He represents them as going so far as to say that the citizen is the property of the city even more than the child of its parents. For 'from the moment that you were born'—this is, in substance, what they say to him, 'that you were brought up, and received the education we gave you, could you possibly deny that you were ours and ours only, our offspring and our slave, you yourself and your forbears as well?' (c. 13). Cf. Aeschines, *Contra Timarchum*, § 122.

but a very robust one. His admirers might with more justice compare him to the 'philosopher king' of Plato's *Republic*.

Now all this tragic existence of the Greek city-states must have been a strong element in the formation of personal character. But when in the fullness of time the inevitable came to pass; when these states running true to form to the end, met with the disaster that awaits all polities which are incapable of durable alliance and cohesion against their common enemy, when the Greek cities lost their independence and, conquered in detail by the Macedonians, were finally administered and governed by Roman prefects, or pro-consuls, a change must have come over the whole aspect of life in a Greek town. Now at last there was security and protection. The restless life of strife was at an end under the reign of Augustus and, for many years following, the world, and Greece with it, had peace. But alas for philosophic thought—

'Peace amongst men and calm upon the sea,'[1]

brought only stagnation to thought in the end.

'In the first century of our era', says Conybeare in his study of Philo's *Contemplative Life*, 'the golden age of city life was already a far-off memory.... The citizen of ancient Athens loved his city, because he did so much for it by his own efforts; because he personally fought and legislated for it. But for three hundred years before Philo was born, the patriotism which can once more inspire the citizens of to-day, had among the Greeks died out. And as we turn over the pages of the *Ethics* of Aristotle, we realize that man had already, even in his day, not so much outgrown his surroundings, as discovered that the old all-absorbing devotion to the city-state could not survive its independence. For in them the life of contemplation is exalted above the life of action, and a vague philanthropy is about to succeed to the intense and passionate feelings of love or aversion which cemented together the fellow-citizens of the preceding age.'[2] But although, as we shall see, consciousness of the responsibilities and glories of civic life had become extinguished in Philo's time, in that of Synesius three centuries later, the tradition, not all to the detriment of the vitality of thought, still remained unclouded, and in the case of certain men was

[1] Plato, *Symp.* 197 c. [2] p. 260.

capable of bursting out with fiery intensity. Any one must have been struck by this who has read the letters of Synesius, and has admired the sturdy patriotism evinced in them. Philo tells us that, 'Market-places, council-chambers, courts of law, and great crowded assemblies; above all a life in the open air, one that is full of the heat of debate, and moreover of action, of deeds that concern war and peace; these are the only things fitted to men. . . . There are two kinds of states, the smaller is called the home, the larger the city.'[1] The Hebrew of Alexandria has very well expressed the conception of the Greek of the golden age.

But to return to the problem of the supremacy of Athens in the world of thought. Of so many widely dispersed cities connected only by identical language, religion, and tradition, there was every reason to expect that a certain individuality should develop in each, that, being independent, their institutions should push in different directions, always under Delphi, be it said, and that out of the vast number some should become more pre-eminent than others. The same law seems to exist in regard to national units that is true for an assemblage of individuals. When a large number of individuals are gathered together at any great centre of learning or art, the probability is that some one of these should completely outstrip the others in the race, that he should be regarded as standing head and shoulders above his fellows. The greater the number of those engaged in the contest, the greater the likelihood, *a priori*, of the towering man appearing. Now in the field of competition amongst states the case of Hellas is unique in history. At no other time have there been so many independent polities in existence, and therefore at no time has there been such variety in a given type simultaneously. Variation is at the root of all evolution, and the chances of the surpassing state appearing were so much the greater as the number and differentiation of the states was more extended. The case then and now was far different. A dozen or more countries of Christian culture for us, a thousand and more of Hellenic culture for the Greeks. A few considerations on our own centralized forms of government will make it clear how in our own case competition in political forms is limited.

[1] Phil. *De special. legibus*, Lib. III, cap. 31, § 169 (Cohn), vol. iii, p. 197 (Yonge, iii. 345).

We know how towns in our own countries of to-day are apt to develop traits of character which separate them from other towns, and to differ in their handling of the problems of political legislation, but the fuller progress of their individualism is curbed by the central government of the country in question. If this central authority were once removed, there is every reason to suppose that the towns would rapidly diverge in their institutions, as in the temper of their inhabitants. One town might have a law of voluntary military service, another of conscription, one of state control in all that in another would be given to individual enterprise, and so forth. This is not practicable or desirable to-day, but it grew up quite naturally in Hellas where the state was the city and the city the state. If we turn to the first books in Plato's *Laws*, we shall find a dialogue between an imaginary Athenian citizen, a Cretan, and a Lacedaemonian, which is most informing on all this side of Hellenic development.

It is of course as impossible to solve the enigma of the intellectual pre-eminence of Athens over the surrounding states, as to decide why, out of many who have absorbed the same general culture and doctrines, any particular individual rises to a pinnacle of excellence far above the others, and assumes in turn an acknowledged position of leadership amongst them; but if our analogy between men and states is a sound one, it will make it clearer why it was inevitable that one or more of the Greek states should have become the mouthpiece of the thought, sentiment, and aspiration that were latent in the others; latent in all the loosely connected mass of Hellenic culture. It was inevitable in the first place that all this culture should find a perfected form of expression. It was inevitable again that one or more of the city-states should rise higher than the others in such power of expression.

No doubt one reason for the intellectual supremacy of Athens was the position of the city as a maritime state, and the throbbing, changing life of the Peiraeus which brought the city into contact with other states in Greece through trade on the high seas. Then again the cause must be sought in the social virtues of the Athenian people which made life in Athens attractive to Greeks from elsewhere. Isocrates tells us that Greeks from other towns were unanimous in declaring that Athens was the only real city, and that it 'would be rightly described as the town

of Hellas, not only on account of its size and its facilities in other respects, but most of all because of the manners of the inhabitants; for no people are more gentle and more sociable, nor are there any with whom one could pass one's whole life in a greater degree of intimacy as far as daily contact is concerned'.[1] This point bears out the statements made in the speech of Pericles already alluded to and may help us to understand the causes of the intellectual supremacy of Athens. The engaging manners of the citizens and their civility to foreigners attracted many philosophers to the city, men such as Parmenides, Gorgias, Protagoras, and countless others.

There was another fact also that must have been largely contributory to the growth of philosophy in Athens. This was the great part that the Law Courts played in the life of the city, for the Athenians spent much of their time in these courts listening to the speeches for and against any case that might be in course of pleading; to such an extent were their minds inclined to listen to argument. The result of this was to raise the general level of mental acuteness, for the discourses of the Law Courts prepared them for the discourses in the Academy and the Lyceum. Any one to-day who should by chance read a public speech of Demosthenes for the first time would probably be struck by this. He would be inclined to say, 'What an exceptional audience.' People in our time would quite fail to follow the subtleties of the Olynthiacs or the complex threads of the 'Impeachment of the fraudulent embassy'.[2] But so it was in Athens. The orator, the sophist, are always with you. Such is the burden of Socrates in Plato's dialogues; his complaint being not that the citizens were devoid of ideas on ethics and politics, but that their ideas were those of the agora, the dicasterium, and the Sophists' circle, *ergo* very apt to be unsound. At the same time it was the very force which he decried that had made his pupils capable of following

[1] Isoc. *De Permutatione*, 299.

[2] 'For Greece is the only country which really produces man, that heavenly plant, that divine perfected offshoot, producing reason which is akin to knowledge; and the cause is this: it is the nature of the intellect to be rendered acute by the lightness of the air; on which account Heraclitus said with great propriety, "Where the climate is dry, there the soul is most wise and good."' Philo, quoted by Eusebius, *Preparation of the Gospel*, Lib. VIII, c. 14, p. 399 M.; see Synes. *De Insom.* p. 1291, note.

him, and so strong were the chains fastened upon the Athenian mind by these very teachers in question that eight centuries later we find Synesius still influenced by them and still railing at the 'philosophers with long beards' very much in the same spirit as that which we find in Plato's Sophist or Gorgias.

The Athenians thirsted for knowledge. So did the Alexandrians many centuries later, but the latter were no longer in a position to approach the matter in a dispassionate spirit. The ecclesiastic and the dogmatist had clouded the finer air of research and speculation with the fogs generated by the perpetual hurtling of their respective waves of faith. But in Athens at a given moment, only too brief, we have the picture of enthusiastic men, above all young men of fortune, ready to spend their all; and their friends only eager to lend them their own possessions also, for their purely personal advancement in learning. We have eloquent evidence of all this in Plato's *Protagoras*. But when the range of eloquence displayed by the speakers in the market-place, or the incisive pleadings in the Courts of Law had begun to pall on men such as these, they then began to turn to the philosopher in some form; the one phase was the stepping-stone to the other. So these Athenian citizens, 'sons of Erechtheus, children of the blessed gods', as Euripides[1] calls them, came at last from the virtue

> 'of their wholly impregnable land
> To pasture upon the most far-famed wisdom.'[1]

Small wonder was it if they

> 'Tripped lightly through the clearest air
> Where once 'tis said golden-haired Harmonia
> Gave birth to the Pierid Muses.'

But although in the case of Hellas the light of Athens was so blindingly bright, and although this one state in a marvellously short space of time brought to a head and perfected the external forms of all that was working slowly towards the same ultimate end in hundreds of other Greek cities, we must not forget that there were also those other centres of Greek civilization, of thought, and of art. We must not forget that Thales, the father of Greek speculation, flourished at Miletus, one of the Ionian cities of Asia Minor, in the seventh century B.C., and Heraclitus

[1] Eur. *Med.* 824 ff.

in the sixth century in Ephesus; that Parmenides, the great pioneer of metaphysical research, whose portrait Plato has so exquisitely drawn for us, and to whom he alludes with obvious reverence—that Parmenides passed his life in the Greek city of Elea, not far from the Temples of Paestum, those inspiring relics of Hellenic art; that Empedocles of Acragas, in Sicily, ended a life of thought and philosophic seeking in the crater of Etna, as the story goes, in the middle of the fifth century. So many hearths were there of thought in the world of Hellas before Athens had collected their threads of philosophy and had crystallized their conceptions in the monumental works of Plato and Aristotle.

It was in one of these famous cities of Greek literary tradition that Synesius was born, the city of Cyrene founded by Battus, according to the legend, on the coast of Libya. Cyrene was precisely one of those cities that, far distant from Athens, had evolved a high degree of perfection in literature and art. The beautiful Aphrodite recently discovered there and now in the Museo delle Terme, in Rome, is an illustration, as are many other exquisite fragments of sculpture. It was the home of Aristippus and of the poet Callimachus. The latter migrated to Alexandria in the third century and is said to have been the librarian of the *Bruchium*. He founded a school of rhetoric in a suburb of the city called Eleusis, a fitting symbol this name of the mystical philosophy that was to unroll itself in Alexandria.

II

THE history of the school of Alexandria has been written by very able men in the earlier part of the nineteenth century, by Vacherot, Jules Simon, and others, and has of course been touched upon more recently by Harnack, but they are all apt to exaggerate one point, in ascribing the presence of all mysticism in the Neoplatonism that developed later in Alexandria to direct contact with the East. I do not mean to underestimate the influence of such direct contact, but only to protest against the assumption that everything of a purely rationalistic form must necessarily come from the Greek intelligence, and everything of a mystical form from the nations of the Orient. The old road between Athens and Eleusis might instruct us better than that. The very words 'mystery' and 'mystic' are Greek, and the cult of the Eleusinian mysteries was as national to the Greeks as that of Serapis or Isis seemed to the Egyptians. Are we to conceive that the Greek mentality, so rich in every gift of the gods, was barren in so much as a whole phase of man's psychical nature is concerned? We have only to read one of the choruses of Aeschylus to disillusion us of any such ideas. We must ask ourselves whether the countrymen of this poet, or of the enigmatic Pindar, were so sterile of mystical lore that they must of necessity have borrowed from the religions of the East. Teiresias, the figure so persistent in what Greek tragedies have come down to us, is a continual reminder that mysticism was ever before the Greek mind.

So let us return to Eleusis, to the Eleusis near Alexandria this time, and we shall find there about the middle of the third century B.C. Callimachus amongst his pupils. He will be surrounded by Eratosthenes of Cyrene, Aristophanes of Byzantium, and Apollonius of Rhodes. This school was no doubt a reflected light from the University of Athens. Clearly the 'mountain streams of philosophy' which Synesius speaks of as 'flowing from his masters Plato and Aristotle',[1] had made the Libyan desert to bloom and had crossed the sea to join with the waters of the Nile, even as the fabled river-god Alpheus flowed through the Ionian Sea from Arcadia to unite with his beloved Arethusa in her fountain in Sicily.

We thus find that the beginnings of Alexandria as the seat of learning

[1] *De Regno*, 1065 A.

were of purely Hellenic origin, and that it was the city founded by Alexander, the apostle of Greek culture though not the defender of Greek freedom, which was to become the rival of Athens in humane letters. It is strange to think that the great blow which drove Isocrates to despair and death, the final defeat of Athens in the battle of Chaeronea, was struck by Philip of Macedon, the father of the very man who built and gave his name to a city destined to carry the Hellenism of Athens to the gates of the East, and finally, after centuries, to impose a new form of philosophy on Athens itself, a philosophy of which the pristine Hellenic purity had been contaminated by the medley of Jews, Syrians, and Persians that Alexandria was to swarm with later. It was here that various forms of religious syncretism were to grow on a soil originally prepared by such men as Callimachus, Zenodotus, Lycophron, and Alexander, all in the reign of Ptolemaeus Philadelphus, at the end of the third century B.C., and finally in the second century by Aristarchus of Samothrace. It has been said that 'the East and the West shall never meet', a very idle word this, for it takes no account of the fact that they more than 'met' in Alexandria. The vitality of each was fused into a new life there at a time when Athens was beginning to decline, a life that we see reflected in the fresh youthful comments of Synesius that I have already quoted.

Time had slowly brought the currents of Christian, Jewish, and Hellenic forces to converge at Alexandria in the intervening centuries, between the days when Aristarchus was teaching Greek rhetoric and those in which Synesius was following the lectures of his idol Hypatia, the Platonic philosopher. But the Eastern current, in meeting the Western in Alexandria, at first seems to have completely swamped it. 'Philo, Basilides (the Gnostic), Valentinus, St. Clement, Origen, opened up new vistas to thought, and revealed to it mysteries which the genius of a Plato or an Aristotle had never sounded. . . . Closed in by their dualistic conception, Aristotle and even Plato could not explain the union of the soul with God. In the oriental theology, on the contrary, nothing was more simple, . . . it becomes a metaphysical necessity, and the mysticism of the Orient may say with perfect truth, "In Deo vivimus, movemur et sumus." ' So says Vacherot.[1] A rationalist mind,

[1] *De l'École d'Alexandrie*, vol. I, 331–3.

a positivist, living at this period, if such we could find, might have objected that conceptions of this sort were the province of religion, not of philosophy, but his attempts to get to 'terra firma' would have been unavailing. The tide was running too strongly against all thought that was not impregnated with mysticism. In Athens itself not so much had been changed since the advent of Pyrrho and the Sceptics; the stereotyped forms of philosophy were still undisturbed. But in Alexandria hybrid forms had been in process of alternate formation and disruption. Philo, the Jewish forerunner of Neoplatonism, had loomed on the horizon with a system of allegoric interpretation of the Hebrew scriptures, which sought to reinforce their authority in the minds of his own co-religionaries on the one hand, and on the other, to present, through the symbolism which he read into them, a form of Judaism that would be attractive to the mind of a cultured Alexandrian Greek. Whether Philo can be called a fully-fledged Neoplatonist, is beside the mark. What is interesting is that he was the first thinker to strike the chord which seems to resound through the whole symphony of Neoplatonism, a way of thinking which has been described by one of its admirers as a 'higher mode of apprehending God by spiritual intuition, which under certain conditions culminates in knowledge of Him'.[1] Here we begin to touch on that later mysticism of Plotinus. We are at the parting of the ways. We are no longer to ascend to the heavenly path by the ladder of dialectic as in the *Republic*; intuition has supplanted reason, and ecstasy logic. We have passed the point where we can 'sublimely speculate with Plato, or severely argue with Aristotle'.

But Philo, notwithstanding, is always slipping into the earlier Platonic doctrines, and frequently speaks with the voice of the old Academy. 'Those things which amongst men are called truth and justice', he says, 'are symbols only, but those which are so with God, are prototypes or ideas.' Without attempting to disentangle the somewhat confused threads of the web that Philo spun in the earlier half of the first century A.D., it may be said here that the work creates an atmosphere which is charged with both Hellenism and Judaism, and in which the Hellenic spirit struggles with the Hebraistic with very

[1] Dr. Inge, *Hastings' Encycl. Rel. and Eth.*, vol. i, p. 310.

doubtful success. While he seems to have failed in his attempt to strengthen the position of his own religion, Philo paved the way to that merging of religious conceptions which is so characteristic of Synesius; and the question that we must ask ourselves here is, whether the Cyrenean had read his works. He never mentions Philo, but there are passages in his essays which seem reminiscent of him. The most interesting point of all in regard to Philo is the part that he played in Neoplatonism by pointing the way to symbolism, that symbolism which pervaded all philosophic literature after him, and finally invaded Athens itself, where it may be found in full vigour, if such an epithet may be applied to decadence, at the end of the fifth century, with Proclus. Philo will always remain a landmark in the history of the school of Alexandria. I say a landmark, because it is he who most clearly makes evident the change of attitude that had come over the world at this time towards thought in general. This change is most obvious in the tendency to substitute mysticism for legitimate philosophical speculation.

'Speculation', says Barthélemy St. Hilaire, 'disquiets and troubles, mysticism calms and rests, . . . it is the solid shore of eternity. To borrow a comparison from the Areopagite, "It is this alone that permits the sailor to drop the anchor of hope which is attached to the ship of faith. This immovable ground once reached, the soul gives itself up entirely to the love which moves it, stirs its depths, satisfies and overwhelms it."'[1] It is true that here and there a current of mysticism runs through Plato's dialogues. Plato's horizon was so vast that there is scarcely anything pertaining to the knowledge of the mind or to the desires of the soul, that he has not touched upon; but we feel that speculation was his goal, speculation which is troublous and disquieting to the mind (numquam quietat, inquietat potius), but which, by means of that very unrest, seeks to raise it step by step, to the perception of the truth. As Synesius writes in his *Dio*—'What could be more closely allied to mind than reasoning, and what harbour could be more perfectly its home? For wherever mind is, there is reason also.'[2] Evidently he was a Platonist at heart, from first to last, though not in the sense in which Plotinus or

[1] *L'École d'Alex.*, p. lxv. [2] *Dio*, p. 1134.

even Philo would have understood the term. For with Plato the main tide of philosophy set strongly towards the open harbour of reason. 'The immovable ground' alluded to by the Areopagite is not Plato's paradise; the 'ship of faith' was not the vessel on which Plato had embarked, but rather the ship of reason; nor was 'hope' his anchor, but rather demonstration. 'Truth is militant', said Mill, 'and can only establish itself by controversy', and Plato's dialectic is little else than a model of controversy; one might almost say a monologue of controversy, for it always seeks the counter-argument on the part of the reader. It invites, to quote a French expression, the 'retour sur soi-même'. The founder of the Academy, at all events in the works that have come down to us, never drew up a formal philosophic system. This was reserved for his great pupil Aristotle, in whom, in spite of his divergences and his attacks on his master's 'theory of ideas', we can always recognize the mind first formed in Platonism.[1] Even his 'universals' have been identified by some commentators with Plato's 'ideas'. Whatever traces of mysticism there may be in Plato, in Aristotle we find that all tendency to mysticism has disappeared, and that the area of speculative inquiry has shrunk; he aims at finality; all human knowledge is to be not only demonstrable but demonstrated. A few more such sledge-hammer blows, and pure speculation as well as mysticism would have been extinct, but the followers of the Stagirite were not strong enough to deal them. Thought for the moment had annihilated thought. At this time the minds of men had found quiescence not as yet by dropping 'the anchor of hope from the ship of faith', but by leaning on the 'ipse dixit' of the master.

Now all this is important to our understanding of Synesius' philosophy. It is a far cry from Athens to Cyrene and Alexandria, but a nearer one, it would seem, from the fourth century before to the fourth

[1] The reconciliation of the divergences between Plato and Aristotle was a favourite theme of the Neoplatonists for centuries. Augustine himself expressed an opinion: 'Quod autem ad eruditionem doctrinamque adtinet, et mores quibus consulitur animae, quia non defuerunt acutissimi et sollertissimi viri, qui docerent disputationibus suis Aristotelem ac Platonem ita sibi concinere, ut imperitis minusque adtentis dissentire videantur, multis quidem saeculis multisque contentionibus, sed tamen eliquata est, ut opinor, *una verissimae philosophiae disciplina.* (*Contra Academicos*, iii. 19, § 42.)

century after Christ, and many schools of philosophy had flourished in the intervening period. But the outstanding fact is that, then as now, in that civilization as in this, the dominating figures in thought were still Plato and Aristotle. Synesius states the case very clearly for himself in the passage from *De Regno* (1065 A) to which I have already drawn attention. 'My masters, Plato and Aristotle' (these are his words), 'and as many torrents of philosophy as have run from them.' It will be observed that he does not speak of the torrents as his masters, but of their fountain heads. What derivatory currents of thought he had in mind, it would be interesting to know. Plotinus he quotes from, Carneades he mentions. Did he know of Epictetus? Had he read Dionysius of Halicarnassus, Longinus, Julian, or Libanius? Had such Christian writers come to his ken as Clement of Alexandria or St. Basil? All this is unknown to us. He seems ignorant, and to his own regret, of Christian theology, and of this again it is difficult to find an explanation. That Plato is the foundation of his thought is obvious both from the general trend of his works and numerous allusions to the dialogues, not to speak of direct quotations. The references to Aristotle are rarer. Crawford gives twenty-four extracts from the essays and letters which he connects with certain passages in the *Ethics* of Aristotle and in the *Metaphysics*, *History of Animals*, and *The Sky*. But Synesius speaks more often with the voice of Plato than with that of Aristotle. Why then does he speak of Aristotle as his master in the same breath as Plato? It might be taken to indicate that he does not lean upon the purely transcendental and mystical vein in Plato's work which was the one part of it that seems to have inspired the Neoplatonists.

One might think that a man who recognized Aristotle as his master had already nailed his colours to the mast of rationalism. He, if no other, had insured his mind against the peril of abandoning reason in philosophy for faith and hope, in a word, for mysticism pure and simple. But although the Neoplatonists gave way precisely to this mysticism, yet Plotinus himself is always drawing on Aristotle. His pupil Porphyry tells us how he blended together subtly and secretively the doctrines of the Stoa with those of the Lyceum in his great work;[1] he even goes

[1] Porphyry, *Life of Plotinus*, cap. 14: 'He followed his own path rather than that of tradition, but in his writings both the Stoic and Peripatetic doctrines

so far as to say that *he condensed in the Enneads the whole of Aristotle's Metaphysics*. This is the paradox that Neoplatonism offers us. Plotinus gives us a mixture of Plato, Aristotle, Zeno, and last but not least himself, he who in long years of fasting and contemplation had several times arrived at so intense a pitch of psychic exaltation that he was able to lose all consciousness of the dimensions of space in which he lived, and to blend with the Deity. So much we have from his pupil Porphyry. We are here in the face of amazing statements. The rationalist philosopher seeking vainly to thread a way through this veritable labyrinth of mystical contradictions and false valuations, might pertinently ask, 'Whose reason then can be saved, if even the shield of Aristotle cannot protect us?' The sterile discussions in the schools of Athens on the contradictions involved in the doctrines of Plato, Aristotle, and the Stoics had, as Bouillet points out, brought philosophy into contempt:

'After the great Plotinus,' says St.-Hilaire, 'had displayed the powers of a man of genius in establishing a harmony between the doctrines of Plato and Aristotle, so far as their fundamental positions are concerned, his successors applied themselves to completing and realizing in every detail the work of conciliation. This was the constant tradition of the Neoplatonic school from Porphyry and Iamblichus down to Simplicius and Priscianus of Lydia, its last representative.' [1]

This is only too characteristic of the Neoplatonists. First they build on that more mystical side found occasionally in Plato's dialogues; then they seek to show that the rationalistic side of Plato was in accord with Aristotle; finally on this basis they contrive to persuade them-

are sunk; Aristotle's Metaphysic, especially, is condensed in them all but entire. . . . At the conferences he used to have treatises by various authors read aloud—among the Platonists it might be Severus or Cronius, Numenius, Caius or Atticus; and among the Peripatetics Aspasius, Alexander, Adrastus or some such writer, at the call of the moment. But it was far from his way to follow any of these authors blindly; he took a personal, original view, applying Ammonius' method to the investigation of every problem.' (See Stephen MacKenna, *Plotinus*, vol. I, pp. 13, 14.)

[1] 'One must not stick to the letter on all the points where Aristotle contradicts Plato,' wrote Simplicius, 'nor must we imagine that there was any real difference of opinion between the two philosophers. Rather going to the bottom of their thought, we should make it clear how in most cases they agree and reach conciliation.' (*Commentaries on Aristotle.*) Porphyry wrote a treatise to prove that the doctrine of Aristotle was essentially the same as that of Plato. (Bouillet, *Plotinus*, vol. ii. 611.)

selves that Aristotle also was a mystic. The doctrine did not in the work of its first great exponent Plotinus seek to make a collection of certain tenets of the different warring schools and then attempt to form them into a new mosaic of systematic thought. Rather did it melt them all down in a crucible of its own fashioning until, when quite past recognition, it produced them in the mould of its own faith. The result of this process of thought is, as might be expected, exasperating to minds that seek logic and sustained force of deduction, attractive to those to whom the transcendental vision is of more value than the cold light of reason. St. Paul's discovery in Athens of the altar dedicated 'to the unknown god' is interesting in this connexion. The theological side of the Athenian mind which had been set in motion in the first instance by Plato's *Timaeus*, and perhaps by oral teachings in the Academy, of which we have no record, had crystallized in Aristotle's system into the foundation of a philosophic theism; but the Deity was aloof and distant. Neoplatonism was not slow to develop a doctrine of the hypostases involving a trinity of its own, whether influenced at all, or to what extent influenced, by contact with the doctrines of rising Christianity is uncertain. Its attitude towards the polytheistic side of paganism was one of indifference. It seems, in the minds of its chief exponents, to have peopled both heaven and earth with innumerable demons. If it influenced Christianity, it seems to have been influenced by Christianity in turn, although this is a debatable point. When the Emperor Julian came to the throne and made a bold attempt to re-establish Hellenism in the face of the great tide of the rising religion and despite the official seal that had been set upon it by the Emperor Constantine, he found that the forces of religious belief in the old divinities had already been sapped. The rituals of the temples were no longer, or only occasionally, observed, and in spite of the energetic propaganda which he made, in spite of the passionate appeals which he addressed to Roman citizens, to remember the faith of their ancestors and to honour it, there was only the feeblest response. Nor was it Christianity alone which had effected this. Neoplatonism, itself a flower sprung out of the decay of past beliefs and the intellectual aloofness of the philosophers, was in turn undermining those very beliefs and establishing a new current of religious sentiment resting,

as we have seen, upon a mystical interpretation of the old philosophic systems which had reigned in Athens, and transforming them beyond all recognition into a doctrine which would have been scarcely intelligible to the great minds in whose honour it was proclaimed.

'The political rôle of paganism', in a passage quoted by B. Saint-Hilaire, 'ended with Julian. His partisans were neither sufficiently powerful nor sufficiently numerous to give importance to a spiritual force that no longer possessed any of itself. Neoplatonism, which had made itself the champion of the ideas of the past, was obliged to retire from the world's stage, on which it had no longer a part to play, and to devote itself to the cult of reminiscences. It cloistered itself in the schools, in despair of a world that was, from its own point of view, lost, and sought consolation in discussing a past, brilliant indeed, but hopelessly extinct. Little by little its memories began to fade, its enthusiasm for Hellenism became less ardent, its devotion to a proscribed religion less profound, until finally it passed over into the enemy's camp, perhaps unconsciously to itself, and dissolved into that very Christianity which it had at first so violently attacked.' (*L'École d'Alexandrie*, p. 39.)

It was in such a world as this that Synesius, the pupil of Hypatia, was born in the last half of the fourth century. I have advanced elsewhere[1] the opinion that he was in no wise a mystic by nature. His mind, so far as we can judge of it in his letters, was a distinctly reasoning and inquiring one, his character open and direct, his heart warm and passionate in devotion to family, country, and friends. Intellectually he turned to the natural sciences, to physics and chemistry, as well as to philosophy. He loved hunting and manly sports. One can scarcely find a trace of the mystic in the very clearly-cut image that rises before our eyes as we read those letters of his which so charmed the later days of the Roman Empire. The allusions to his native town Cyrene are particularly fresh. We seem in them to look across the chasm of centuries which divides them from the city where Callimachus wrote his hymns or where Arcesilaus made ready his chariots for the Olympian races. We seem to be taken back to the Greek city when he speaks of his native town Cyrene or of his Lacedaemonian ancestors. We feel at once outside the Roman Empire. The Greek city that we were considering a moment ago, and which was the self-centred unit of Hellas, seems to

[1] *The Letters of Synesius* (Oxford, 1926), Introduction.

us, as we read Synesius, to have been, in his case at least, a vital entity still. Was it that its remoteness in far Libya had preserved it the more freshly, as the desert sand keeps fragile ornaments of Egyptian princes intact for thousands of years? Is it possible that its culture, its national sentiment, had been less disturbed by the growth of the Roman Empire than had been the case in towns that were scattered in the other continents? If any one thinks this idea fanciful, let him read the letters of Julian or St. Basil, written a little earlier than the time in which Synesius lived, or those of Apollinaris Sidonius a little later, all these men of a similarly high degree of culture and erudition. He will at once notice the difference between them. We no longer have that indescribable feeling of intimacy that grew up in a Greek city, which any one must have felt in reading the Attic orators and which we feel with a play of Aristophanes before us. Synesius was a survival, he was born out of due time, he had the same vein of patriotic feeling that animated his Lacedaemonian ancestors. A man born and brought up in an old Greek city, such an one as he hints at, might have been fortified against the change of thought that had already driven the world of sensitive-minded men of letters to mysticism, and was now imperceptibly driving them towards monasticism, and ultimately to the days of the inquisition. I might even say, to put it imaginatively and at the risk of being accused myself of falling into the slough of mysticism, that Synesius was the incarnation of the soul of his own city in the past, a city of Greek philosophers. 'I mourn over the illustrious seat of Cyrene,' he exclaims in Letter 50, 'the possession in the past of such men as Carneades and Aristippus, but now of the Joannes and the Julii.' But more to the point still is Letter 31. 'If cities have souls, guardians divine and of the nature of gods, be sure that they must be grateful to you.' Thus he writes to his friend Aurelian in Constantinople. Aurelian and his party had saved the Eastern Empire from the Goths, or so at least thought Synesius. We in our day would at once have reflected on all that this meant for the Roman Empire. Yet there was no more patriotic citizen than Synesius, as we shall see presently when we pass in review his great address to the Emperor Arcadius. When about to take the field against the Ausurians he writes to his brother, 'I must certainly set out to meet these audacious men just as I am, and

make trial of them, what manner of men they are who pretend to laugh Romans to scorn.'

We in our day have been schooled to 'think in continents'; but not so Synesius. He thinks in cities. The old spell of the 'thirty cities' is still upon him. When he writes to congratulate his friend Aurelian for the great services he has rendered to the state, he instinctively thinks first, not of the Empire which concerns himself more directly, for it includes his beloved Cyrene, but of his friend's city, Constantinople, the guardian spirits of which must needs rejoice. His outlook on life was still that of the Greek city, his own city;[1] the foundations of his mind had been laid in Cyrene where the traditions of the school of Aristippus were probably not extinct. When he went later to study at Alexandria, it was as one formed already in a more old-fashioned and secluded spot and one which may easily have been less affected by the trend towards mysticism that was now in the ascendant elsewhere.

There are some natures that, once fully developed in youth, are little affected by stronger influences amongst which they are thrown later in life. Synesius seems very little affected intellectually by his residence at Constantinople. Most commentators show surprise as well as regret that he never makes mention in his letters of the great events in which he must have more or less participated. In his cryptic history *De Providentia* he writes of them rather in the vein of one whose philosophic serenity was quite undisturbed by the events he had witnessed. 'Pythagoras of Samos', he says in this work, 'avers that the wise man is nothing but a spectator of events that take place in the world, for he has been invited to this universe as to a sacred contest to be such a spectator of the proceedings therein.' He speaks quite dispassionately about all that concerns this awful time of trouble in Constantinople. Why so? Obviously because it was not his own city. It was his friend Aurelian's city or any one else's you please, but not his. He carries Cyrene about with him as a tortoise its shell. He only puts his head out to watch what is going on about him from time to time. But every Greek city was an island, and Synesius was insular. The moment Cyrene is threatened

[1] Cf. Ep. 124. He writes to Hypatia: 'Why then do I suffer? Because . . . I was born here, and it is here that I see the honoured tombs of my ancestors. On your account alone I think I should be capable of overlooking my city.'

he is all passion, fire, even at times despair. Read in this connexion the burning words of the Catastasis. Pythagoras of Samos has quite disappeared now that Cyrene is in danger; the calm aloof philosopher has come back from the 'islands of the blest', as his master Plato had warned him that he must. He buckles on his armour; not the breastplate of faith this time, or the helmet of Athene, but a rugged harness for protection against Ausurian bowmen. The Bishop of Ptolemais is on the walls. He is patrolling the battlements by night, he is scouring the country by day in search of the raiders:

> 'In my spear my bread is mixed, my wine is in my spear,
> Ismarian wine I quaff e'en so, leaning against my spear.'

Thus he writes to his friend Simplicius, quoting Archilochus. Faith and philosophy alike have gone to the winds now that the very existence of the five cities (Pentapolis) is at stake. Synesius, still fairly young, but old in his Spartan race, has been reabsorbed into the guardian soul that broods over Cyrene, the city that was the offspring of the Isle of Thera, of Lacedaemonian hearts, Thera which had remained faithful to Sparta to the end. He tells his friend Anysius in a letter written probably in the last years of his life how he trembles for Pentapolis, the group of cities crowned by Cyrene. 'My motherland, as the Cretans would say,' are his words.

Here at last is the real, the 'historic' Synesius, to borrow a phrase from the current controversies on the Socratic problem. Here we have the Lacedaemonian, the soldier, the man of action. We are two removes away from the Neoplatonist now, or the mystic, for we have not merely left far behind us the Alexandrians and their persistent cult of the unknowable, but the 'masters Plato and Aristotle' as well. The more we study this somewhat elusive character, the more we shall become convinced that its true province in life was to do rather than to think, and that the mainspring is to be sought in the traditions of his native Cyrene, in the heredity of his Lacedaemonian ancestors. However baffling his personality may seem at first sight, it will be clearer if we take into consideration how it was conditioned first by the growth of his Greek city in the past, secondly by the cult of his ancestors—does he not exlaim, 'O Cyrene, whose archives trace my

ancestry to the Heraclidae. . . . Alas, Dorian tombs that I shall never share'?—and, thirdly, by the natural bent of a mind which was positive rather than mystical, and which was always demanding definite solutions. Many instances of this might be cited. In the case of Andronicus he urges the blasphemous prefect's immediate excommunication from the church. To his mind there was no half measure possible. His colleagues overbore him. Synesius proved to be right in the end, and the sentence had to be pronounced. His congregation seemed dissatisfied with him at this point. Here again he calls for a clear issue; he tells them that he has no intention of resigning his office, but he reminds them bluntly that it is always open to them to choose some one else in his place. Again, there is the case of the Bishop of Bithynia, Alexander by name, who had left his own see in a mysterious way and was seeking refuge in Ptolemais, thereby placing Synesius in a difficult and delicate position. No better example could be given of his clear and unequivocal disposition of mind than this letter (66) addressed to the Primate Theophilus whom he is pressing for explicit instructions on the subject. The letter ends with the following words: 'My question is precisely this, and the authority of your ecclesiastical succession must answer it simply, clearly, and in terms that I can understand,—am I to consider Alexander a bishop or not?' Illustrations from the letters might be multiplied, but only to the same purpose, to show Synesius in his true light as a man of strong common sense and determination. These letters are also in many ways the best comment on the other prose works that we have before us here. They show us that the rôle of Synesius as a philosopher was rather one that he had imposed on himself than one assigned to him by nature, and moreover show that it rested upon a fragile foundation. He was neither a profound nor a very original thinker. He was something of a dilettante, a man well versed in the culture of his age, very much as was Apollinaris Sidonius in the Western Empire forty years later. The charm of his works proceeds from the intimate touch that he had the art of establishing with his reader, and they are invaluable also in the indirect evidence that they give us concerning the intellectual movements of his time; for however insular he may have been, however wedded to the past, his works must unwittingly betray something of what was present at the moment when

he wrote. His character was too sensitive to fail in this. A single fragment of a letter addressed to his revered Hypatia is eloquent on this point. It contains these words: 'I seem to perform the function of an echo. Whatever sounds I take up I give back.' (Letter 33.)

Why then, it may be asked, if we abandon Synesius as a thinker, should we take all this trouble to analyse the sources of his philosophy? The answer to this question is that, though the works he has left us are in themselves of the first interest, they can only be understood by continual reference to the *milieu* in which he lived. If we are to criticize them, we must at all events take them as seriously as he takes them himself. Let us not forget that he himself admits the lighter strain in them. In writing to Nicander, he tells us that he has 'begotten literary works', 'children of mine' as he calls them. Quite Platonic this. We think at once of Diotima in the *Symposium*, and her impassioned words, how that no man has greater love than this, namely to bring forth in beauty offspring of his soul. The phrase in the letter to Nicander is an echo, but this time an echo of one of his master's most sublime moments. Some of his works, Synesius goes on to say, are born of philosophy. Orthodox Platonism again. What is conceived and born in beauty is of the higher love, and poetry, philosophy, and the like participate in the absolute idea of beauty, that beauty which is second only to those ethical ideas which we are told in the *Phaedrus* it would be blinding for us to contemplate. But our Cyrenaean does not allow us to linger here. He proceeds to tell us that others of his works are born of the common rhetoric of the market-place (*τῆς πανδήμου ῥητορικῆς*), 'although any one can see that they are all of the same father, a father who leans at one moment to earnestness (*εἰς σπουδήν*), at another to joy (*ἡδονήν*). . . . The work before you', he says to his friend Nicander 'shall tell you itself of which class it professes to be.' He then hints that it is of his illegitimate offspring, for all that he would like to claim Philosophy as its mother. Is it perchance one of those false births that Socrates deprecates in the maieutic dialogues? Be this as it may, he admits that he has a particular affection for this work of his and that he has tried to put into it much of the more serious side also. The tone of the letter is one of delightful *badinage*, and its lesson is most delicately but quite clearly conveyed. He means to tell us that he

cannot remain too long on the heights. But more than this, he suggests here the key to the more elusive side of his writings. 'This essay (λόγος) shall itself inform you to which class it belongs', in other words, whether it is of the serenity of the heavenly way mentioned in the last words of the *Republic* or of the rhetoric popular in the Forum. The work referred to in the letter is understood to be the *Eulogy of Baldness*, an essay full of laughter, but turning at times to philosophic speculation, chiefly on the sphere as the form supreme in the universe. 'If you agree with my own estimate of the work,'—this is in substance what he says to Nicander—'make it known to the Greeks.' The last phrase is significant. Greek was the literary language of the age as well as the spoken language of at least the whole Eastern Empire, so that anybody who cared to read at all must have read Greek. But we notice that he asks his friend not to make his book known to the world, but to make it known to the Greeks. That Greek town of his origin always possessed his soul. The other races of the world were still only barbarians to him, and this six hundred years after Zeno the Stoic had, first amongst the Greeks, conceived of a more international outlook on life, and had written as if the world were equally open to Greeks and to other races,[1] the loyal Roman citizen, for this Synesius certainly was, remained always a Greek, and it is for the Greeks alone that he writes; the others do not signify. He seems never to have taken the trouble to acquire the Latin tongue.

We may learn then from our examination of this letter at least three things. First, that the author of these essays was himself by his thoughts and imagery a Platonist, second, that while he lays claim to intimacy with the Muses of poetry and philosophy, he is conscious of being at times only a popular writer, and feels uncertain about the place of his works in literature, and finally that he writes for Greeks and Greeks only. Would he have regarded even such men as Plotinus or Ammonius Saccas as Greeks? I think it very doubtful, although, as we shall see, in one of his works, *On Dreams*, he was palpably influenced by the *Enneads*. We must therefore always attempt to approach his work from the point of view of the Greek philosopher or rhetorician. In trying to assign to his works their true place amongst those of his century or of all time, we must not lose sight of the fact that they

[1] See Mayor on Tertullian, *Apology*, c. 38.

cover the field of oratory, literary criticism, his own conception of the philosophy of history, divination, satire, poetry proper, and last but not least, the epistolary style, in which latter form he has had few equals. A writer who touches so many chords on the lyre of the Muses must be criticized with the indulgence accorded to versatility. It would be rather breaking a butterfly on the wheel to make a profound and searching analysis of his philosophy. Such an attempt could only result in the conclusion that it was a reflection of Plato with stray elements that had floated in to him from the Gnostics, from the Neoplatonists, from Philo and from the Stoics, and that these echoes are more or less happy as the case may be. To ask what his place is in the general history of thought would be as absurd as to put the same question in regard to Montesquieu or Lord Chesterfield. It would be to court an answer in the negative. Neither did he nor the writers just mentioned ever profess to have founded a system of philosophy; but the interest we take in them as writers suffers in no way from this fact. We take delight in their works notwithstanding; and they give us a marvellous sidelight on their epoch and the current of thoughts by which they were surrounded. Now, if we are to understand Synesius better, it will be well to go back a little and trace the history of thought in the schools of Alexandria from the point where we left it with Philo to the time when Hypatia the Platonist was holding her courses of lectures there, Hypatia, whose pupil and devoted friend Synesius became.

All the time that Neoplatonism was in a process of crystallization, Christianity was developing and was, as we have seen, pushing itself in every direction as a political force. Though it was compelled to lay the foundations of its own theology, it could not remain indifferent to the influences of all that Neoplatonists were thinking and writing. The hypostases of Plotinus approached the doctrine of the Trinity too closely, even before it had received its final and definite form in the Council of Nicea, for the Fathers of the Church to pass over such an analogy altogether. And so it came about that the doctrinaires on either side became, as we have seen, friends and enemies at the same time. We have seen how this struggle finally ended in later days by the gradual absorption of the Neoplatonists, one by one, in the Church. But this process of absorption took place individually rather than

collectively, and implied in no way a disavowal of the fundamental conceptions of Neoplatonism amongst those that remained attached to it. What rendered this easier was the fact that even if Christianity was not directly imitating the theology of Plotinus or of Porphyry, nevertheless in its ultimate decision concerning the creed it was not so far removed from the point of view of those philosophers as to render it difficult of comprehension to any Neoplatonist, so much did the two systems of theology resemble each other when viewed only externally. This made it easier for a Neoplatonist to enter the Christian Church.

How then were matters progressing at the end of the second century? Vacherot, in speaking of the Christian school at Alexandria, says, 'Under the enlightened direction of St. Clement and of Origen it entered into communication with all the great schools and the great doctrines of Alexandria. Origen went himself to the lectures of the founder of Neoplatonism, and on the other side, the Platonic philosophers came to listen to Origen. Things had got to such a pitch that in this general *mêlée* doctrines became effaced and schools were recognized only with difficulty. We come across a number of teachers concerning whom we know not whether they are Christians or pagan philosophers.'[1] As to Origen, 'he lived', says Porphyry, 'in the most intimate exchange of ideas with Plato', but Origen, that noble and enthusiastic character, ends by making an enemy of his own bishop, Demetrius. He is expelled from the Church, excommunicated, tortured, and dies an exile from the city of light and learning. 'If we wish to understand the Alexandrian Fathers,' continues Vacherot, 'we must always think of the Gnostics, of Philo, and of Platonism.' 'What need had they to look beyond?'[2]

Gnosticism was the most dangerous enemy that Christianity had yet encountered on its path. We are now well into the third century, and nevertheless its influence is still making itself felt. Christianity carried in its own bosom this germ of a possible disruption; but the origin of the germ is quite obscure. St. Paul probably is speaking of it in the first letter to Timothy when he alludes to 'a false wisdom' which had begun to spread and which was a menace to the Church. It came from Samaria in Syria in the form of legends of a miraculous personage called Simon the Magus, who was—so the Gnostics in that country

[1] Vacherot, *L'École d'Alex.*, vol. I, p. 247–8. [2] Vacherot, I, p. 248.

pretended—the incarnation of God Himself,[1] that is to say, of the Father. At the same time they admitted that Christ was the incarnation of the Son. Upon this foundation a whole theological structure was built, and a fantastic mythology into which were woven Persian ideas and other doctrines of the religions of the Orient. From the theological point of view their system was devoid of value. The chief interest of Gnosticism to-day is the part that it played in history; and the extent to which it influenced Christianity. Its great protagonists Saturninus, Bardaisan, Basilides, Marcion, Valentinus, professed the Christian faith; but they pretended to represent Christianity themselves, and wished to draw the Church into an acceptance of their own doctrine. The matter gradually became an open heresy.

Gnosticism as a doctrine signified a superior form of knowledge acquired by an instantaneous revelation, one that the Gnostics held to be supernatural. Harnack defines it as 'an acute Hellenization . . . of Christianity'. If this be the case, we can only say that the Hellenic spirit had enormously changed since the days of the Academy and the Stoa; but is it really the Hellenic spirit that was the mainspring of the Gnosis? I should be inclined to doubt it. The Greek spirit has always been more inclined to reasoning than to supernatural and sudden illumination. I am aware that here I am touching upon controversial ground and raising the whole question as to whether Plotinus and all the school that followed him were or were not the legitimate successors of Hellenic thought. Some authorities on Greek philosophy are entirely of the opinion that they were, and one eminent critic of the Alexandrian School goes so far as to assure us that Plato and Aristotle were only a 'kind of splendid digression' from the normal current and development of Greek thought.[2]

Those of us whose souls have been fired in our youth by the great founders of thought in question, might well exclaim in despair:

> 'Even so my sun one early morn did shine
> With all-triumphant splendour on my brow;

[1] Cf. Acts viii. 9 ff. Tertullian, *On the Prescription of Heretics*, xxxiii, remarks on this text that the system of Simonian sorcery, 'serving of angels', was expressly reckoned among idolatries, and condemned as such by the apostle Peter in the person of Simon himself (ed. Bindley, p. 81).

[2] Dr. Inge, *Hastings's Encycl. of Rel. and Eth.*, vol. ix, p. 307.

> But, out! alack! he was but one hour mine;
> The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now.'[1]

There are still, as I must remind the apologists of Neoplatonism, lovers of Plato and of his unapproachable works, who hold that he was largely misunderstood by Philo and by all his successors, and that in the words of F. C. Conybeare, 'at the bottom he is a concrete thinker, to whom the sensible and the ideal, or rational, are ultimately one and not two.'

Be this as it may, Gnosticism seems to have been an exaggerated development of a great force that existed everywhere in the world at large at that moment and was particularly rife in Alexandria. It was the culmination of that mania for religious syncretism which in the beginning of the second century had become a veritable obsession, and threatened at one moment to absorb Christianity and disperse it in its own raging waters. The Church was forced to struggle for its own integrity, but at the moment which we have been describing, that interesting moment in Alexandrian life when Origen was receiving the Hellenic philosophers, it was strong enough in the consciousness of its own independence of action and sufficiently confident in its ever-increasing power to have no further fear of Gnosticism. If therefore Alexandria was the whole world for the Fathers of the Church as well as for the Hellenic philosophers at this time, and if the tradition of the great University city constituted such an interdependence of intellectual forces; if the great centre was coloured by Christianity, Gnosticism, and Neoplatonism at the same time, not to speak of indigenous cults such as those of Isis and Osiris, is it surprising that Synesius a century afterwards should be in no way disconcerted at the metamorphosis of an Hellenic philosopher into a priest of the Christian Church, precisely the change which he made in his own life? There is nothing in all this to excite so much surprise as it has awakened in the minds of his biographers. The thing which is really extraordinary is that Christianity and Neoplatonism preserved so long their independent positions; that Christianity succeeded in not being completely contaminated by Gnosticism, and was able to escape the universal tendency towards

[1] Shakespeare, Sonnet xxxiii.

confusion of doctrines. Synesius the idealist, dreamer, and poet, the dilettante in literature, though full of force and action as a man, was by his very objective and contemplative nature quite prepared to make a transition which seems to us, in our age, an extraordinary one, and which carried him to the dignity of the see of Ptolemais. His biographers are in despair as to what explanation to give of such a phenomenon, but the matter will not be so difficult to understand if we once succeed in placing ourselves in imagination among the streets and market-places of the fourth-century Alexandria, amidst the religious and philosophic currents which crossed each other everywhere, mingling and sometimes clashing, and which formed a vast whirlpool in which friends and foes alike were often incapable of distinguishing each other. As to Synesius, his most devoted friends, his brother Euoptius, Herculian and Olympius, they who formed with him what he called 'the sacred quartet of friendship' passed eventually, all of them, into the Christian Church.

Neoplatonism was more than a philosophic system: it had really become a form of religion. Plotinus its great Apostle preached—there is no other word for it—asceticism, fasting, the mortification of the flesh, prayer, all these were preparations for a state of ecstasy in which the soul might disengage itself from fleshly bonds and unite with God. Concurrently with all this he gives us in the *Enneads* a sort of philosophic criticism impregnated with the higher mysticism, at times poetical, frequently very obscure, and one in which a rationalist would soon despair of finding the thread of sustained reasoning. The transcendentalist on the other hand will tell us at once that the important matter is not reasoning at all, but intuition; that his High Priest can only give us the voices that come to him from within. We shall be told that the 'great inspired' are more valuable than logicians. I am ready to agree, if the field of philosophy is not the field of demonstration, or of speculation, but is a matter of inspiration only. In that case, obviously, all philosophy will reduce itself to a purely personal formula, and that formula can be no other than this: 'Seek out your High Priest, the inspired oracle.' It really seems as if, after all these centuries, we were coming back with Plotinus to the Pythia at Delphi.

The admirers of Plotinus, however, will not be slow to assure us that we are not to take the *Enneads* in the form in which they have come

down to us, as giving adequate expression to his doctrine. We are to understand that he kept his papers very carelessly, that the work before us is a conscientious but rather desperate attempt on the part of his pupil Porphyry to reassemble scattered documents, which at no time were other than notes destined to be expanded into a more finished production, and that the lack of logical cohesion which many complain of in the *Enneads* is due to this fact. We seem, therefore, to be in need of two anchors of Hope for our ship of Faith instead of one; the first being the hope that Plotinus really was inspired, the second that the pages before us are actually his inspirations and not merely garbled notes. How much of the work before us represents Plotinus, and how much Porphyry? Did Porphyry edit what Plotinus left behind him to the extent of reconstructing the whole system, and if so, was he competent to do so? Did he understand the doctrine himself? Who shall resolve this double star of Plotinus and Porphyry? The more limited mind of the rationalist might ask whether it is a double star or a double obscurity, and might watch with consternation the spectacle of one transcendental philosopher trying to set in order the house of another.

I must confess to some similar feeling in reading the *De Insomniis* of Synesius, the one work of his that seems to have been written under the influence of the *Enneads* and quite different in inspiration from that which he describes in the letter to Nicander as being of his illegitimate offspring. In this essay on dreams one feels three removes from the source, whatever that may be. Plotinus has interpreted Plato, Porphyry has interpreted Plotinus, and finally to make confusion worse confounded, Synesius has interpreted Porphyry. But the unkindest cut of all comes when we discover in reading letter 154 that he seems to be in some doubt as to whether it was he who wrote it at all or yet another personality. He solemnly informs Hypatia, at all events, the one being whom he revered above all others, that he rose in the middle of the night and transcribed the whole of it then and there; that parts of it seemed to him to proceed not from his own mind; but that he was moved by some force outside of himself. I think no comment could be better. I can only return to my previous view, that he was not a mystic by nature, as it seems to me was the case with Philo also. A real mystic is never conscious of his mysticism. It is part of his being. But with

Synesius, once that his sensitive mentality is moved by the currents of mysticism about him, he expresses his own surprise quite frankly. Could anything be more characteristic of the legacy that Plotinus left to succeeding generations? If we seek to weigh his doctrines in the scales that we employ generally in the history of philosophy, the result will always be nugatory, and we shall encounter nothing but deceptions; but at the same time no doctrines have found more enthusiastic admirers in successive centuries than precisely these.

The Christian mystics, steeped in the 'Platonic tradition', would certainly have astonished Plato if he had lived to see them, and the same thing might be said of Philo, although in a less degree. Philo melted down Judaism, and poured it into a Platonic mould. St. Clement melted Stoicism and Platonism in the same way, and stamped them with the image and superscription of Christianity; Origen carried on his work and sought to destroy Gnosticism, but fell; Plotinus, the purely Hellenic apostle, melted down all the Greek philosophers of the past, stamped them this time with the image of Plato, as he conceived it, and the coinage has been passing from hand to hand ever since, at least in certain lands of the greater world of thought. The outstanding fact is that this doctrine, philosophy or religion, whichever we choose to call it, has given evidence of an extraordinary degree of vitality, and in this day seems to be still making proselytes. That it has undeniable points of resemblance with Christianity was only too obvious to the early Fathers of the Church, however much this very fact at moments aroused their displeasure. St. Cyril of Alexandria speaks of Neoplatonic theology in these terms:

'We find among the Greek philosophers themselves a knowledge of the Holy Trinity. They say, in substance, that the three natures (i.e. the hypostases) are closely united to each other, and without any intermediary; so that Soul, which is in the third rank, has the same relation to Mind which is in the second, that Mind, in turn, has to the One (the first cause). That these philosophers establish between these natures the relation that exists between that which generates and that which is generated, is proven by the following words of Plotinus: "Whenever what engenders is perfect, of necessity that which is engendered remains with it and is separated from it only to the extent of its own differentiation." [1] You see how distinctly he

[1] Pl. *Enn.* v. 1, 6.

affirms that He Who is begotten is closely united to that One who has engendered Him, that They are separated not by Their nature but only by the distinction of the Generator and the Generated.'[1]

Again in another passage Cyril defends the superiority of the Christian dogma as follows: 'Plotinus calls the Word of God Mind, that which we call Wisdom, only we do not admit that the Son is a whit less in glory and majesty than the Father. For *we* do not say that He must contemplate the Father to attain perfection, as if He were not perfection Himself. . . .'[2]

We notice then that he, one of the foremost Christian theologians of the fourth century, accepts the Hypostases of Plotinus as evidences of Christian doctrine, however misguided in his eyes the Hellenic philosopher may have been. It might be asked here whether the Fathers of the Church were steeped in that mystical reading of Platonism, so much admired by certain modernists of to-day, through the influence of Plotinus, or whether it was that both Plotinus and they had become impregnated with precisely that spirit which had been in the air men breathed in Alexandria ever since the days of Philo, and which, fanned by Gnosticism, had pervaded all avenues of thought. Mysticism in Alexandria had made great strides since the days of Plotinus with the still more emotional exaltations of Iamblichus and his followers. Gnosticism, in the sense of an intuitive knowledge, had left a permanent influence behind it long after its disappearance as an ambitious form of religious propaganda. 'It is useless to seek whence comes the light' says Plotinus: 'we must not seek it at all but wait in repose until it appears, and prepare ourselves to contemplate it, even as the eye awaits the rising of the sun who comes up over the horizon, out of Oceanus, the poets say, and gives himself to be beholden by our eyes.'[3]

Precisely so. We must not attempt to reach truth by the exertion of the reasoning faculties, by either induction or deduction. The object of intelligence and intelligence itself must be one thing and the same. 'The mind', he tells us, 'will remain motionless in contemplation, look-

[1] St. Cyril, *Contra Iulianum*, viii. p. 273 f.

[2] *Contra Iulianum*, viii, p. 273.

[3] *Enn.* v. 5, 8. Cf. Olympiodorus, *Com. in Phaedonem*, G. β', p. 230, ed. Norvin: . . . Ὅτι ἡ μὲν ἀλήθεια καὶ ἡ γνῶσις φῶς ἐν ψυχῇ . . . .

ing towards nothing else than beauty, turning itself to that and giving itself in its entirety. It stands as one filled with strength, it sees itself for the first time more beautiful and shining, in that it is near to it.' But any one who seeks sustained reasoning in the *Enneads* will be disappointed; he will find that whenever he thinks that he has at last found a thread of connected argument it will snap before leading him very far; for instead of what he expects he will sooner or later be confronted with a eulogy of some form of passivity of the mind out of which an inner illumination may arise. Heaven is above and sea under with Plotinus, but earth is hopelessly out of sight. There are undeniably passages full of poetic suggestion in the *Enneads*, but it is the poetry of the twilight. Philo foreshadowed such a way of thinking in the words quoted on a previous page, in which he tells us that truth is not visible in the full light of the intellect, that it is only when the twilight comes on, that we are possessed of the divine afflatus, that which is the only knowledge. Plotinus sought to teach a 'rationalistic doctrine' according to his pupil Porphyry, but however our Alexandrians begin, they always end by uttering the same note—the note of mystic exaltation. It must be admitted that they have succeeded in carrying with them minds of no mean order. Even so sound a thinker as Barthélemy St.-Hilaire, the great French translator of Aristotle, one who in knowledge of the Greek philosophers was second to none, appears to have been fired at times to enthusiasm by the works of Plotinus. In an address read before the Académie des Sciences in Paris in 1844, while commenting upon Vacherot's work, he speaks in no measured terms of praise and admiration of the beauty of the doctrine set forth in the *Enneads*. 'Plotinus lays it down', he says, 'as axiomatic that there is no perfect knowledge . . . except that in which the being which knows is commingled with the being which is known.[1] The senses, the imagination, logic, even reason itself, can give us nothing like this. It is only in pure intelligence that knowledge is absolute and simple....

[1] This 'axiom' of Plotinus is nothing but what is found in Aristotle in the *Metaphysics*, 1072 b 20: 'And thought thinks itself because it shares the nature of the object of thought; for it becomes an object of thought in coming into contact with and thinking its objects, so that thought and object of thought are the same.' (Ross.)

That alone has inner vision, the intelligible object is not beyond but within; it has absolute knowledge of this object, knowledge infallibly true, because it has a *real* cognition of it . . . because it bears it in its own bosom, or rather because it is the intelligible itself. The intelligible essences, the ideas . . . are the very foundations of pure intelligence; in thinking of them intelligence thinks itself. . . . The soul is capable of knowing every truth . . . through pure intelligence it commingles with the whole intelligible world, even with God Himself.[1]

"'It follows from all this that the soul must withdraw within itself to the point of self contemplation; it will then behold the light of intelligence and hear the divine harmony which the voice of the passions stifled before. Then the body will be separated from the soul, and further, the soul itself will be separated from that part of itself which is contaminated by passions and desires." It will thus become purified. The soul, therefore, inasmuch as it carries within itself this world of pure intelligence (*ergo* of the intelligible), has God within itself. Do not seek God therefore in external things, where you will only find traces of Him, but look within yourself, and there you will find Him in the form of the One—God being One. The soul attains to the knowledge of God through the sentiment of unity. 'You have here', continues Barthélemy St.-Hilaire, 'the fruitful seed from which the Alexandrian mysticism drew all its grandeur, as also all its extravagances, the sublimity and the errors of its theology, the purity of its morality, the dreams of its cosmology. . . . From "God in ourselves" the author passes with Plotinus to God the Creator, and shows how the One has produced

[1] Barthélemy St.-Hilaire, *L'École d'Alexandrie*, pp. 100–104. Bouillet in his *Commentary on Plotinus* (vol. iii, p. 575) has the following analysis of this conception: 'Mind contains in itself the intelligible world which consists of the entirety of the ideas (ἰδέαι, εἴδη, μορφαί, λόγοι). The ideas are the acts of Mind, its thoughts or intellections, in each of which that which is thought, that which thinks, and the thought itself form one and the same act, defined as substantial thought (οὐσιώδης νόησις) (v. *Enn.* v. 3, 5; v. 9, 6; vi. 6, 15.) From the fact that intellection really exists it thinks the essences (οὐσίαι) or real existences (ὄντα), and while thinking these it makes them exist in the state of intellectual living natures. It follows from this that in thought (νόησις), the form which is the object of the thought (εἶδος, μορφή) and the idea (ἰδέα) are one thing and the same. Each essence exists in Mind. "The intelligibilia are only in a potential state in the soul. They become actual when the soul rises to Mind and dwells with it." (*Enn.* vi. 6, 15.)

Intelligence. . . . 'But Intelligence is too pure to touch the realm of sense perception, . . . therefore a third principle is necessary to link together the two worlds by transmitting the light of the intelligence to the realities of sense perception. This principle is the soul. The One engenders Intelligence, Intelligence in turn engenders the soul. . . .'[1] The One, the Intelligence, the Soul—these are the three *hypostases*, Plotinus' own word this, of the Alexandrine Trinity, and such is the pagan trinity which, according to Theodoret, the philosopher borrowed of Christianity, but which is found also in Philo and which Plotinus traces to Plato himself.'

I cannot share the admiration which the great commentator on Aristotle expressed for the Alexandrian system. But I quite agree with him that Vacherot is an excellent exponent of Plotinus' form of religion. 'The author' (Vacherot), he says, 'owes much to Plotinus, but in rendering in our own language and in a new form these sublime and admirable theories of virtue, liberty, and beauty, of love and of the good, he has scarcely diminished their greatness, and we feel in his work the strong breath of inspiration that animated them in the beginning. We will confine ourselves to quoting the following passages:

'Let him advance boldly. Let him advance into the very Sanctuary, once he has closed his eyes to the spectacle of the beauties of this earth. Let him open them to contemplate true beauty, the original pattern of these pale and impure images to which only opinion gives the name of beauty. These fugitive beautiful things are like the moving images which are reflected in the water, and the madman who desires to seize them will disappear whirled down by the current. . . .

'The soul which leaps up to seize them would only succeed in plunging into the dark depths abhorred by the intellect, and in losing itself therein. It is here that we must cry "Let us fly, let us fly, to our own dear country".[2] "But how shall we fly? How shall we escape?" asks Ulysses, in that admirable allegory which represents him as fain of flight from the magic empire of a Circe, or of a Calypso, undeterred by the pleasure of the eye or by the sight of corporeal beauty that might have held him upon the enchanted shores. Our country, our own father, is in the spot that we have left. To see this cherished country we only have to open the eyes of the soul and close those of the body.

[1] Ibid., pp. 102, 104, 106.

[2] Plato, *Theaetetus*, 176 A. 'Wherefore we ought to fly away from earth to heaven.'

'It is in this wise that the inner vision must come to us. The soul cannot at once contemplate virtues that shine too brightly. It is only after detaching itself from the vision of corporeal beauties that it may contemplate first the sentiments and after them the virtues. But in order to discover the real beauty of these sentiments and of their actions in the case of others, our own soul must possess them itself. Retire therefore into yourself, and if you find not beauty there as yet, do as would that artist who prunes down, polishes, purifies unceasingly until he has adorned his statue with all the gifts of beauty. Cut away from your soul all that is not upright; purify and illuminate all that which is dark and impure, cease not to embellish, to perfect your image, until the glittering light of virtue bursts upon your eyes, and you shall then contemplate wisdom lasting and unshakable, in the bosom of holy and incorruptible purity. . . . The soul that has become intellect sees and contemplates; when it has become love it can only feel, and either love or sentiment destroys contemplation. The soul through love denudes itself of every form that pertains to the intelligible. It behaves like the initiated in the mysteries, dropping all its garments and advancing thus towards the sanctuary where God resides. In this supreme effort it imposes silence, not only upon the inferior faculties of its nature, but even upon pure thought, even upon contemplation. It no longer feels its body, it no longer feels that it is enclosed in a body. . . . The soul loses everything, even the consciousness of its own pure essence, and thus prepared unites itself to the Good, purely by virtue of its presence. Out of this irresistible attraction is born that love which disturbs the soul and urges it to the bosom of the Good. The soul then melts away there and is absorbed so completely that it has no longer even the consciousness of the presence of God within itself. Once arrived at this height it can only now descend; thought itself is a fall when the soul has arrived at this point of love. The moment that this divine fire penetrates it, riches, fortune, science, virtue, beauty, intellect, all these leave it cold and indifferent, *and this is ecstasy*. . . . But why cannot the soul remain without return in this ineffable union with God, when it has once had the happiness of reaching that point? The reason is that the body solicits it without ceasing and tears it away from its divine intercourse that it may plunge it again in the life of the senses. It is not until after death that the union of the soul with God can be constant and durable.' [1]

I have translated this long citation from Vacherot because it is quoted with evident admiration by one who was himself profoundly read in the Neoplatonist literature, and because it expresses in a more condensed

[1] Barthélemy St.-Hilaire, *De l'école d'Alexandrie*, p. 111 seq.: the passage quoted above from Vacherot is largely a free translation of Plotinus.

form much that is scattered through the long work of Plotinus. I cannot myself see much else in it than a more or less garbled reiteration of the poetical flights of imagination that flash across the *Symposium*, the *Phaedrus*, and other dialogues of Plato, flights of genius that are far more inspiring in that they have never been fettered to a system or passed to the world as the *ipse dixit* of a master. The mania for allegorical explanations of mythology that Philo had introduced was gaining ground with the Neoplatonists and persisted with them to the end. Proclus, in the fifth century, finds some mysterious meaning at every turn of one of Plato's dialogues. Whatever view we may take as to the legitimate succession of the Neoplatonic school of thought, there can be little doubt that its subsequent development in the works of such men as Iamblichus, Aedesius, Maximus, Sallust, or Chrysanthius was the inevitable consequence of the school of Plotinus. Mystery having become the established divinity, the proselytes of Neoplatonism were soon dissatisfied with the official form of worship. They betook themselves to the invocation of the host of demons and divinities that Plotinus had never denied, but which he had always held aloof from as one who sought to raise himself to the One, through the two lower hypostases of Soul and Mind. Another element had now entered, in the shape of theurgy. It was Iamblichus, the Syrian, who was the high-priest of this second phase of Neoplatonism. Plotinus, while tolerating all the time-honoured beliefs of the Greeks, had said to his disciple Amelius, when urged by him to approach the gods: "It is for them to draw near to me" (Porph. *Vit. Plotin.* c. 10) . . . What need had he to invoke gods of an inferior order, he whom philosophy had already elevated to the One'?[1] But this was not sufficient for Iamblichus. He gave himself up to mysteries not merely in theory but in practice; his disciples regarded him as endowed with supernatural powers.

[1] Vacherot, *École d'Alexandrie*, vol. I, p. 363.

III

PORPHYRY, the great pupil of Plotinus, had been, in the words of Jules Simon, 'the last defender of philosophy and common sense'. With Iamblichus began the reign of something akin to 'spiritualism' in the modern sense of the word, but one in which the personages evoked were gods and heroes, not ordinary mortals as in the *séances* of its acolytes of to-day. But as the field of the mysterious increased in magnitude, mysticism proper diminished, for, paradoxical as it may appear at first sight, the spirit of mysticism is a contrary one to that of spiritualism. The former comes of an exalted form of religious longing, a passionate desire of the soul to penetrate things impenetrable, the nature of God, the enigma of life, the problems of time and eternity. It comes, indeed, from an extreme of passion, one that failing of a solution in measured reason, breaks through its philosophic trammels and seeks to attain its end through the inconceivable path, the direct and instantaneous separation of the soul from the body through ecstasy. But of what use were the ladders of dialectic or the occasional liberation of the soul by fasting and contemplation to those who had found a still shorter road to paradise, those who without the stern abnegations and labours of the ascent to a phase of union with the One and the Infinite, could remain on earth and summon the gods of Olympus to commune with them on easier terms? The one conception is obviously lofty and spiritual, the latter is material, and conceived in a crudely anthropomorphic spirit.[1] Neoplatonism, in passing over so lightly the traditional and polytheistic beliefs, in admitting them either directly or by implication, had left the way open to the entrance of the very forces which were now to destroy its own exalted inspiration. Was it not, to use its own imagery, being pulled down by the demons to the darkly lowering abyss

[1] Plotinus (*Enn.* ii. 9, 14) alluding to the Gnostics: 'In another manner these persons infringe the purity of the Heaven-world. When they write incantations and pretend to direct them to the Divine hierarchy, not only to the soul but to the principles beyond soul, do not they declare the Divine subject to enchantments and sorceries and binding spells . . .? Out of ambition to make their own pretentions appear more grand, they have unwittingly stripped Heaven of its grandeur.'

of matter? We are reminded of the lines from the Sibylline Oracles quoted by Synesius in *Dreams* (1293 D):

'Bend thou not down far below to the world mid obscurity gleaming;
Always spread out are its depths, a treacherous region where Hades
Lurks in the gloom and delighteth in phantoms, never in reason.'

The One, descending through the plane of the intellect and the world soul to man, as the object of all meditation and aspiration, was giving place to a countless host of gods, demigods, and heroes, shadowy figures, not so much objects of devotion as objects to be directly communicated with by most palpably material forms, incantations and the like. The theological systems of Iamblichus and his followers did not differ, perhaps, so greatly from that of their predecessors, but the spirit of Neoplatonism under them had changed from that of a transcendental philosophy, mystical in its essence, to that of a mysterious cult, superstitious in its essence, and palpably necromantic in its practices. No fall could be greater.

But even with this poison sapping its vitality, Neoplatonism produced minds of no mean order. Did it not, when at its last gasp over a century later, present the world with the acute Simplicius, with Olympiodorus, with Damascius? At the moment, with Iamblichus and his followers, it has passed to a second and an inferior phase. But these Neoplatonists hoped for a polytheistic restoration. This restoration was destined to take a political as well as a philosophical form. With the emperor Julian a new force had now come into play, one that might well have put a different face on history. In a time of dramatic changes at the Imperial court of the Roman Empire, none of these could compare with the advent to the throne of this young acolyte of philosophy and learning, one who had, a mere boy, discarded the mantle of the philosopher for the breastplate and lance of the soldier, who had risen almost at once to the command of an army, who had carried the Roman eagles anew through the battlefields of Gaul; who had crossed the Rhine repeatedly with all his forces, had defeated the seven kings of Germany in one great battle, and had finally been proclaimed Emperor by his troops, literally borne aloft to the throne on the shoulders of an enthusiastic and cheering soldiery. Ammianus Marcellinus, one who had seen and known him, who had served under him in Gaul and Syria, tells us in sober and measured words of

these stirring times when new blood and fresh zeal seemed to have reanimated the spirit of the Roman legions. He tells us how the forces of Julian, now not merely their General but their Emperor, swept like a tidal wave eastward from Lutecia[1] towards Rome, levelling every obstacle in their path. The pennon of the young commander that announced his person to his own troops and to the enemy alike, could be seen by all men in the battlefields of Gaul, moving wherever the fighting was heaviest. He seemed to his army to bear a charmed life.[2]

The magic of his personality was irresistible to all who came in contact with him. He fired the ardour of his troops, who would follow him anywhere and dare anything for his sake, he lit up a flame of hope in the hearts of the Hellenic philosophers who had long looked for that 'philosopher-king', whose image is shadowed in Plato's *Republic*; he appealed to the imagination of the pagan Roman citizen, as one who, withal living under an advancing and militant Christianity, still looked back regretfully to his old gods. Here too was the dramatic image before men's eyes, of one born to the purple, only to be exposed to the intrigues of an unscrupulous court. Here was one who had known suffering and danger from his earliest childhood, whose iron will and austere life had carried everything before them, who scorned dangers and hardships, who courted learning, and practised philosophical abnegation of the material joys of life. His words were heard ringing out in all parts of the Empire, from Antioch to Alexandria, from Alexandria to Rome, calling upon all citizens to remember the forms of worship due to the gods of their fathers, to return to their ancestral cults, and to rekindle the fires on altars long extinct. Echoes of his voice must have penetrated even to far Cyrene. But alas for the dreams of the philosophers of Alexandria, the poison of theurgy and superstition had infected their protagonist, and instead of the philosopher-king, the high-priest of a dying cult stood before them; for despite the unmistakable literary ability revealed in Julian's letters and essays, the note of fanaticism appears everywhere.

[1] Julian in the *Misopogon* (ed. Wright, vol. ii, p. 429) alludes thus to his sojourn in Lutecia (Paris): 'I happened to be in winter quarters at my beloved Lutecia—for that is how the Celts call the capital of the Parisians. It is a small island lying in the river; a wall entirely surrounds it, and wooden bridges lead to it on both sides.'

[2] Ammianus Marcellinus, xvi, 12, 39: cf. Allard, *Vie de Julien* I, p. 423.

The meteoric career of the last pagan Emperor had only lasted a scant eight years. But what energy, what virility of mind and purpose Julian displayed in these few years of his reign, one can judge by the unvarnished tale of a soldier who served in the ranks of his army. It is difficult to conceive of so robust a mind and will falling into the hands of soothsayers and necromancers, but such was the case, and the almost incredible story of the Emperor's destruction of his own fleet on the Euphrates, when advancing into Persia, is before us to attest the fact. And this is one of the most interesting evidences concerning the very change in the world of thought that we have been describing, the change that came over Neoplatonism under Iamblichus and that caused it to break away from a lofty mysticism, only to fall into the mazes of theurgy. We shall see later how Synesius himself was not left untouched by all this, although his native good sense and perhaps the scientific bent of his mind prevented his following in his life the extravagances of the later Neoplatonists. He almost apologizes for his belief in the prophetic nature of dreams, much as did Aristotle, and seeks to convince the reader that he is only calling his attention to something like a positive law in the universe. Synesius' view is more like that of Porphyry, who pronounced a stern sentence against theurgy.[1] 'All this illuminism is nothing but an over-excitement of the sensibility, a morbid condition of the mind . . . you submit your prophets to a régime of fasting, of fumigation, of mysterious ceremonies which bewilder their minds and weaken their fibre.' 'But', replies the pseudo-Iamblichus in the work known as *De Mysteriis*, 'the more feeble their reason, the more the presence of God is made manifest.'[2] Again we see one, as late as the fourth century, still harping on the words of Philo of Alexandria, which we quoted in the beginning of this work, 'As long as our intellect shines we are self-possessed; when it declines to its

[1] At the same time, however, Augustine accuses Porphyry of wavering and tergiversation in the question of theurgy. Cf. *De Civ. Dei*, x. 9: 'Nunc enim hanc artem (*i.e.* theurgian) tamquam fallacem et in ipsa actione periculosam et legibus prohibitam cavendam monet; nunc autem velut eius laudatoribus cedens utilem dicit esse mundandae parti animae . . . hanc enim dicit per quasdam consecrationes theurgicas, quas teletas vocant, idoneam fieri atque aptam susceptioni spirituum et angelorum et ad videndos deos.' Porphyry, *Epist. ad Anebontem*, 46 (Ritter and Preller, ed. 6, p. 518).

[2] Cf. sect. 3 c. 2.

sunset, we are possessed by the Divine Power'. There is not so much difference, then, between the follower of Iamblichus and the Jewish Rabbi of Alexandria, who foreshadowed this phase of Neoplatonism more than three centuries earlier. Intellect, as intellect had come to be conceived of, was now the obstacle to knowledge, but how can we reconcile this morbid sensibility of mind that awakened the anger of Porphyry, with the active vigorous life of Julian? This is a paradox worth considering, for it lies at the root of a good deal that is apt to surprise us in the character of Synesius. How can the poet of the *Hymns*, the writer of *Dreams*, be identified with the orator who addresses the Emperor Arcadius in language so free from the atmosphere either of the mystical, the first phase of Neoplatonism, or of the mysterious, the second? Synesius in all that is important rejects both phases. In the most important crisis of conscience in his life, he seeks to evoke no spirits or divinities, he addresses himself in an unmistakable spirit of monotheism to One God and One only. In this he never wavers. It is true that he attaches great importance to dreams, and even other auguries of the future, but he defends them from the standpoint of the natural phenomena of the universe, and in a sense that Aristotle could scarcely have taken exception to; whereas Julian was completely in the hands of the charlatan Maximus, who professed to be a worker of miracles, and amongst these to possess the power of animating marble statues, like Pygmalion. He belonged rather to the last and most decadent phase of Neoplatonism.

The life of Julian offers a very interesting comparison with that of Synesius. They both lived in the same age; Julian died two or three years later than the probable date of the birth of Synesius. Both were men of a high degree of education and culture, men who had known the university life of Alexandria and Athens. Both were past-masters of the rhetoric of their day, and both have left a number of letters which yield to no others in the history of literature, either in felicity of form, or in the interest of the matter which they contain. Both seem to have been born orators, both drew their inspiration from the works of the Greek philosophers. Both were, in their different ways, extremely original men. The one, Synesius, was brought up entirely outside the Christian Church; the other nominally as a Christian, but in point of

fact as a pagan. The title of 'Apostate', with which Julian was subsequently dubbed by the Christian writers, is rather misleading. He was in reality entirely educated by his tutor, Mardonius, a philosopher who was an ardent upholder of the old religion. His cousin Constantius, who was responsible for his bringing-up, seems to have been entirely devoid of all principle and capable of every crime; so that the unfortunate orphan lived in perpetual fear of assassination. In fact, it is probable that it was only due to the goodness of the Empress Eusebia,[1] who was very fond of the child, that he ever grew up at all. Mardonius, his tutor, apparently instructed him secretly in the Greek religion, exhorting him to stand by the faith of his ancestors. His words fell upon a mind naturally disposed to the same end. Julian kept his religious convictions to himself until he came of age, which was not surprising, as he lived continually in the shadow of sinister court intrigues, and to have taken any independent line of action might have been in his case a fatal step. Although, therefore, brought up nominally within the pale of the Church, he was precluded from coming under any influence that might have inclined him to Christianity. The case of Synesius was entirely different. 'Brought up outside the pale of the Church', as he tells us himself, he began with paganism, and only later in life was brought over to accepting the Christian faith, possibly from motives which we should be inclined to describe as political. He was pushed towards his conversion to Christianity by his friend Theophilus, the Primate of Alexandria, who was determined that he should be Bishop of Ptolemais; and after elaborately explaining to the great prelate that he made every reservation of conscience on certain points of Christian dogma, he consented to be ordained a Bishop. His real position in regard to Christian doctrine seems to have been quite identical with that of certain 'Modernists' of to-day, who apparently regard Christianity as essentially the same as the Neoplatonic doctrine.

The character of Synesius, as it appears in his letters, is certainly a very winning one. You cannot read these without getting to like the man for his qualities of heart, his charitable feelings, and his sparkling wit; whereas the character of Julian is somewhat antagonistic. There is in the Emperor a vein of bitterness which appears here and there,

[1] Iul. *ep. ad Ath.* 273 A.

and a lack of power to get into intimate touch with the reader, in spite of his very considerable literary abilities. Both men might have gone much further as writers, if they had lived. 'Julian', says Alfred Croiset, 'who died at the age of thirty-three, does not seem to have reached his full development as a writer. He certainly had in him the stuff of a thinker, an historian, a moralist, and a satirist, and above all of a man, a man whose true nature is always breaking through the conventional forms of the literature of his period. Even his prejudice and his violence of sentiment might have contributed to make him still more original. He did not live long enough to disengage himself from the influence of his masters, and to become entirely himself.' Synesius was more happy in this respect, his more malleable nature seems to have developed quite easily and harmoniously both in his literary work, and his life in general. He had the golden touch of an amiable and benevolent nature, which is reflected in such works as the *Praise of Baldness*, and in that singularly mysterious and fascinating essay *On Dreams*. But his literary power is much more flexible than Julian's, for he is capable also of very stern and very fiery invective, which comes out with quite startling intensity in the tirades which he launched at his great enemy, the Roman prefect, Andronicus.

Some of Synesius' letters remind one irresistibly of those of Julian. There is a certain aroma that emanates from them, which is reminiscent of these. Take, for instance, the letter 153, in which Synesius writes to his friend Pylaemenes as follows:

'A letter comes to us from you every year, as though the seasons themselves brought it with them, and this fruit is perchance sweeter to me than that which the circling months and the husbandmen bring to maturity. You would do me an injustice if you deprived me of the joy I find in this. Change your mind, then, and send me, this year at least, an abundance of letters.'

Compare this with Julian's letter to his great friend Maximus:

'I sleep with your letters as though they were healing drugs of some sort, and I do not cease to read them constantly, as though they were newly written, and had only just come into my hands. Therefore, if you are willing to furnish me with intercourse in letters, as a semblance of your own society, write, and do not cease to do so continually. Or rather come, with Heaven's help, and consider that while you are away I cannot be said to be alive, except in so far as I am able to read what you have written.' (Letter 12, ed. Wright.)

Here again is a letter from Synesius to Pylaemenes:

'I have received the letter in which you again accuse Fortune of treating you no better than in the past. You are wrong, dearest of friends, for it is not meet to blame her, but rather to console yourself. In your difficulties you can always come to me; you will be in the house of a brother. . . .' (Letter 134.)

Here is another letter from Julian to Ecdicius (Letter 107 (9) 23, ed. Wright):

'Some men have a passion for horses, others for birds, others again for wild beasts; but I from childhood have been penetrated by a passionate longing to acquire books. It would therefore be absurd if I should suffer these to be appropriated by men whose inordinate desire for wealth gold alone cannot satiate, and who unscrupulously design to steal these also.'

The following letter from Synesius to his brother is somewhat of an antithesis to the foregoing:

'This one thing I will not dissimulate. I feel that I have a good deal of inclination for amusements. Even as a child, I was charged with a mania for arms and horses. I shall be grieved, indeed greatly shall I suffer, at seeing my beloved dogs deprived of their hunting, and my bow eaten up by worms.' (Letter 105.)

Compare these last two letters. Julian seems to be on the defensive, as if his passion for books and philosophy were a matter of reproach to him, as indeed they were in the eyes of the citizens of Antioch, whom he so bitterly satirized in the *Misopogon*. Synesius, on the other hand, speaks as if his passion for dogs and horses and manly sports in general were his venial sin, and as if he was beholden to learning alone.

Let us take two other examples. In Letter 30 (3*) (16, ed. Wright) Julian writes to Theodorus as follows:

'When I received your letter, I was delighted, of course. How could I feel otherwise on learning that my comrade and dearest friend is safe? And when I had removed the fastening from it and perused it many times, I cannot convey to you in words my feelings and state of mind. I was filled with serenity and felicity, and welcomed the letter as though I beheld in it an image, so to speak, of your noble disposition.'[1]

[1] Compare this last phrase with S., Ep. 137 (to Herculian): '. . . it seems to me as if I still saw you, although now you are absent from me, for memory furnishes me with the image that your disposition produces within me.'

Synesius, in similar strain, writes to Pylaemenes thus:

'Some letters, dated last spring, have just come to me from Thrace. I turned the whole bundle upside down, to see whether it would contain one upon which the illustrious name of Pylaemenes was written. It would indeed have been unworthy of me to read any other first, but there was none anywhere. If you are really away from home, I wish you a quick and happy return. But if you were still on the spot at the moment when all my friends gave their letters to Zosimus, it really would be surprising if any one were more mindful of me than Pylaemenes.' (Letter 88.)

In conclusion, here is an extract from another which Synesius writes to Olympius, and which might well have been a letter from Julian (Letter 98):

'How do you think I received your pleasant letters, I who was thirsting to hear from you; and o'er what passages in them did not my heart melt? They inspired many different feelings, and I look forward to seeing again soon that Alexandria where there still lives a friend who is so dear to me. . . . Take care of your health, continue happy, give yourself up to philosophy, as it befits one to do who has cleaved to her, led on by divine love.'

Any one comparing these passages will, I think, be struck by a certain similarity in style, thought, and imagery. Many other instances might be cited, both from the letters of Julian himself, and also from the letters of the sophist, who was a correspondent of the philosopher Iamblichus, and whose letters were formerly attributed to the Emperor himself. Had Synesius ever read the letters of Julian? There is certainly no direct evidence of this. He never mentions Julian in any of his works. This might seem surprising, except for the fact that he never mentions Libanius, St. Basil, St. John Chrysostom, or Iamblichus, all men whose works were so well known and read in his time. One might argue, however, that all this touches upon a style of letter-writing which was taught in the schools of rhetoric through which the two men had passed. I cannot, however, find anything at all like it in the letters of St. Basil, although he was a fellow-student at Athens with Julian, and like him, a pupil of Libanius. But it might be objected again, that St. Basil was a Christian writer. None the less, if one reads his essay, or sermon, *On the Reading of Profane Authors*, one cannot fail to be struck by a flavour of the academic traditions of the school of Athens which he had frequented; except for the contents of the work, it might have

been written by Libanius himself. Besides, it is in more than the form that we feel this identity of impression in the two cases. There is something that the two philosophers have in common deeper than this. Both were men who were leading conspicuous public lives, both express a longing for their friends which could hardly have been due to dearth of company. Each is conscious that he is really solitary, apart from the companionship of his friend.[1]

We have now, with the death of Julian, come to the probable date of the birth of Synesius, for I quite agree with Crawford that he must have been born not later than 360. By the time that he arrived at manhood, the last perturbations of the attempted Hellenistic revival of Julian had subsided, and Neoplatonism, relinquishing any hopes of becoming a world force politically, had, as we have seen, entrenched itself behind the barriers of its own erudition and traditions. Again the centre of gravity had shifted in the world of thought, this time from Alexandria to Athens. Plutarch, the master of the great Syrianus, was teaching at the Academy. We have seen with what scant respect Synesius alludes to him and his disciples. And yet it was Plutarch whose influence on the last hundred years of the school of Athens was most important, as we gather from those of the Golden Chain who succeeded him, Syrianus, Proclus, Marinus, Isidore, Hegias, Damascius, not to speak of others who followed, such as Olympiodorus, Simplicius, and Philoponus, all of whom quote him. The fact that Synesius passes over him so lightly is only another instance of his aloofness from Neoplatonism as an established system. He remains a free lance to the end. He plucks the flowers of philosophy wherever he finds them, and after weaving some garland, as the fancy of the moment takes him, he lets it fall lightly to earth. We should be wasting our time if we attempted to seek an established system in his works, and herein lies much of their charm. He was very proud of his capacity to speak with the voice of another writer, as he tells us in *Dio* (p. 1161 A):

[1] Marinus in his life of Proclus (17) speaks of a 'Pythagorean friendship', and also of that of master and co-disciple. The passage is interesting but somewhat obscure: *Ἐκ πάντων . . . τὸν Ἀρχιάδαν ἐφίλει . . . διὰ τὴν Πυθαγόρειον φιλίαν ἣν πρὸς τὸν Ἀρχιάδαν ἐσπήσατο, συμφοιτητὴς αὐτοῦ γενόμενος ἅμα καὶ διδάσκαλος. τῶν γὰρ δύο εἰδῶν καὶ σπανίως ἐν τοῖς ὑπὸ ἱστορημένων φιλιῶν, ἡ τούτων ἔδοξεν εἶναι σπουδαιοτέρα. οὐδὲν γὰρ ἦν Ἀρχιάδας ὃ μὴ Πρόκλος βούλοιτο, οὐδ' ἔμπαλιν οὗτος, ὃ μὴ καὶ Ἀρχιάδας.*

'Ofttimes (when reading), I do not attempt to await the end of a story for any good it may do me, but rather do I lift up my eyes from the book, and proceed to compete with the narrative therein, myself. . . . I well remember that once I was holding in my hands a volume of the grave and classical order, and that when some men who were present asked me to read something aloud that they might listen to it, I continued in the way I have just described. And as opportunity arose, I added something, and brought it into the general harmony of the narrative. . . . something that well accorded with the sentiments and style of the writer. Straightway a great murmur of applause burst forth . . . not least in regard to those passages inserted by me. To such an extent has God given me a divining spirit concerning . . . literary form.'

This talent for improvising in the style of another writer is the more interesting in his case, as his own work is most characteristic in point of style, and it would not be difficult to identify as his anything by Synesius that might come to light in a papyrus, or otherwise.

Let us hope that we may some day recover the lost *Cynegetica* either in this or in some other way. It is not outside the range of possibility that a translation of it may turn up in an Arabic or Syriac manuscript. This was probably his first work, and one written in verse, prized, as he tells us, by the youth of his day for its Atticism. (Ep. 154.) For we are, with Synesius, at a moment when a movement against the popular tongue was in progress, a movement for writing in the pure Attic of Plato or Demosthenes. These *Cynegetica*, apparently ballads of the chase, were, as he tells us, spirited away from his house in some manner, and joyfully read by the younger critics, who were enamoured of the graces of Attic Greek. His enemies in the literary world, of whom, according to his own account, he had many, dismissed them with disdain as being the 'work of an artist who reproduces the antique',[1] a phrase which seems to have come from the sculptor's studio. Evidently Synesius was regarded as a classicist by his contemporaries. His essay *Dio*, the one of all in which he has sought to take us most intimately into his confidence on matters of literary criticism, is largely made up of a study of the rhetorician Dio of Prusa, that 'Horn of Amalthea', as Philostratus calls him, and the *Praise of Baldness* is a witty reply to Dio's *Praise of Hair*. Why he attached so much importance to this

[1] Ep. 154.

rather sophistical writer is not clear. Possibly the dramatic events of Dio's life appealed to his imagination, at all events he has chosen him as a foil for the display of his own wit. 'I have just sent you the treatise written in Attic style and of finished workmanship' (Ep. 74) he writes to his friend Pylaemenes concerning this essay. We are therefore entitled to take it as a model of his own ideal of form in literature. This 'Attic style' we should understand better if we possessed more of the current literature of the period. We gather from various passages in Synesius' works that so-called philosophers regarded with disfavour this movement for restoring the Greek language to its pristine purity, and affected to treat him with scorn as a trifler in philosophy because he aimed at literary form; but unfortunately the writings, if such existed, of these carping critics, have disappeared, and we only have the caustic comments in his letter to Hypatia (Ep. 154) to enlighten us. 'In the eyes of such persons', he says, 'one must hate literature in order to be a philosopher.'

Of all tragedies in the history of letters and thought, none is more poignant than the decay of a great tongue. 'The Greek language was itself a greater poem than any poem ever written in it', a great Hellenic scholar once said to me, and the opinion of Gibbon as to its philosophic value is no less interesting. 'In their lowest servitude and depression', he says, 'the subjects of the Byzantine throne were still possessed of a golden key that could unlock the treasures of antiquity—of a musical and prolific language, that gives a soul to the objects of sense, and a body to the abstractions of philosophy.' But alas for the transient nature of all things in this universe, the golden key became sadly tarnished and in process of time even disintegration set in; for as Horace divined, in the first century B.C., language is not stationary, and of words,

> 'multa renascentur quae iam cecidere, cadentque
> quae nunc sunt in honore vocabula, si volet usus.'[1]

It is strange that he should advise the coining of Latin words from the 'Greek fount'[2], if new words must be coined, as though the Greek language had some immortal stability denied to the others. One would have thought that the signs of its decadence in his own time were obvious

[1] *Ars Poet.* 70. [2] ibid. 53.

enough. The scholars of our more immediate past were so impressed by the changes in the Greek language after its golden age that they went rather to the extreme in depreciation of all literature that succeeded it. At present we seem to be undergoing a reaction against our traditions of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Greek that a century ago was regarded as hopelessly debased in form is now having a better place assigned to it in the estimation of scholars, and some later writers who in the past were deemed entirely out of the race seem to be now receiving consolation prizes. How then does Synesius stand as a master of Greek style? for that he aspired to be one we know from his own words. The question is not an easy one to answer. Are we to compare him with the Attic models of the golden age? Evidently this would be absurd; his Atticism is purely relative. We can best compare him, perhaps, with Julian, with Iamblichus, with other fourth- or fifth-century writers.

Dionysius of Halicarnassus analysed the canons of criticism in literary style as they existed in his own time, four centuries earlier, and perhaps the most interesting passage in his celebrated work on rhetoric is the following:

'The strongest style of all is that which has the most frequent pauses and harmonious transitions, where one thing is said within, another without, a period; where one sentence is made up of more, and another of less, clauses; and where, of these very clauses, one is shorter, another longer, one artlessly simple, another closely studied; where now one, now another rhythm, predominates, where all manner of rhetorical figures occur, and where also the pitches of the voice, termed accentuation, are diverse, and conceal (what would otherwise produce) satiety.'[1]

In other words variety and antithesis were the qualities that he gave the first place to. All this comes under the head of what we should call flexibility of style. But the rhetoricians of the first and second centuries before Christ, ever since the days of Aristotle in fact, had multiplied the classification of figures of speech and forms of logic employed in literary style, until the canons of style had become complicated, and so rather clipped the wings of the literary aspirant, somewhat as in French poetry infinite subtleties enchain the freedom of metre together with rules of prosody, frequently arbitrary, and complex rhythmical laws founded on usage and precedent. All these limitations, while giving an unmistak-

[1] *On Literary Composition*, cap. xix.

able distinction and perfection of form to poems written in the language, at the same time tend to contract the possible field of expression. One result of this is that at the present day in France 'vers libres' are gaining ground, and blank verse is increasing to the detriment of the time-honoured rhymed metres. The elaborate edifice of rhetorical form in metre that has been built up since the days of Clément Marot show signs of crumbling, because it no longer inspires the poet to express his thought. Forms of metre that were originally spurs to thought become by their over-development and excessive complication drags upon it, and there must then ensue either a breaking away to completely new forms of expression, or a decadence into lifeless formalism. There seems to be a law in the history of both literature and the plastic or pictorial arts, in virtue of which the most perfect results are obtained at a moment when the critical faculties are dormant, before the icy finger of analysis has dissected the delicate fibres of the works of art, and has rendered the artist conscious for the first time of the laws that until then he was unconsciously obeying. The critical faculty in man is the inverse of the creative, and we might parody an old proverb, with sufficient justice, by saying that when criticism comes in at the door creation goes out by the window.

The history of Greek rhetoric and oratory, not to speak of philosophy, bears an unmistakable resemblance to that of Italian art in its great days. First there is a slow and cautious development, but full of the seeds of life, criticism or analysis at this period being completely in abeyance; then at a given moment and with vertiginous rapidity, as Athene leaped clad in full armour from the head of Zeus, the perfected works are born; a golden efflorescence of art in Italy, the day of the great masters of painting and sculpture, in Athens the day of Thucydides, of Plato, of Aristotle and the Attic orators, all this in a marvellously short space of time. The succeeding period is that of sterility in creation and activity in criticism. Analysis of the great works has taken the place of production of them. The master of rhetoric reigns supreme in the university, the academician in the studio. The spontaneity of art has disappeared with the classification and explanation of its methods, with the supremacy of the lecture-room in Athens, and the activities of the Eclectics in painting in Italy. Even in the days

of Socrates the sophists were preparing their fatal work in Athens and elsewhere in Greece, and in Italy the Giulio Romanos, and Vasaris, the Palladios and Berninis were devoting all their critical acumen to discovering in the works of their predecessors the secret springs that were to control the marionettes they were bringing upon the stage. We know with what success their enterprises were crowned. The glorious living dome of St. Peter's and its lifeless façade are eloquent on the subject.

But, it may be asked at this point, how does all this bear upon the works of Synesius? Simply to this extent, that in considering the literary style of any writer of his time or the centuries preceding or immediately following it, we must remember that the writer was oppressed by the schoolmaster. He was hemmed in on every side by the rhetorician, the grammarian, and the sophist.[1] He was not a free man. He was gazed upon by a thousand eyes, not of the starry vault of heaven, as in Plato's verse, but by those of a very earth-born Argos, who took human form clothed in the dark or the white mantle, as the case might be. This was the atmosphere in which he lived, and this atmosphere must have increased his difficulties very much as the refinements of a rhetorical prosody, to return to the first illustration, must increase the difficulties of the French poet of to-day. These limitations were ever present before his mind, and it is perhaps due to this that the letters of Synesius seem to us to surpass his purely literary works in point of style. In the letters to his friends he was more emancipated, he did not have the critic continually before his eyes. How could a man move freely in his discourse when he could not make a step without encountering such formidable conceptions as the manifold schemata, 'parisoses, paromoeoses, paronomasiae, antitheses' of Dionysius, or the 'asyndeta, anaphora, diatyposes, hyperbata and polyptota' of 'Longinus',[2] not to speak of the various enthymemes, all no doubt duly tabulated and classified. Even Cicero in his own time tells us that 'the schemata as they are called by the Greeks are the principal ornaments of an able speaker. They have a certain weight not merely for purposes of word

[1] Thus in Letter 101, in speaking of Marcian, he says: 'I should have liked to write to him directly, but I have become stiff, that I may not expose myself to corrections from the pedants who polish every syllable.'

[2] Longinus, *On the Sublime*, xx, xxii, xxiii: v. Aelius Aristides, *passim*.

painting but in the clarifying of our thoughts.'[1] All this proceeded from the study of the great masters. Rhythm was not merely discovered in them, but rhythm must be analysed. The order of words must be analysed, and all the time that the analysis of the past writers was proceeding and crystallizing into definite formulae—all this time the Greek language itself was changing, so that by the fourth century confusion was becoming worse confounded. Rules were established for a language that in the meantime had moved from the position it occupied when the rules were made.[2]

Small wonder if an Attic reaction was needed such as Synesius was engaged in. Even in the days of Cicero the same movement was in progress. 'These Atticizers, however, acquire with ease the paltry character they aim at; not once recollecting that . . . when Demosthenes was to speak in public, all Greece flocked in crowds to hear him. But when our Attic orators venture to speak they are presently deserted, not only by the little throng around them . . . but even by their associates and fellow-advocates. If to speak, therefore, in a dry and lifeless manner, is the true criterion of Atticism, they are heartily welcome to enjoy the credit of it; but if they wish to put their abilities to the trial, let them attend the Comitia or a judicial process of real importance.' (Cic. *Brut.* lxxxiv.) History is repeating itself. First comes perfection in style, then imitation of the great model of yesterday, then degeneracy, then, as a consciousness of this begins to be felt, a reaction and a frantic attempt to return to the lost positions. And all this time the language itself has

[1] Cicero, *Brutus, De Or.* xxxvii, § 141.

[2] Synesius affects, however, to make light of the laws and refinements of rhetoric. He likes to call attention to what he calls his 'rusticity' or untutored bluntness of style and character. For instance, in *Calvitii Encomium* (1173 c) he says: 'I shall never disgrace my ancestral rusticity nor shall I come on the scene rounding off little periods, forewords, preludes, or the like. I shall pursue what I consider the best course and one well suited to a tiller of the soil by showing the naked expressions of thought.' Again, in *De Providentia* he draws his own portrait (p. 1253) as that of a man who had been brought up in a more rustic mould (*ἀγροικότερον διατεθραμμένος*) who wrote for those who understood 'male phrases' (*λόγων ἀῤῥένων*), who despised 'frivolities of style' (*γαργαλίζεσθαι*). He was encumbered according to his own account by the ruggedness in which he had been brought up. All this is rather disconcerting as coming from one who was always working at formal clausulae, as also rhymes, and other subtleties, in his prose.

been changing and unconsciously slipping away beneath the feet of the rhetoricians who sought to stereotype its modes of expression, and return is now impossible. For the followers of the plastic arts the problem of return is at least conceivable. Marble does not change. A Rodin may approach a Praxiteles; but a Demosthenes, speaking in the Greek language, is unapproachable, for the language he spoke in exists no more. We are getting nearer, then, to a knowledge of the aims of Synesius, and to their impracticability. Like Julian, like Libanius, like St. Basil, he aimed at the unattainable. The Muse of Greek oratory had left the fount of Hippocrene for ever, and all the magic arts of an Iamblichus or a Syrianus were unavailing to summon her back.

But although the beautiful language of Attica had become transformed almost beyond recognition, and its delicate interplay of moods and tenses had become lost, nevertheless the principle of rhythmic cadence in prose had survived and had effected a new growth in the transformed language of the third and fourth centuries. Dionysius, who must still be our guide, although he lived in the first century, after explaining the nature of rhythm in poetry proper, goes on to speak as follows of rhythmical prose (c. 25): 'On the other hand, that which contains casual metres and irregular rhythms, and in these shows neither sequence nor connexion nor correspondence of stanza with stanza, is rhythmical, since it is diversified by rhythms of a sort, but not *in* rhythm, since they are not the same nor in corresponding positions. This is the character I attribute to all language which . . . shows markedly the poetical or lyrical element. . . . But apart from the testimony of Aristotle, experience itself will show that some rhythms must be included in prose-writing if there is to be upon it the bloom of poetical beauty.'

This tendency was developed at Alexandria still further as time went on and, as in other matters of style, what had first been a free play of the mind and ear of the writer was reduced to rule and formula from the very study of work that had once been conceived in liberty, and freedom finally became a slavery in the hands of the rhetoricians and grammarians. The writers had not learned the import of Menander's apophthegm, 'Slave it in all freedom, and you shall not be a slave'.[1]

Anatole France was not so wide of the mark when he described

[1] Δουλεύων ἐλεύθερε ἐλεύθερος εἶσι δοῦλος. Men. Frag. 857 K, ed. F. G. Allinson.

grammarians as 'ushers who offer recipes for writing. . . . I consider it', he adds, 'a public misfortune that French grammars exist at all. What a contradiction in terms it is to study the living language as if it were a dead one![1] Our language is our mother and our nurse; we must drink of it from the source. The grammarians are nursing-bottles.'[2] But the grammarians we always have with us, they are as eternal as the epic or the chronicle, for creation, as we have seen, always begets analysis. Let us take a page out of Dionysius, and let us see how he deals with the father of Attic prose. 'To indicate as many things as possible in as few words as possible, to combine many ideas in one, and to leave the listener expecting to hear something more', this, he tells us was the ideal of Thucydides—the artificial character of the vocabulary, the variety of the constructions, the roughness of the harmony, the speed of the narrative. 'Its "colours" are solidity, pungency, condensation, austerity, gravity,'[3] and so he proceeds to show us that the famous 'obscurity' of Thucydides is due to a too full equipment of the forces of rhetoric rather than to any scant knowledge or archaic incompleteness in style. 'Too great dexterity' is his verdict. The great historian is like an athlete who has become 'muscle-bound' from his very over-development. Whether this description of the style of Thucydides is a just one or not is outside the scope of our present criticism. But one thing is very clear to me, it might well do duty as an analysis of the style of Synesius, and this is quite to our present purpose. We might even follow him when he says that 'Thucydides wrests the cases of nouns or participles at times from the expression to the sense, at other times from the sense to the expression'. The text of Synesius as presented to us by Petavius and Hercher, is not in the main such a bad one, although much might be done, and certainly will be done some day,

[1] Cf. Syn. *Dio*, 1152 A: *Εἶεν δ' ἂν φιλοσόφων βιβλίων γραμματικοί τινες ἀναδιδειγμένοι, τὰς συλλαβὰς εὖ μάλα συγκρίνοντές τε καὶ διακρίνοντες· οἰκεῖον δὲ οὐδὲν οὐδέποτε μαινομένοι.*

[2] *Pierre Nozière*, p. 146, cf. Syn., *Dio*, 1144 C: *Καὶ ἁπλῶς οὐδένα τῶν συνιστορούντων εἰς κοινὸν τοῖς Ἕλλησιν, ὅ τις καὶ εἶχεν ἀγαθόν, ἀγράστων εἶναι βούλομαι, ὅτι παῖδάς τε παραλαβόντες ἡμᾶς ἀτιθηνήσαντο καὶ ἀσθενεῖς ὄντας ὅτι τὴν γνώμην ἀνοσουμένους, τοῖς ὠφελίμοις ἀγκαταμιγνύντες ἡδύσματα. Ἄκρατα γὰρ οὐδεὶς ἂν ταῦτα παρεδέξατο, διά τε στυφότητα, καὶ τὴν τότε τῶν αἰσθήσεων ἀναλότητα.*

[3] Dion. Hal., *Second letter to Ammaeus*, pp. 792–3 (= Usener-Radermacher I. 424).

to improve it by a collation of all the manuscripts of real value; but any one who attempts to read such a work as the *Dreams* of Synesius must be struck by the sudden drops into obscurity of a writer who has been expressing himself with sufficient clearness up to a certain point. It was a consciousness of such a discrepancy as this that led Rutherford to attribute the difficult or obscure passages in Thucydides to corruptions of the text. I am aware that the ingenious and interesting conjectures which he made to restore the text, have not been confirmed by papyri subsequently discovered, but what he writes is none the less interesting as a criticism on the psychology of the great historian. 'Any one who thinks clearly and simply, writes clearly and simply, for those at all events who have the mental range to comprehend his point of view. It is hard to credit that one who of all men has shown himself capable of great, and simple, and transparent thought, should fail just in this faculty of great and simple and transparent thought, when he comes to express himself in language; and . . . that his lapses should be merely occasional, happening . . . at times when no reason can be seen for them.' Here again the analogy holds good, Synesius is precisely a writer who is 'capable of simple and transparent thought'. The same cannot be said for Plotinus, whose style seems in so many places wilfully and perversely distorted. Must we then look for the key to all this in the corruptions of the text? I do not think so. I am more inclined to accept Dionysius' estimate of the causes that determine this sudden involution of a writer's style into obscurity, namely the desire to indicate as many things as possible in as few words as possible, and the consequent over-stepping of the limitations of language. In the case of Thucydides this frequently takes the form of a change of construction in the middle of a sentence, in the case of Synesius in the continual use of ellipsis. We cannot say in the case of the latter that 'brevity is the soul of wit', if by wit we mean the comprehensible.

But further than this, the position that a clear mind must express itself clearly, in literary form, is scarcely tenable. Any one who has read the letters of Robert Browning must acquit him of any obscurity or confusion of thought as a man, but this did not prevent him from writing much that is unintelligible to a reader who has not given up some time to the study of his style. In the same way the late Henry James

wrote romances that are models of clearness and directness of style, while other of his works belong clearly to the esoteric if not the unintelligible school. Now it is of course true of poets, and prose writers alike, that they may purposely adopt obscurity of style in order to create an atmosphere suitable to the artistic effect at which they are aiming, but we cannot suspect Thucydides, the first of historians, of playing such notes on the lyre of Clio as this. The obscure passages in his work, as it stands before us to-day, are certainly not artistic. They are, on the contrary, jarring, discordant notes, in an otherwise completely harmonious narrative, the foundations of which have been profoundly considered and consistently established. In his case, at all events, obscurity, from whatever cause it proceeds, cannot have been intentional; but there are cases in literature where this point is not so obvious, and where the work of art has been left in an enigmatic condition so far as the intentions of its author are concerned. We might quote Plotinus as a case in point, or in modern literature Browning's *Sordello*. It is not always easy to separate difficulty of apprehension on the part of the reader from deliberate mystification, or again from a failure in the power of expression on the part of the writer. There are therefore in the case of any more or less obscure literary documents of antiquity three factors at least to consider: the possible corruptions in the text, the possibility of the obscurities having been intentionally introduced for artistic purposes, as in the choruses in the *Agamemnon* of Aeschylus, and finally the possibility that the writer has failed in an attempt to express himself clearly. There is also a disturbing factor in cases where technical terms are employed. In the case of Aristotle the bulk of his works is so large that we have been able, by a comparison of passages, to establish with tolerable certitude the shades of meaning to be attached to such words. But in the case of Synesius the works are so small in compass, that it is not easy to proceed in this way, and we lack sufficient contemporary evidence to help us. The work that I have chiefly in mind in making these observations is the *Dreams*. Throughout this, in some respects the most interesting that Synesius has left us, all the elements enumerated come into play. The subject, as he viewed it, is a mysterious one, for he was without the lights of modern psychology; the text certainly seems corrupt in places, the tone of his inquiry into the subject, the

decidedly poetic drift of his thought, and the imagery in which he has clothed it, would admit of the supposition that he is purposely obscure; and it is possible, alternatively, that his powers of expression were not adequate, at given moments of his argument, to give us his thought clearly. Finally he uses terms that may have had a technical meaning lost to us since. How can we discriminate successfully, to take one instance, between the 'psychic spirit' and the 'spiritual psyche' (ψυχικὸν πνεῦμα, πνευματικὴ ψυχή) and what technical meaning was attached in his day to either phrase?[1]

As far as texts are concerned, obscure and difficult expression of thought is apt, obviously, to attract corruptions to the manuscripts owing to the misunderstandings of the copyists. The translator of the choruses in the *Agamemnon* has to struggle with the confusion induced by ignorant scribes, and also with the intentional obscurity that Aeschylus introduced into his lines, no doubt to give them a certain divine afflatus, a prophetic grandeur. We have seen in the case of Robert Browning's translation of the *Agamemnon* how well one master of obscurity in poetic style has succeeded in rendering another. In the case of the *Dreams*, it will be sufficient to indicate, at the opportune moment, passages where it seems to me that intricacies in the thoughts to be expressed have combined to obscure the meaning.

This difficulty of interpretation, it must not be forgotten, is superposed upon a style that is already a difficult one at best. Most Grecians, examining it for the first time, would at once be impressed by the difficulty of the prose of Synesius; even when the sentences are comparatively simple they do not seem to communicate with ease the burden of their thought. This may be partly owing to the artificial laws of rhythm by accent which he had imposed upon himself. For now we come to a consideration of an important element in his style, namely the construction of terminations to each sentence, the object of which was to present in the last two words as many unaccented syllables as possible. If it is true that he was one of the first to work according to the rules of rhythm by accent, and the specified forms of *clausulae* founded by The-

[1] I have expressed elsewhere the opinion that πνεῦμα here means the envelope of the soul. The words πνευματικὴ ψυχή might signify the soul enclosed in its covering, but all such renderings are open to question.

mistius and Himerius, as Professor Dewing thinks, following Meyer; in that case, pre-occupation with a complicated system for which he had no precedents in the authors whom he most read and admired, might have rendered a task difficult that would otherwise have been easy, and with results that might have been anticipated; for the pioneer in a style based on revolutionary principles can scarcely hope to attain to the ease and facility of one established on a long series of precedents. But why Synesius, of all men, with his conservative tastes and archaic proclivities, should espouse a new form of prose rhythm that had not the authority of the past ages behind it, this is an enigma that I do not pretend to solve. It would have seemed to me most improbable that he should have taken such a line. But the evidence that he did so is clear enough if we accept Professor Dewing's statistics.[1] Professor Terzaghi, who has made a most exhaustive study of the *clausulae* of Synesius, finds 7·88 per cent. of irregular *clausulae* in *Dreams*, whereas in the *Praise of Baldness* there are only 3·1 per cent.[2] This is the *ne plus ultra* of paradox, for it is precisely this last essay which its author describes as his *chef d'œuvre* of Atticism, and for which the younger literary men showed such enthusiasm. How is it that the one essay which he exultantly proclaims as his piece of 'finished workmanship in the Attic manner' is the one in which the new and modern system, that which breaks with the traditions of the past, has been the most closely observed? One would have thought that a return to quantitative rhythm would have been one of his first steps in an attempt to approach the Attic writers of the 'golden age'. Nor are causes far to seek. As the

[1] See Professor Dewing's article, *American Journal of Philology*, xxxi (1910), pp. 312 ff. The following forms of clausulae are given by Professor Dewing: 0. *φυσικοῖς δόγμασιν*. 1. *εἰς ἦθος τείνει*. 2. *εὐδαίμονος βίου*. 3. *ῥήτορος ἀνδρός*. 4. *Δίωνα ὁ Προυσαιεύς*. 5. *μηδὲν προσπεριεργαζόμενοι*. 6. *κίνδυνος καταφρονηθῆναι*.

[2] There are, according to Professor Terzaghi, 2,853 clausulae in the prose works of Synesius, of which only 262 do not correspond to the so-called law of Meyer; in other words, slightly over ninety per cent. of the clausulae in the five prose pieces, the 'Paeonius' and the Catastasis, leaving the Letters out of account, conform to the laws of Meyer, 'Der accentuirte Satzschluss in der griechischen Prosa, vom IV. bis XVI. Jahrhundert' (Göttingen, 1891) (= *Gesammelte Abhandlungen*, II [Berlin, 1905]) and of Maas, *Byzantinische Zeitschrift* XXII (1913), p. 207, &c., laws that are not observable in authors earlier than Themistius and Himerius.

Greek language grew older, the element of quantity, that is to say the length of time involved in enunciating a syllable, which had always been the foundation of its rhythm in prose as well as of its metre in poetry, seems to have grown enfeebled, and the pitches of the voice which the later grammarians attempted to stereotype by writing accents over the vowel sounds, apparently became intensified. There must, therefore, have gradually arisen an ever increasing gap between the spoken language and the language of literature. This language of literature was slipping little by little into the position of a dead language, so far as its sounds were concerned, and it was inevitable that sooner or later there should be a change in the rhythms of prose composition to accord with the change that had come over pronunciation. As has already been said, Himerius, the rhetorician, and Themistius were the first writers to introduce new laws of rhythm founded on the accents and discarding the quantity, and more particularly to fix upon certain recognized forms of terminating sentences, *clausulae*, as grammarians style them, the bases of which are the intervals of unaccented syllables between the two last accented syllables in the sentence. Synesius is almost enslaved by these artificial laws of *clausulae*, not to speak of other modes of rhythm, a profound study of which will be found in the works of Meyer, Maas, and Terzaghi. The most interesting results obtained by the latter scholar is the discovery, for I can call it nothing less, that Synesius became more and more under the domination of fixed laws in the *clausulae* as his literary experience ripened. In his earlier works, Professor Terzaghi concludes, he shows a strong tendency to follow the laws of accentual *clausulae*, but in the end this tendency becomes a fixed law to him, as we see in his later works. What is probably his earliest literary work, the letter to Paeonius, contains 16 per cent. of *clausulae* that are violations of Meyer's law; his latest, the *Praise of Baldness*, contains only 3 per cent. The facts speak for themselves. After the first work (to Paeonius), the others, that is to say, *Egyptian Tale*, *Dio*, *Dreams*, *Catastasis*, and the *Praise of Baldness*, taken in this their presumed historical order, show a continually decreasing percentage of violations of the law, or irregularities, as we should call them. The percentages would then be as follows in the order given: 16 per cent., 12·17 per cent., 11 per cent., 10·5 per cent.,

7·88 per cent., 3·17 per cent., 3·1 per cent. But apart from the *clausulae*, Terzaghi finds other figures of style, such as isotonism, parallelism, rhyme, homoeoteleuton, &c. So we see that the style of Synesius, which seems careless enough at first sight, is really vastly complicated by all these considerations that he has in view, and all these points of rhetorical rhythm that he is seeking to work up to. Of course, all the effects, whatever they may be, attained by such means, must inevitably be lost in a translation. The reasons given by Professor Dewing for concluding that in all writers earlier than Himerius there is no approximation to this accentual scheme, are, of course, founded on exhaustive statistics. He finds that no preference is shown in them for the set of regular accentual forms made out by Meyer. While Himerius all this time was using the accentual rhythm in his prose writings, Themistius was at work on the accentual laws of *clausulae*, and was putting his principles into practice. But the observance of such laws he can find in no earlier writers. Synesius must therefore have been one of the first to base his style upon this new system, which on the one hand linked the literary style closer to the elements of popular speech, while on the other hand it increased the artificiality of literature, and may have made it more unintelligible to the ordinary layman. This last point, however, it would be very difficult to determine. But all this is quite in the tradition that we are beginning to establish concerning all Synesiana. Whatever path we pursue in any attempt to analyse his style or to trace his thoughts to their origins, we are faced by some unexpected paradox and are as far from the solution as ever. He is impalpable, and nowhere more so than in this fascinating and quite untranslatable essay on *Dreams*. It moves in the finest, the most rarefied atmosphere of Athenian mentality, whatever reservations we may make as to its Atticism in point of style. Joubert was certainly right in saying that 'even the dregs of Greek literature in its old age offer us a delicate residue'. It is precisely this delicate residue that defies analysis. 'The Greek', Synesius says himself, 'is on the whole superior to the Barbarian', and we quite believe him.[1] The Barbarian takes up philosophy or literature as an occupation or distraction, so he tells us, but to the Greek it is his whole life, once he has passed the portals of the

[1] Syn. *Dio*, pp. 1132–3, Migne.

temple of the Muses. So we see in perusing the letters of Synesius, that the obsession, for it was scarcely less than this, of philosophy, was ever-present in some chamber of the conscious or sub-conscious mind; and his mind must have wandered far in the field of whatever literature was accessible to it, and must have been well stored with reminiscences even of other authors than those from whom he quotes.

But the faculty of improvising so easily the style and thoughts of other writers, which he describes so naïvely, and not without a touch of vanity, in the passage quoted a moment ago, is proof of an imaginative mind; and imagination, the author tells us in *Dreams*, is the most important function in the intellect of man. However that may be as a general principle in psychology, it is certainly true of Synesius. He is under the spell of 'phantasia'—I must be allowed the Greek word, for it conveys a shade of meaning all its own. He arises in the middle of the night, and pens a work that is fantasy itself. His own identity disappears in that of others who control his hand, as he tells us, and he finds himself in a state of complete detachment.[1] Even the history of his own time, the events he witnessed in Constantinople, all these he can only see, or at least describe, in a framework of some mythical past in Egypt, where the actors on the stage are no longer Aurelian, Caesarius or (perhaps) Arcadius, but Osiris, Typho, the High Priest; the whole court of the Emperor is peopled with phantom courtiers. The world past and present becomes a fanciful one when he, the man of action, gives rein to the impulses that move him to a world of images crystallized by his imagination; that world in which as in a finer element of the spirit we are entranced by the visions of others, so that, as in the words of Browning's poem:

> 'Whatever they are we seem,
> Imagine the thing they know;
> All deeds they do we dream:
> Can heaven be else but so?'[2]

[1] Philo (*De Mig. Abrahae*, vii. 35) recounts a similar experience: 'Sometimes when I have come to my work empty, I have suddenly become full, ideas being, in an invisible manner, showered upon me, and implanted in me from on high; so that through the influence of divine inspiration, I have become greatly excited, and have known neither the place in which I was, nor those who were present, nor myself, nor what I was saying, nor what I was writing....'

[2] Browning, *Fifine at the Fair*.

This supreme power of the imaginative faculties linked to a warm-hearted nature tends to a dreamy idealization of his friends, but also to a very real and active consciousness of their necessity in his actual life. He essays in vain to cultivate philosophic self-sufficiency. After reproaching his friend Herculian for pining after him too much in his absence, he ends by gracefully admitting his friend's point of view: 'Why do you lament and drench your letters with your tears', he writes at one moment (Ep.140) . . . 'it is womanish or childish to love those things through which the demon is able to rob us of the fruits of our plans.' But later he confesses to him (Ep.146) that there has been for long 'such a flood of enchantments' in his letters, that he has ended by giving way to the same state of feeling himself. 'You see me to-day', he continues, 'such a man as I at one time reproached you for being. Has the illustrious Herculian done me great benefit in thus making my soul depend on himself, and in compelling it to descend from the heights of philosophy?' This passionate feeling for friendship is one of the forms that his idealism in philosophy takes. It is Platonic in its essence. The phrase 'give yourself up to philosophy', which persistently recurs in those letters written to his dearest and most intimate friends, is more than a mere formula. It is a burning appeal to them to seek to participate with him in the forces that he feels to be the illuminating principles of his own life.[1] Here there is no appeal to the degenerate phases of Neoplatonism, to theurgy or necromancy. He does not exhort his friends to invoke deities or communicate with spirits; neither, be it remarked, does he ever speak of a state of ecstasy as the object of a philosopher's life. This alone would be sufficient to separate him from the Neoplatonist proper. He is eager that his friends should share with him in the greater light that comes from abstract thought, and should establish a still deeper community of friendship thereby. For him the one great fellowship that he sought was in thought. The 'sacred quartette' to which he half playfully alludes, and in which his brother Euoptius was to share, is only a form of his one desire.

[1] Isocrates (*Euagoras*, 81) speaks in the same strain: *Ἂν γὰρ ἐμμένῃς τῇ φιλοσοφίᾳ καὶ τοσοῦτον ἐπιδιδῷς ὅσον πρὸ τοῦ, ταχέως γενήσει τοιοῦτος οἷόν σε προσήκει.*

IV

WHEN we turn from his Letters to the five prose pieces that have come down to us, and to the address delivered before the Emperor Arcadius, we are a little disconcerted at their lack of cohesion in thought; they are apt to appear to us as somewhat diffuse and capricious in their sequence. They do not always show sustained power.[1] A great deal that we find in the Letters of Synesius might easily give us legitimately founded hopes of greater things than we find in his other works. I say hopes of greater things, for at times he rises to the power and force of a great writer. It must have been at one of these moments that Bossuet was so much impressed by him that he speaks of him as 'le grand Synésius', using an epithet that he would have been chary of meting out to any other than one whom he esteemed a writer of the highest order. The opening passages of his address *On Kingship* leave very little to be desired. The speech is full of fire, recalling at times the bolder flights of the Athenian orators, of Demosthenes or Lysias. It is well constructed to lead up to its main object, to the plea for an army that should be really national, and that should not be weakened in its fibre by the infiltration of barbarian hordes to whom the civilization of the Roman citizen was unknown, and even his national dress a matter for mockery. Whether the address was ever delivered in the form in which we have it, is immaterial. The speech as it stands is a model of sane thinking and happy form of expression. The time in which it was delivered was a troublous one. If we are right in placing it in the year 399, it immediately preceded the rebellion of the Gothic leader Gainas, and the riots in Constantinople, which attended the expulsion or flight of his soldiery, a history of tumult and insurrection,

[1] And yet Synesius recognized the canons of rhetoric in regard to the construction of an essay. In Letter 154 to Hypatia, we find the following: 'If each thing is in its proper place; and all things have been handled in season; . . . if it has been divided into a number of chapters in the manner of that divine work the *Phaedrus*, in which Plato discusses the various types of the beautiful; . . . if, moreover, conviction has anywhere quietly come to the support of the flatness of the narrative, and if out of conviction demonstration has resulted, as happens in such cases, and if one thing follows from another logically, these results must be gifts of nature and art.'

of which Synesius has given a version in the *Egyptian Tale*. Nothing more dramatic could be imagined than the events which followed the ushering in of the reign of the young Emperor Arcadius. The great Roman Empire was, with his accession to the 'throne of massive gold' in Constantinople, divided for the first time into an Eastern and Western sphere, as if retreating, in a last attempt to prolong a life already doomed, to the impregnable position of the city of the Bosphorus. Nor can the attempt be said to have been completely a failure, from the point of view of the rulers of the Empire, for the succession of this throne lasted, in however decadent a condition, over a thousand years after that in which the weakling son of the statesman and soldier, Theodosius, had ascended it for the first time. The new Emperor of the East was placed in a setting of truly oriental magnificence, to judge from the words of St. John Chrysostom, and those of Synesius himself. Surrounded by a whole phalanx of guards and courtiers, he appeared in public in a golden chariot drawn by white mules, the very animals themselves glittering with the precious metal, and the whole panoply resplendent with precious stones. 'For you', says Synesius, 'even the pavement is not to be endured, nor may you walk upon the earth in its natural state, but gold dust must be sprinkled before you, which your waggons and merchantmen bring you from all the ends of the earth . . . for it is not kingly to halt in the enjoyment of luxury even in the soles of the royal sandals.' (p. 1080 B–C.)

This exaggeration of the outward pomp and circumstance of royalty was, by the irony of fate, coincident with the time when the pillars which supported the imposing edifice were themselves crumbling. The great Theodosius had scarcely been borne to his last rest, when the Goths flamed up in the North, and before the end of the winter of 395, the erstwhile auxiliaries of Rome were moving in the direction of Greece. Their leader Alaric poured his barbarian hordes over the harvest lands of Boeotia. His progress was a veritable column of smoke by day and fire by night, as village after village was lit up by the torch of the savage soldiery, who massacred the male population and carried off whatever they found of youth in the womanhood of Greece, to share in their rough barbarian life. Even Athens escaped only by payment of a ransom that impoverished the city. There is a grim contrast in

this picture of a young, weak, and wavering Emperor passing his hours in the depths and recesses of his palace and his gardens, if we may trust the picture drawn by Synesius, dominated at one moment by the ignoble Eutropius and after the fall of this evil counsellor by other more obscure court flatterers; and the stern drama that was being enacted elsewhere, where Alaric was ravaging the smiling plains of Greece, and where Corinth, Argos, Sparta fell one after another, without a struggle, into the hands of the barbarian. As news of these successive disasters filtered through to the languid entourage of the Emperor, there must have been consternation; and a great fear of worse to follow, this time nearer home, must have been written on every face, a fear in virtue of which the ignominious secret treaty was signed with Alaric the Goth by the Court of Constantinople. The Roman general Stilicho, on hearing of this, retired from Greece, faithful to the orders of his Western master, before his campaign had been brought to a successful conclusion. The trembling Emperor of the East had sacrificed the honour of the Roman people to his terror of the Goth, nor was such a sentiment unjustified. The danger of a Gothic revolt in the very city of Constantine itself was looming on the horizon, and everywhere within the far-flung frontiers of the Empire, the Western and Eastern alike, a spirit of unrest amongst the barbarian tribes was evident. The Franks and Burgundians in Gaul were in a state of ferment, as were the Suevi, who finally in 409 invaded Spain, and the same was true of the savage tribes of the desert in Libya. Everywhere the unwieldy machine of administration that had grown until it extended over too vast an area, was showing its inability to grant the security and protection that its vast maze of unwarlike cities had become accustomed to expect from it. All were leaning on the central power in vain, for the central power was itself in the hands of an army of mercenaries, who were, in their turn, in a state of chronic revolt. It was precisely due to an appeal for protection of this sort from his mother-city Cyrene, that Synesius stood before the potentate of the Eastern Empire, to deliver his memorable address *On Kingship*, in which he makes an eloquent appeal, perhaps really directed to the powers behind the throne, to institute a change in the manner of recruiting in the Roman army. The measures which Synesius recom-

mends,' says Gibbon, 'are the dictates of a bold and generous patriot. He exhorts the Emperor to revive the courage of his subjects by the example of manly virtue; to banish luxury from the court and from the camp; to substitute in the place of the barbarian mercenaries, an army of men interested in the defence of their laws and of their property; to force, in such a moment of public danger, the mechanic from his shop and the philosopher from his school; to rouse the indolent citizen from his dreams of pleasure, and to arm, for the protection of agriculture, the hands of the laborious husbandman . . . . The court of Arcadius indulged the zeal, applauded the eloquence, and neglected the advice of Synesius. Perhaps the philosopher who addresses the Emperor of the East in the language of reason and virtue, which he might have used to a Spartan king, had not condescended to form a practicable scheme, consistent with the temper and circumstances of a degenerate age. . . . While the oration of Synesius and the downfall of the Barbarians were the topics of popular conversation, an edict was published at Constantinople which declared the promotion of Alaric to the rank of master-general of the Eastern Illyricum.'

Is it possible that the downfall of the Barbarians to which Gibbon alludes was hastened by the address which Synesius seems to have delivered a year before it occurred? The sudden panic which seized upon the Goths in the imperial city, their attempted flight, their clashing with the citizens within the walls; all these events which he recounts in allegorical form in the *Egyptian Tale*, have never been satisfactorily explained. Given the extraordinary tension of feeling that had come to prevail in the city between the foreign mercenaries and the citizens, it might well be that the words of Synesius fired the train. All things considered, this address will always rank as the most important of his works. A comparison of it with the indictment of Andronicus and the Catastasis would suggest that he was an orator by natural bent; he shows equal power whether in the line of invective or in that of persuasion. It would seem to us that so brilliant an entrance as this successful address must have given him to the life of the court at Constantinople, might have tempted him to go farther in a political career. But his heart was evidently in his own country. The one city always claimed him, and despite the triumphal return to power of his

friend Aurelian, he soon shook the dust of the imperial capital from his feet. It would be interesting to know whether the strange story that he has given us under the title of the *Egyptian Tale*, and which is so dramatic a history of these years under a thin disguise, was written when he was at the court of the Emperor, or later. The incident of the literary passage of arms with Typho, whoever he may have been, has certainly all the aspect of a real scene, one that was actually enacted.

But it is perhaps the essay on *Dreams* which is the most fertile in those thoughts that form the keystone to the edifice of his views on psychological problems, and certain passages are very significant as seeming to give evidence of a dim perception of factors in the analysis of the actions of the conscious mind which it has been reserved for modern times to elucidate more completely. His distinction between the imaginative power in man and the lower animals is particularly interesting. His conception is that imagination is the collective sense-perception in which all the local sense-perceptions are united, and which in the lower animals serve the ends of reason. In man, as associated with the intellect, it becomes the higher reasoning faculty; for, he says, we cannot form thoughts at all without the imaginative element coming into play. Given that imagination is the sense of senses, it is this super-sensorial faculty that passes the percepts to the intellect in a form intelligible to it, and the result of this union is the act of reasoning in the brain. 'Imagination is like a mirror',[1] as he puts it in his metaphorical language, 'in which things are reflected which have their seat in the soul. . . . We have no consciousness of the acts of the intelligence, unless the imagination reveals such consciousness to us.' And it is by force of this faculty, therefore, that man becomes conscious that he is a thinking being (*cogito; ergo sum*). Synesius finds in dreams his clearest evidence. In this state, which is purely psychical, we do not actually see, for our eyes are closed, nor do we hear, touch, smell or feel pain; but all these sensations we experience nevertheless. These sensations then must come from the super-sensorial faculty that is conjoined with the brain, and this faculty is none other than what we call imagination. To leave imagination behind and enter into pure

[1] *De Insom.* 1288 B–C.

intellect, he evidently regards as well nigh impossible in this world. 'It is difficult no less than happy,'[1] are his words. But in the dream state we are nearer to it, inasmuch as the divers local sensorial faculties are in abeyance. Thought in dreams is therefore nearer to the 'idea' in its purity and divested of all matter. Here the current of Platonic thought carries him away just at the moment when we seem to have the quarry in sight and surrounded. But there is no mistaking his meaning. He distinctly states that even the higher forms or processes of the intellect can scarcely be attained without this faculty of imagination entering in. It will be noticed, on referring to the Greek, that he uses the word *νόησις*, not *διάνοια*. Now the latter word is used by Plato to describe a state midway between pure mind or knowledge of real Being, and mere opinion. (*Rep.* 511 D.) The former is the word that is farthest removed from either sense perception or opinion.[2] From the choice therefore of the word *νόησις*, in preference to *διάνοια*, by Synesius at this juncture, we are justified in assuming that he has the highest powers of the mind in view. (cf. Pl. *Tim.* 28 A; *Rep.* 529 B, 511 A.)[3] But he then proceeds to qualify all this by adding 'unless some one for a brief moment of time succeeds in grasping an idea that is completely devoid of matter.'[4] This last state is the highest. It is the one described by Plato in the *Republic*, the *Symposium*, the *Phaedrus*, and elsewhere. But it will be seen that the Cyrenean is less hopeful of the practicability of its attainment than his master. I would again point out here how widely separated his view is from that of Plotinus and of the Neoplatonists proper. Like Plato he suggests as the ultimate goal the possession by the mind of the absolute, in other words of the immaterial, idea, there being many such in their degree, culminating finally in the idea of the Good; and this goal might be attained when the mind has succeeded in passing beyond the imagination that it rests

[1] *De Insom.* 1292 D.

[2] Cf. Aristot. *De Anima*, 427 b 14: *φαντασία γὰρ ἕτερον καὶ αἰσθήσεως καὶ διανοίας.*

[3] Petavius remarks: 'Platonis et Aristotelis dogmata secutus, *νοῦν* et *διάνοιαν* distinguit . . . dixerat enim antea *νοῦν* circa *τὰ ἀνυπόθετα* versari, *διάνοιαν* vero non circa *τὰς ἀρχάς*, sed circa *τὰς ὑποθέσεις*, cujusmodi sunt mathematicae disciplinae. vide Arist. I, *De Anim.* cap. 4.' (Syn. 1142, Migne.)

[4] *De Insom.* 1292 D: *τὰς γὰρ νοήσεις οὐκ ἀφαντάστους ποιούμεθα, πλὴν εἰ δή τις ἐν ἀκαρεῖ ποτε ἀκαρῆ ἔσχεν εἴδους εἴλην.*

upon, and in leaving it behind (*ὑπερκύψαι φαντασίαν*), an attainment which he describes as enviable if it can be reached. He says nothing of ecstasy, the great goal of the Neoplatonists, that state of exaltation in virtue of which the soul succeeds in leaving its fleshly tenement altogether and in effecting a direct union with God, thus transcending the hypostases of the world-soul and of mind. The two conceptions are essentially opposed. In the one case it is the mind that is seeking the dematerialized idea, in the other it is the soul that is seeking its own dematerialization in order to unite with the Deity.

It is interesting to observe how the Platonism of Synesius interprets a tentative psychology founded on observation and reasoned hypothesis. He begins, always in the language of poetic similes, to define the imagination, that 'perception of perceptions', as the 'first body of the soul', and speaks of it as 'lurking there in its fastness and directing the government of the living being as from a citadel, for about it Nature has constructed all the functions of the brain. Hearing and sight are not senses, but only subservient organs of the common sense-perception, like door-keepers of the living being, who announce to their mistress (i. e. the super-sensorial imaginative element), the things perceived outside, and from which the external organs of sense receive knocks at the door. And this is the perfect sense-perception in all its parts, for it hears and sees with its whole spirit and has power over all the remaining (senses). It divides its powers, assigning one to one place, and another to another. These powers stretch out from the living being, each one separately, and, like straight lines radiating from a centre, return to and meet in the centre again, all of them one in their common root, though many in their outgoings. . . . But the perception without an intermediary is more divine and nearest to the soul.'[1] From all this it follows that the life in dreams, as being one raised from a participation in the lower category of perception to the imaginative faculty alone, by just this step stands so much nearer to the life of mind, pure and unadulterated, and (for he pushed his conclusions to this logical sequence also) approaches more closely to the life of the soul after death. As our waking life is to our dreaming

[1] *De Insom.* 1289 c.

life, so is our dreaming life, if I understand him aright, to our future and, for he is always a Platonist, to our past existence.

This is the end of the all too short incursion that Synesius has made into what might be termed modern psychology. Like some psychologists of the present day, he is attempting to cross the ditch that separates mind and matter. His solution is the postulating of this principle which he calls 'phantasia', and which makes the long sought bridge. It belongs to neither mind nor matter, but is nearest to each. It is, in his own words, a 'no man's land' (the term used is a military one), that lies between the 'unreasoning and reason, the bodiless and the body, and is a boundary common to both, and through it the divine elements (i.e. mind and soul), are brought into contact with those furthest removed from them (matter). And for this reason', he says, 'it is apprehended by philosophy with difficulty, for it borrows anything that is suitable to its purpose, taking it from either of the extremes, as it were, from neighbours, and so images in one nature things that dwell far apart.'[1]

Looking back at all this from the vantage ground, if it be such, of over fifteen centuries, it is safe to say that we are no nearer the solution of the problem than in the days of the philosopher of Cyrene. All attempts to break down the dualism that exists between consciousness and what lies outside it, have failed. Science again, in another field, has, so far, been unable to bridge the chasm between living and lifeless matter, between the organic and the inorganic. Olympiodorus, at a later period than Synesius, feels the same difficulties. He is not content with the explanations of Aristotle. He cannot, he says, agree with the Peripatetics, that sense-perception is the principle of knowledge. 'The inferior cannot be the cause of the superior. Sense-perception is like a messenger or a herald,'[2] he goes on to say, repeating here the words of Plotinus, 'its rôle is to awaken the spirit to attain knowledge.' But how does it awaken the spirit, or through what agency? Through imagination, Synesius would answer, through this super-sensorial faculty that he has described to us. The messenger is a messenger indeed, but not a

[1] *De Insom.* 1292 c.

[2] Olympiodorus, *Commentary on Phaedo*; Cousin, *Fragments of the Greek Philosophers*, p. 432, quoted by Bouillet, iii, p. 36.

'herald'. He cannot blow a blast on his trumpet before the mistress who rules in the acropolis of Mind. He can only penetrate to the borderland common to both sides, and it is there that he must leave his message. So one might carry out the metaphor of Olympiodorus, as Synesius himself would have put it. All things considered, the solution proposed by the latter in placing the pivot of psychical action on this third principle of 'phantasia', this higher and inclusive organ of perception, seems as good a one as any one else's. The point of view is that of a concrete thinker. The universe, according to his conception, is connected in all its parts, and one part affects another. There was nothing 'unscientific' to the mind of Synesius in the idea that dreams portend coming events. It would only be the fulfilment of a natural law, and the whole drift of *Dreams* is rather in the direction of a rationalization of all manners of divining the future, but pointing to the inferiority of these to the law, as he conceived it to be, that operates in dreams. So far as the conception of the universe, as an interdependent body is concerned, even Leibnitz, writing as late as the seventeenth century, expresses himself as follows: 'Each body feels everything which happens in the universe, and to such an extent that he who sees the whole can read in each thing that which is happening everywhere, and even that which has been or will be, by noticing in the present that which is separated by time and by distance.'[1] We must not therefore suppose that Synesius was superstitious because he speaks of magic, incantations, and spells, as the commonplaces of experience. On the contrary he has rather the scientific mind, seeking a rational explanation. We must remember that in the Roman Empire, from the days of Horace's Canidia down to the time of our story, the bewitching of enemies played a part in popular imagination difficult for us in the present day to realize. The works of Petronius and Apuleius are eloquent on this subject.

The imagination, then, once defined, Synesius proceeds with the imagery, Platonic enough, of the descent of the soul to the earth, in which it rests upon this faculty that supports it as a chariot might, in which to make its earthly journey, at one moment guiding it and at another guided by it. The imagination sometimes draws the soul down

[1] Leibnitz, *Monadology*, cap. 61, quoted by Bouillet, vol. i, p. 176.

with it towards matter; and the soul at a moment such as this is capable of parting company with its companion altogether, ascending again to its home. The pleasures of the world that inflame the imagination are a snare set by the demons who seek to drag the soul down to the contamination of matter, and then it is only by divine assistance and at the price of great struggles that it can gain the heights where matter has no further hold on it. There are two destinies; in the higher one the soul is illumined and dry; in the other, heavy, clogged with moisture and dark. The imagination becomes obscured or clarified according to the condition of the soul. What I have termed the supersensorial faculty is affected by the ethical condition of the mind or soul, to translate the allegory into rationalistic language, and when this condition is unhealthy it fulfils its functions ill, and ceases to register its impressions of the future with any accuracy. The result of this is that only the dreams of the virtuous are pregnant with knowledge of the future. He who keeps his imagination pure and is therefore receiving pure impressions, is at a psychical pitch that renders his soul, in the dreaming state, open to the divine power and presence, which warns him of evil on the one hand, and inundates his life with hope on the other.

Synesius next proceeds to tell us what an important part the study of dreams has played in his own life, and how it protected him in the troublous and dangerous days of his mission in Constantinople. There is an interesting parallel in the third hymn, where he gives thanks to God for sustaining him at that period of his life. He then, in the work before us, passes on to the vindication of divination by dreams, as an art which consists in the observation and interpretation of a positive law, however obscure its phenomena may be. 'Aristotle and reason', he says, 'assert that sense-perception creates memory, memory experience, and experience art (or science).' But the author of *Dreams* maintains that this art is one purely personal to each individual. He laughs to scorn the innumerable books which profess to give rules for interpreting dreams. These images, reflections, as he calls them, of the future, differ with every person, and no general laws of interpretation can be devised. They are part of the realm of positive law, but a law that has infinite variations. Proficiency in reading these signals of the future can only be attained by continual practice, observation and

memory; by noting the dream and then observing by what events it is succeeded. But quite apart from the utility of dreams in predicting the future, this somnolent state, he tells us, has the highest value of all for man in that it gives, as no other, the most perfect freedom for the imagination, for the life untrammelled by time or by space, for the life in which man may hold converse with the gods, without fear or envy, may discover universes and explore the stars. It is with such reflections as this that the poetic thinker lays aside his pen, and brings to a close his study of the unsoundable depths of man's psychical horizon as revealed in sleep.

The same current of feeling that animates *Dreams* is apparent in certain parts of the *Egyptian Tale*[1] also. The gods in this narrative are great dreamers, absorbed in contemplation. It is only the lesser gods, the gods of a lower destiny, who are willing to descend to the wants and needs of man, to exchange the ideal visions of the celestial heights for the baser sphere of action. However his own destiny and his own powers enchained him to the life of action, there can be little doubt that the dream of Synesius himself was the dream of a life of thought and of philosophic calm.

> 'Sweet is it, on the great sea, when winds disturb its expanses,
> Far from a point on the land to watch the toil of another.'[2]

'Spectare suave est' was always the tempter's word whispered in his ear, and one that he always ended by rejecting, although with obvious regret. But he portrays his gods in this *Egyptian Tale* as beings aloof from this world. For them the world is a spectacle full of beauty and charm, but there is a far greater one in the contemplation of the source whence beauty comes. Beneath this supreme region of perfect contemplation of the absolute essences come gods of a secondary order to whom action is apportioned, and this lot they accept as their part, but regretfully, for their desires turn towards contemplation, as do those of the highest gods; and farther down in the descending scale are the demons that we encountered in *Dreams*. These dwell in the dark

[1] Alluded to later by its second title, *On Providence*.

[2] Suave, mari magno turbantibus aequora ventis,
E terra magnum alterius spectare laborem.
Lucretius, *De Rerum Natura*, ii. 1–2

caverns of the earth, and draw down souls to be absorbed and destroyed by the clogging of matter.

The picture of the universe in the story is an undeniably gloomy one; man lives in a valley of fear, the earth seems peopled with the demons of matter whose whole function is to destroy. This one conception of the maleficent spirits that lurk in the dark places of the earth and draw the soul of man down to its destruction, is as firmly embedded in this paganistic imagery of the *Providence*, as it was in the Christian imagery of the Middle Ages. There is a breath here such as we catch in Orcagnàs' *Triumph of Death*, and in many works of art before the Renaissance in both painting and sculpture. The same view of man's destiny is to be found in Dante, and has been passed on in some form or other to modern times, a strange legacy that the polytheism of Greece and Rome has left us, and which was accepted in all its essentials by the early Christians. Even in building their church whose tapering spire pointed to heaven, the architects of the Gothic cathedrals could not escape giving their testimony to this cult of demonology, and the forms of grotesque spirits may still be seen mingled with the soaring columns and pinnacles of living stone that carry aloft their message of redemption. The grinning faces of the demons of matter still look down from the towers of Notre-Dame on the island of the Seine, on the very spot which the Emperor Julian knew as Lutecia, and where the Imperial diadem was forced upon his brow; they still brood over the city of Strasbourg, and rail at us from the heights of Rouen cathedral. To what an extent this conception of the universe was ever present to the mind of Synesius, appears in his letters in many places, and in his other works also, nor could he refrain at times from attempting to offer some explanation that might satisfy the cravings of his soul to reconcile the powers of darkness with the powers of light.

'The malevolent forces in the universe fulfil the designs of Providence inasmuch as they punish those deserving of punishment, but nevertheless they are abhorred by God, and are to be shunned.'[1] It is in

[1] Cf. Tertullian, *Praescrip. Haeret.* xxx: 'For heresies must needs be. Yet it does not follow that heresies are a good because they are needful. As if evil also were not needful. For it was even needful for the Lord to be betrayed; yet "Woe to the traitor" was said, to prevent any one from upholding heresies on this same ground of necessity.'

these words that Synesius, now Bishop of Ptolemais, addresses his congregation in the great invective that he hurls against his own enemy and the enemy of the Church alike, the prefect Andronicus.[1] The same note of Divine Providence working towards its ends through the very powers of darkness that it detests, is here also. But in the story *On Providence*, the gods of a polytheistic heaven and earth are the dispensers of its inscrutable ends. Man is no longer the puppet of a fate to which even the immortal gods must yield, as he is in the Greek tragedies, but rather the puppet of beneficent deities who have given him a certain impetus when launching him into the world; but one that must inevitably become feebler as time goes on, until finally it would die out altogether, were it not reinforced from the fountain-head.[2] He compares man to a marionette moved by wires, which keeps on moving by the momentum given it in the initial pull, even after the master's hand is at rest. In man, as in the marionette, all the force comes from above; man of himself is nothing. The gods must therefore, from time to time, visit their kingdom below to renew the forces that have become exhausted.[3] They come to the earth, he tells us, at certain regular intervals, like engineers—this is the extraordinary phrase he uses—'in order to set the springs of the state in order', as Druon well renders the implied conclusion of this simile; to begin a salutary movement in it by bringing within its precincts god-like souls, more akin to their own. After this they return to their inaccessible heights. All that man can do is to defend the patrimony left him by the gods, to the best of his ability, against the demons of matter who seek to invade the less well protected sides of his soul, who seek to fan into flame his dormant passions, and to besiege the citadel itself of the mind. And this war continues until one side or the other, the soul or the demons, acknowledge defeat. This view of Providence is that it is rather man's ally than his protector. It comes 'not to bring peace, but a sword'. It calls for man's exertions and co-operation. It rallies him to its banner. 'It is not like the mother of the new-born babe, whose one care is to protect

[1] Ep. 57. [2] *De Prov.* p. 1228 B.

[3] Cf. Isoc. *Philippus*, 150: *Οὐ γὰρ αὐτόχθονες* [i.e. *οἱ θεοί*] *οὔτε τῶν ἀγαθῶν οὔτε τῶν κακῶν γέγονεν τῶν συμβαινόντων αὐτοῖς, ἀλλ' ἐκάστοις τοιαύτην ἔννοιαν ἐμπεποίηκεν, ὥστε δι' ἀλλήλων ἡμῖν ἑκάστοις παραγίγνεσθαι τούτων.*

it from whatever may assail it and give it pain, inasmuch as her infant is undeveloped and helpless in itself. It resembles the mother who, having brought her babe up and having armed him (for the battle of life), bids him use his weapons, and ward off the powers of evil.'[1] 'Be sober, be vigilant', is the moral of the long exordium that the king in the story delivers to his son Osiris, the heir to the throne, before he is translated from the earth to his abode with the gods.

Obviously the proverb 'God helps those who help themselves' is very much the view of Providence in general, shadowed in this allegory. The strong common-sense of Synesius is always breaking through his attempts at philosophic subtleties. The theological and metaphysical problems involved in the notion of a Divine Providence, like the unsolved mysteries of the origin and purpose of evil in the moral order of things, have fascinated and baffled the most acute minds ever since the dawn of religious and of speculative thought. In discussing such a matter at all as *Providence*, the title of his allegorical story, Synesius is touching upon all the most insoluble questions of his own time as of ours. He is raising the issues of free-will versus predestination, of the infinite goodness versus the inherent evil of the world, of the Omnipotent Creator in the face of eternal sin.[2] Whatever we may think of the solutions which he seemingly points to in his myth, one thing we must admit, namely that they are quite the reverse of the mystical, for all the fantastic imagery of the hidden and the mysterious in which his allegory is decked out. The study of character which runs through it all, the assertion of the supreme force of individual and determined action as the solution of the struggle between the good and evil elements in the world's history, of the inextinguishable nature of inborn inherited moral forces, all these matters bulk larger in his story than the dissertations on gods and demons, or the suggestions thrown out on the abstract

[1] *De Prov.* 1235 A.

[2] Pl. *Leges*, 896 D, 904 A; *Theat.* 176; *Tim.* 48 A; *Polit.* 273 A; Plot. *Enn.* i. 8, 7. Here again Synesius seems to be more inspired by the imagery in Plato's *Politicus* than by the later Neoplatonists. According to the *Timaeus*, the Deity did not create the primary matter as Plotinus makes the universal soul to do. Material things in Plato's conception, as advanced in the *Timaeus* and elsewhere, received from the Deity their order and beauty but not their existence. See Leibnitz, *Theodicée* I 20, quoted by Bouillet, i. 432.

questions already alluded to. Synesius, the man of action, is always behind Synesius the philosopher, and in the work in question he may be speaking in half-concealed form to personages in the background who will have quite understood his message. For there is all too little known about the inner history of the events he is here describing.

But his story is told gracefully enough. The scene is laid in a mythical imaginary Thebes. We are introduced to the venerable King, to his younger son, the amiable but too trusting and affectionate Osiris, and to the elder son, the base and wicked Typho and his scheming, unscrupulous wife. We see how the disinterested, incorruptible, and generous Osiris is circumvented by the evil machinations of his brother, how he is driven from his kingdom, and how finally the gods themselves come down from their blessed abode to bring him back in triumph. The story concludes with some reflections on the philosophy of history, and here again we discover a distinctly scientific trend of thought. Synesius, despite all his poetic vein of narrative, dismisses us in one of rationalism; he shows a clear conviction that the universe is governed by positive law, in so far as the conception of positive law was possible in an age in which experimental science was practically non-existent. He reminds us that we are all witnesses to the fact that in far distant countries, and in far distant ages, the same social and political phenomena recur, the same general events in history are re-enacted. Why, he asks, is this inevitable? Because, he replies, the same forces produce the same consequences, wherever man has established himself; and this again comes from the fact that all parts of the universe are interdependent, and are therefore presumably under the same law. It follows from this that heaven itself is not exempt, for heaven, the gods included, is part of the universe. If celestial generation is the cause of terrestrial, whatever happens in this sphere is the consequence of what happens in that. The stars come back to their original points of departure after a cycle of years, as I understand him to imply in the last chapter of *Providence*, and no one can doubt, he adds, that the same forces which cause them to revolve in these vast orbits in a series of endless repetition, produce likewise the same endless repetition in the affairs of men. Now all this is very interesting. It seems as if the thinker was unconsciously stumbling upon a dim perception of the

universality of law in both the physical and social order in the universe, that quite recent philosophers of our own day have seemed to us to be evolving for the first time. It is difficult, of course, in reviewing the comments of earlier philosophers, to avoid interpreting a great deal said by them according to forms of thought which, founded upon discoveries completely modern, have become so identified with our own unconscious way of thinking, that we are apt unwittingly to attribute to the early thinkers in question conclusions which were very far from their minds and which they might have had some difficulty in understanding, even if by some miracle they could have been explained to them. Be this as it may, the fact remains that Synesius whom we know to have been a man devoted to the study of astronomy, as we see by his letter to Paeonius, who apparently occupied himself with experiments in the specific gravity of liquids, as we gather from the letter to Hypatia concerning the hydroscopes, and who worked on the construction and invention of machines for siege warfare, seems to turn the same bent of mind towards whatever appears otherwise inexplicable to him in social, political, and even ethical phenomena. All this is evidence of a robust intellect, of a mind that is not prone to self-mystification, of a nature that seeks co-ordination in thought. He is not satisfied to retire behind the shield of faith, and the only sword of the spirit that he holds is a Greek one. Contemplation has its magnificence for him, but it is 'theoria' in the sense in which the soul of any explorer of the unknown might have been drawn to it. But the thinker and inquirer is only too apt, in the case of Synesius, to fade into the poet or the rhetorician at the very moment when he seems on the point of revealing to us, once for all, more definitely worked out conclusions, and when we think to hold him in our grasp, he turns like Proteus in the great epic, to running water, to one of those rivulets possibly, which descend, to use his own words, from his masters Plato and Aristotle. 'I for my part', he says in the *Dio*, 'sing for myself alone: I sing to these cypresses before me, and this brook runs its course with waters not measured out, not husbanded according to the clepsydra, nor weighed out by the usher. If I have not come to the end of my song as yet, I shall do so presently, and if not then, why, later .... but the stream will run on long after I shall have ceased from my song; it will

run by night and by day, until next year and for ever. . . . God at least has given me this, to be without a master and free to range.' (*Dio*, 1149, A–B.)

This passage illustrates very well the spirit in which he has written his *Dio*. There is something very buoyant, something full of hope and inspiration in this delightful essay on the value of literature and style, and on their relation to the higher life of the philosophic mind. Druon and Crawford agree in placing the date of its composition in the year 403, not long, it would seem, after his marriage. His first son was soon to be born, and we can easily imagine how the paternal heart, of which he gives such touching, and even tragic evidence in his letters, must have thrilled with the expectation that filled him at this period. 'These criticisms concerning Dio have occurred to me', he writes, 'in connexion with this son of mine who is soon to be born; for it was at the moment when I was perusing his works that the oracle prophesying the birth of a son was revealed to me.' This name Dio means very little to-day, even to those fairly well-read in Greek literature, and is a case the more to remind us of the uncertainty of the survival of any literary reputation. At the time in which Synesius wrote he seems to have been looked upon as a great master of rhetoric, and it is this writer whom he has selected as a guide for the budding talents of his son, when the time should come for him to devote himself to literature. He seems to have no doubt that he shall have a son to instruct worthy of his own powers. And this is only another evidence that the vein of thought which we encountered in *Dreams* was a reality to him, and a part of his nature; the conception of a world in which the past and the future are indistinguishable, and where the presage of the future has the same authority as the memory of the past. 'Already', he says, 'I have the feelings of a father; I long to live with my son, to have him by my side to instruct him; he must know what I think of every writer and of every book; I shall introduce my favourite authors to him, and criticize them one by one. And among them *Dio of Prusa* shall have a foremost place, both for the style of his work and for their substance . . . . my son will learn to love him, although without placing him in the same rank as the real kings of philosophy.'[1]

[1] *Dio*, p. 1124 C.

All this work was written in the spring-time of hope, and perhaps owes some of its charm to this. He was, alas, destined to lose three sons, one after another, and the last of his letters, if we may trust Druon's chronology, addressed to his beloved Hypatia, contains only sorrowing words. 'For me, bodily weakness has followed in the wake of mental suffering. The remembrance of my departed children is consuming my forces little by little. Only so long should Synesius have lived as he was still without experience of the evils of life. It is as if a torrent long pent up had burst upon me in full volume, and as if the sweetness of life had vanished. May I either cease to live, or cease to think of the tomb of my sons!'[1] But in *Dio* we are in the full flood tide. Nothing but vistas full of promise offer themselves to the mind's eye of the author who is approaching the cherished joy of the earth, and before whom the portals of the great temple of the Muses seem to lie open, as he approaches, 'parched with thirst and fainting from the toil of the arduous way.'[2] It is here that Calliope receives him, he tells us in the *Dio*, here that she gives him and all like him, rest, here that she conducts her votary to the flowering meadows, and to a banquet of the Athenian graces of speech, and thus prepares him for the ultimate contest. 'For to man the Divinity has given to be happy in the use of his tongue, and (through speech) to be that one who shall attain the goal of philosophy.' But his gaiety of spirit is so great that he feels he must ask for our indulgence. 'The sallies of the playful', he reminds us, 'know no bounds; they are like the smiling plains, like freedom itself.'

Synesius, the gay and laughing philosopher, shines on us again in the pages of the *Praise of Baldness*. Here his predecessor, Dio of Prusa, is the foil of his wit. Dio had written a eulogy on *Hair*, in the rhetorical taste of an age when any paradox in literature was prized, and when the more absurd the subject, the greater honour the writer had in displaying his ingenuity in handling it. Dio praises hair as the seat of man's might and intellect. Synesius, centuries later, reverses the decision, and extols baldness. It will be noticed that he never loses an opportunity in his letters and elsewhere, of deriding the sophists and would-be philosophers by whom he is surrounded, for the ostentation

[1] Ep. 16. [2] *Dio*, p. 1145.

which they make of their beards, and men who wear long hair are always the objects of his anathemas. The blade of his wit seems to cut both ways. The following are some of his images: The bald head approaches the sphere, the most perfect shape known to us; it is therefore the form divine. The stars above us are the dwelling-places of souls, and so, here below, the heads of men, and the most hairless heads resemble most the stars. The comets, conversely, are the only astral bodies adorned with hair, and these are stars of an inferior order, for they shine out for a few brief months, and then disappear for ever. And so he rings the changes on his theme, until even the heavenly bodies can no more escape the shafts of his wit than the army of Alexander, which he tells us was routed by the Persians, who pursued their enemies, and caught them by their long flowing hair, until the great Macedonian drew off his forces, and saved the fortunes of the day by handing his troops over to the barbers. Thus he diverts his readers by leading them through an amusing labyrinth of absurdities, not without wit and a decidedly original vein of satire all his own. Like his forerunner, Julian, he shows the powers of the satirist, but his satire is more kindly than Julian's. We miss the biting sardonic vein that runs through the *Misopogon* and the *Caesars*. Julian's touch is heavier than that of Synesius. He was everything but a poet.

That Synesius was a poet by temperament, there can be very little doubt, but his *Hymns* fail to display this side of his nature to the best advantage. One reason for this seems to be that he has tied himself down to a metre that is scarcely fitted for conveying the mingling of religious sentiment and philosophic or theological divagations that he wishes to express. The metres resembling those of the *Anacreontea* which he employs were the form of verse used by the Gnostics, whose sect, or rather sects, for there were innumerable forms of them, had long fallen from the important position which, as we have seen, they had occupied in the days of Valentinus or Bardaisan. Nevertheless they had left a certain literature behind them and they still perhaps continued to write. The short lines of verse, then, were the official form so to speak of Gnosticism.

Here we are faced with another problem. Why should Synesius have adopted a manner of versification that would have stamped him in the

eyes of the world as a Gnostic? There is no allusion to Gnosticism in his works, but this is not the only trace of the Gnostics that we find in them. In speaking of *Providence*, Crawford makes the following very just observations (p. 80):

'Synesius extremely complicates his psychology by maintaining that souls spring from two different sources. Some, he says, come from above; some from below. There are, therefore, those which are fundamentally good, and those which are fundamentally bad. The destiny of souls is to return to the region whence first they came. The bad lodge in suitable hiding-places; the good, if they have preserved their character and kept themselves free from pollution during the time of their earthly sojourn, flow back along the same course as that by which they came, and are re-absorbed into their proper source. . . . The origin of Typhos and his final doom exhibit a belief in the baldest dualism. The Persian doctrine of an almost equal Ormuzd and Ahriman, the Spirits of Light and Darkness ever in conflict from the very first, is not more opposed to the Neoplatonic conviction of unity in all things than Synesius' tale of Osiris and Typhos.'

He further very pertinently remarks in a foot-note, 'Is there here a trace of Alexandrine Gnosticism? One is reminded of two of the three classes into which Valentine divided men—the *material*, who could not be saved, and the *spiritual*, who could not perish. The third, the *psychic*, made up an intermediate class. Their salvation or perdition depended on their works. (Robertson, vol. i, p. 79.)' After showing the contradictions to the doctrines of Plotinus and his followers that this way of thinking involves, he expresses the opinion that Synesius, both in this work *On Providence* and elsewhere, 'is generally displaying a view of his own.' In this I quite agree with him in so far as thinking that this *was* undoubtedly his view, and one certainly not shared by Plotinus or any of his followers. I have always maintained that the Cyrenean philosopher was not a Neoplatonist in the common acceptation of the word, but an eclectic who took his own line directly from Plato, and simply gathered into his net whatever other doctrines pleased him. He is not at one with Plotinus in any way, although he sometimes quotes him, and shows his influence in certain passages of *Dreams*. But there seems to me to be more than a trace of Gnosticism in his conception of the source of the souls. It is practically identical with the doctrine of Valentinus set forth in Crawford's note, and leads

one to suppose that Synesius had woven views of the Gnostics into his own system of philosophy. Now when one considers that he deliberately chose a form of metre stamped with the seal of Gnosticism, to express his religious aspirations, and, more than this, that he embodied in his prayers, for such the *Hymns* really are, not merely the outward literary form dear to the Gnostics, but a current of ideas that can come from no other source, the case seems very strong for conceiving of him to a certain extent as a Gnostic. That the Christians of his own time would have regarded these sentiments in the *Hymns* as orthodox expressions of their faith, is more than doubtful; that the Gnostics would have found anything to cavil at in them is less so. To address the Father in such terms as 'Thou art the Male, Thou art the Female', might have seemed as blasphemous to the orthodox of his own time as to the orthodox of to-day, but it is quite in a line with the amazing theogony of Valentinus. The *Hymns* again are impregnated with a spirit that is not Greek, and which suggests the oriental imagery that one would expect from the sect who, though calling themselves Christians, were originally followers of the shadowy figure of Simon the Magus. There is a breath in them that is difficult to trace to its sources, but that any one must have felt in reading them, and which marks them off from the other works of the author as containing quite another inspiration than that which we are accustomed to meet in the letters and essays, but which would be easily accounted for on the supposition that he was deep in the literature of the Gnostics. Synesius so frequently comes back to his view that the 'secrets' of the higher knowledge should not be divulged, that we ought to have no great difficulty in admitting that some of this higher knowledge might have been founded on Gnostic literature. These continual mysterious allusions to philosophic truths that must be kept from the knowledge of the profane, certainly need explanation, and I offer this one, though with diffidence. The idea of this cryptic form of knowledge recurs persistently in his works. He gently reproaches his dearest friend Herculian for betraying to others some of these secrets that he has imparted to him. (Ep. 143.) 'You have not kept your promise, my dear friend', he says, 'that you would not reveal those things which ought to remain hidden.' In another letter to Herculian he writes of himself as one who

holds philosophy to be the most unutterable of unutterable things, and further on he adds, *à propos* of some philosophic point which he has in mind, 'I cannot believe that it is a good thing to confide secrets of this sort to paper, for it is not the business of a letter to hold its peace; its nature is to speak to the first comer. . . . The inspired voice says that it is not right for the unpurified to handle that which is pure.' (Ep. 137.) It will be noticed that there is no exaltation or spirit of mysticism in his allusions to these fruits of philosophy that are not to be plucked for the ignorant. He speaks of them in a rational way enough, as of things that are quite communicable to others than those of the inner circle, but which, notwithstanding, should not be communicated. The same voice is audible in the *Hymns*, as in the following lines: 'Peace, audacious lyre, I entreat, pause; reveal not the mysteries to the people at large, mysteries which are celebrated without initiation; go thou and tell of the things here below; silence covereth those above' (H. I.)

As we advance in the *Hymns*, the grim spectre of matter and its demons overshadows us. He prays to the Unknowable, Unspeakable Father to chase away from his soul the hound of the soil, the demon of earth. 'Let him flee, let him leave me, the demon of matter, the power of sufferings, who builds his fortress-wall against the path that leadeth above, who violateth the aspirations that seek God. . . . grant to my soul oblivion of its passions to the end that I may complete the life that comes with destiny after the chains that weigh us down to the earth, a life purified of matter, even unto Thy halls and unto Thy bosom, whence outwelleth the fountain of the soul.' (H. IV.) But if Synesius had been influenced by the example of Gnostic writers, it must always be borne in mind that Gnosticism had an influence on the early Christian Church itself. Its literature was rich in hymns, and once Synesius had adopted this form of poetical expression, it was inevitable that he should be attracted to these examples, even if for no other reason than that of following a model which lay ready to his hand. To raise the question, as has so often been done, of the orthodoxy of Synesius, or to speculate as to whether he could be regarded as essentially a Christian writer, is to involve oneself in contradiction, because the factors of the problem are themselves uncertain. What I mean is that, according to the doctrine of the Neoplatonists, he was scarcely one of them-

selves, nor was he orthodox according to the doctrines of Christianity, if we take the *Hymns* as expressing his real tenets. Whether he was orthodox from the point of view of the Gnostics it would be impossible to say. There were such innumerable ramifications of Gnostic thought, and so many sects of them, that the term 'orthodoxy' could have no meaning in regard to them. They were like the 'two and seventy jarring sects' mentioned in Omar Khayyam's poem. But the followers of Plotinus had a more clear-cut conception of their beliefs and aims, although it had considerably changed, as we have seen, since the death of the founder of their system, and had sadly deteriorated. It had become the opponent of Christianity, and its struggle to maintain its life had tended to crystallize its conceptions into an unmistakable form of religion (for I can see it in no other light), a form that has captivated certain thinking religious minds to such an extent that the formerly despaired-of reconciliation between Neoplatonism and Christianity is again talked of to-day in certain quarters as the only salvation for the Church. Such a thinker as Eucken has expressed himself to this effect very clearly, and a high authority to-day on the works of Plotinus, not merely sees nothing irreconcilable between the doctrine of the pagan philosopher and that of Christianity, but even goes so far as to say that it is of the first importance to the religious life of Christians. As to the soundness of all this, I express no opinion; I am only pointing to facts which are significant of the trend of a certain section of religious sentiment to-day. After an interval of sixteen centuries the same dream of a millenium has begun to be an obsession again, and this to minds of a high order. Whatever may be said on the merits of this conception, although syncretism in the precise sense that it existed in the first centuries after Christ may not be operative to-day, its spirit in an altered form is still living. It no longer seeks to construct a mosaic of beliefs taken from different forms of religion, but rather to discover an identity of belief in ascending to the metaphysical root of each. The *Timaeus* of Plato, the *Enneads* of Plotinus, the *Gospel* of St. John, would (there is no other explanation of the statements made to us by the school in question), come under a common source of inspiration. Could the position be better stated than in the words of Ogniben, the Pope's Legate, in Browning's play,

A Soul's Tragedy: 'New truths, old truths, Sirs, there is nothing new possible to be revealed to us in the moral world: we know all we shall ever know; and it is for simply reminding us, by their various respective expedients, how we do know this and the other matter, that men get called prophets, poets, and the like. A philosopher's life is spent in discovering that, of the half-dozen truths he knew when a child, such an one is a lie, as the world states it in set terms; and then, after a weary lapse of years, and plenty of hard thinking, it becomes a truth again after all, as he happens newly to consider it and view it in a different relation with the others; and so he restates it, to the confusion of somebody else in good time. As for adding to the original stock of truths,—impossible.' This seems to chime very well with the reflection made by St. Augustine, to the effect that all the great truths embodied in Christianity had always been known to man since the very beginning of the world, and that the revelation of Christ was only the Divine seal and endorsement of them.[1]

There are two tendencies observable to-day amongst the modernists in the Church, but they rather point in the same direction. The one is towards this incorporation of the doctrines of the Neoplatonic philosophers, the other towards the formal renunciation of the old-time teleological explanation of the universe, and the adoption of the evolutionary conception which has sprung from the discoveries of modern science. The protagonists of this double movement again seem to show a certain sympathy for each others' views, so that a new coalition of thought in regard to religious doctrines is a possibility of the future. Such a movement would again attempt a reconciliation between the rationalist point of view and the theological. Theology, which Huxley in the nineteenth century described angrily as a 'false science', would be rehabilitated in the eyes of the rationalists and evolutionists of the twentieth. Christian and Hellenic theology would be consolidated on some new basis which would admit also of the cardinal principles of modern science, the principle of development, and the universal reign

[1] 'Neque tunc sane defuerunt iusti, qui deum pie quaererent et superbiam diaboli vincerent, cives illius sanctae civitatis . . . cuius ecclesiae membra erant etiam illi sancti, quamvis in hac vita fuerint ante quam secundum carnem Christus dominus nasceretur.' Augustine, *De Catechizandis Rudibus*, xix. 33.

of positive law in the forces of the universe. Again, we should be in sight of the millennium in which strife has no part.

Now all this contains a lesson in regard to our estimate of Synesius. If the minds of churchmen and prelates in the present day can find religious doctrines and beliefs so malleable, is it surprising that any one who was first a philosopher and finally an ecclesiastic in the fourth century should show similar tendencies? Grützmacher has described him as a 'religious phenomenon', but I fail to see that he was more so in all essentials than the extreme modernists of to-day, or the Christian scientists who resemble in many respects the gnostics. To ask whether Synesius was orthodox, in the sense in which orthodoxy was understood at his own time, is easily answered by referring to the letter in which he informs the primate of Alexandria that he makes various reservations, and sufficiently important ones, concerning the dogmas of the Church. Nothing could be clearer. He admits, like an honest man, that he is not orthodox. This, however, did not prevent Theophilus from insisting on his taking holy orders; nor was there anything in these reservations as to the Platonic doctrines which he held, that would compromise his position as a Christian in the eyes of the modernist of to-day, or, from their point of view, render him unfit for a bishopric. History is only repeating itself if we look a little below the surface. In the work on *Providence*, as we have seen, he attempts to reconcile Divine intervention with the laws of nature, and here again he approaches currents of thought of the present day. He reduces the action of Providence[1] to an occasional intervention that takes the form of the introduction into the world of souls kindred to the divine,—to the 'gods' in the story—inspired men we should call them perhaps; but the moral, as I have pointed out, is that man's real Providence is in his own hands, though he is, to a certain extent, predestined by his inheritance, or as we should say, by heredity. If I am right in my reading of the allegory, nothing could be more rationalistic. He is evidently at grips with the same problems that are occupying us to-day, and although

[1] Certain scientists of the present day consider that there is a certain diminution of energy in the universe.... It is like a force set in motion by some initial impulse. Synesius in the *Egyptian Tale* represents it as a machine whose mechanism, left to itself, deteriorates; the 'gods' have to revisit it at rare intervals to regulate it, &c.

he does not give us a definite solution, we can easily see in what direction his mind points.

I should be almost inclined, therefore, after weighing the somewhat contradictory evidence that his works contain, to describe Synesius as a fourth-century modernist, but one whose literary taste and imaginative temperament are always leading him into by-ways of imagery derived from other religions than his professed one. This again we have ample precedent for in more modern times. There is an unmistakable pagan element in Dante, who not only invokes the supreme deity of paganism in a passage beginning 'O summo Giove', but continues 'Che fosti in terra per noi crucifisso', and the *Lusiad* of Camoens is full of the mingling of Christian and pagan imagery. Milton himself is not exempt from this confusion of the imagination. 'What is really disconcerting to the student of Synesius is not so much his mingling of pagan imagery with Christian, as his apparent ignorance, or studied neglect, of Christian theology, and his silence in reference to any of the works of the Greek Fathers of the Church. It is difficult to imagine that he had never seen any of the works of Clement of Alexandria, of St. Basil, or of St. John Chrysostom, and it is difficult to understand why he seldom makes any allusion to the gospels or the Pauline epistles, although, in the impeachment of Andronicus and elsewhere, he not merely quotes the Old Testament, but, what is more important, seems thoroughly imbued with its spirit. In this work at all events he speaks with the voice of a Hebrew prophet. It is true, on the other hand, that his silence regarding the Hellenic writers of his own century, such as Julian, Themistius, or Himerius, is equally unaccountable, particularly when we consider that he adopted a system of *clausulae* that seems to have been introduced by these two rhetoricians. If Synesius was some apocryphal writer, whose date we were attempting to fix by internal evidence derived from his works, and if these were not full of historical allusions that would be conclusive in any case, we might, by following the line of argument pursued by Rhys Roberts and other commentators on the Pseudo-Longinus, very well decide that he could not have belonged to the fourth century at all, for he quotes none of its writers. This is only another instance of the baffling problems that beset us.

But as to the origin of his inspiration, nothing could be clearer. It

rests upon Plato. This does not preclude the influence at times of Plotinus and of the Gnostics; but the main current seems to me plain enough. Whatever his sources were, he tried to bring them into a closer touch with his own age. However the matter may be regarded in our own day, there is no doubt that the Greek Fathers of the Church were conscious of some inspiration that distinguished Plato and his works from other pagan literature. Later on, as the world approached the Middle Ages, this influence was obscured by that of Aristotle, whom the schoolmen, little imaginative and inclined to formalism, turned to as their standard of knowledge. But the necessities of the Church, struggling for the domination as well as the illumination of the souls of men, had forced it into a war with friend as well as foe, and its consciousness of an inspiration closely resembling its own, though not identical, that runs through the works of Plato, had to be suppressed in the polemics which the clashing with Neoplatonism gave rise to. There had been also a side of the philosophy of Zeno and the Stoa, which had long been preparing the ground for the fruition of the Christian ideal, in the perception that Zeno first gave voice to, of the equal claims of all men to justice, whether Greek or Barbarian, and the complete separation of religious from national or racial ideals; the first conception of an affinity of all men on purely moral grounds that led to the Christian conception of a brotherhood in Christ. An interesting document concerning the international spirit of early Christianity may be found in the letter to Diognetus, a work of uncertain authorship that was erroneously ascribed to Justin, a writer of the second century, but which is possibly of earlier date. Speaking of the Christian communities he says:

'The Christians are separated from other men, neither by frontiers nor language nor customs. . . . They have, each one of them, a country of their own, but they are as it were sojourners in it. . . . Every foreign land is their own country and every country is to them a foreign land. . . . They say prayers on the earth, but they are citizens of the heavens; they are born in the flesh, but they live not according to the flesh. . . . In a word, what the soul is to the body, the Christians are to the world' (c. 5).

Can any one reading this fail to be reminded of the last words in the ninth book of the *Republic* (592):

Glaucon. 'I understand; you mean that he will be a ruler in the city of which we are the founders, and which exists in idea only; for I do not believe that there is such an one anywhere on earth.'

Socrates. 'In heaven there is laid up a pattern of it, methinks, which he who desires may behold, and beholding may take up his abode there. But whether such an one exists, or ever will exist in fact, is no matter; for he (i.e. the just man) will live after the manner of that city, and of no other.'

Again, could anything be clearer than the unity of inspiration to be found in these two passages, the one by the Christian writer of the second century, the other by Plato himself?

We have now made the pilgrimage of a thousand years shadowed in the last words of the *Republic*. We have passed through the portico of the Stoa; aloof with Epicurus, we have looked down upon the 'flaming ramparts of the world'; we have dissolved ourselves with the atomists, we have reconciled the Hebrew and the Hellenic inspiration with Philo, we have accepted universal doubt with Pyrrho, we have railed with Clement, and floated on the waves of ecstasy with Plotinus; we have been amazed at the fantastic dreams of Valentinus and Basilides, we have stood by while Proclus was calmly blowing on the expiring embers of Hellenic thought at Athens.

'So to save the seed of fire, that he might not perforce seek it elsewhere';

we have marked his successors Damascius and Simplicius, still subtly commenting on Aristotle, and then after the great blow, we have seen the smouldering torch passed on to the theologians in Byzantium, where, with Psellus, Platonism revived in the tenth century. Again the words of the *Republic* surge up irresistibly: 'Adeimantus added: "Has no one told you of the torch-race on horseback in honour of the goddess which will take place in the evening?" "With horses?" I replied; "that is a novelty. Will horsemen carry torches and pass them one to another during the race?" '

Even at the risk of being taken for disciples of Proclus, and of laying ourselves open to the anathema that Gibbon hurled at one whose life 'exhibits a deplorable picture of the second childhood of human reason', we shall, I think, read into these words something of a prophetic nature. For in all the intricate web of the tangled skein that we have been seeking to unravel, the golden thread woven by Plato is always present,

hidden at one moment, at another glittering in the sun, that sun which to him symbolized 'the idea of good . . . parent of light and of the Lord of light in the visible world, and the immediate source of reason and truth in the world of mind'.

Ah, masters of theology, of metaphysics, whether in Athens or Alexandria, in Antioch or Byzantium, you have explored the heights, you have sounded the depths, you have peopled the chasms of the earth with demons and have drawn down souls from the stars. Has anything appeared on your horizon that was not first illumined by the lamp lit by Plato in the city that was once the 'eye of Greece'? We are again on the old road, the road that leads from Eleusis to Athens, the road that had always bridged the chasm which separated the East from the West. Could Synesius have made the pilgrimage of a thousand years, not in the shadowy region spoken of by Plato, but upon this earth, he would have found himself in the new springtime of the master he had followed, at the first budding growth of the Renaissance of Hellenic thought in Italy, in the world of Ficino, of Pico della Mirandola. The drama that he speaks of in *De Providentia* is still moving towards an unknown destination. Can we, in these later days, do better than to take his advice, 'to sit quietly and watch its different acts as they develop successively before our eyes upon the stage'?

'Time, the incorruptible witness,
Comes to enlighten us in the end.'

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ON KINGSHIP

(DE REGNO)

Migne, PG. lxvi. 1053 MUST a man abase his glance in entering here, if he carry not with him his city's prestige, as though he had no freedom even to open his mouth in a royal palace unless he has come from a community great and wealthy, and bears with him majestic words, ay, and proud ones also, even such offspring as rhetoric and poetry bring forth, arts and products of the common herd as they are? May he not, without the prestige of his fatherland, purvey the pleasure of delightful and time-honoured speeches of praise to win over king and council? Nay, will you for once admit philosophy to dwell with you and will any one not fail to recognize her appearing here after so long an interval, or to treat her as the welcome guest and plainly speak some good of her in the presence of those whom it befits? There is need, methinks, of all this, not for her sake but for your own, lest perchance if despised she may become of no value for you. She, however, shall furnish her discourses, not those of a gay type calculated to allure the young, nor such words as are dissolute of morality or bedecked with phrases for a demonstration of false beauty; but in a different way, one weighty and inspired for those able to attain it, she will employ words virile and sacred, words which disdain to court the bounty of the great by servile adulation. So then they stand firmly, they are those that dare all things, strangers in a royal palace to such a degree as to assert that it will not suffice them if any one agrees to their passing over the king and all his possessions without praise of every sort, but that they stand ready to wound if opportunity be given and threaten to bite into the heart,[1] not on 1056 the surface only, but to the very core, if so perchance any one may be helped by suffering.

[1] Aristoph. *Achorn.* 1.

Freedom of speech should be of great price in the ears of a monarch. Praise at every step is seductive, but it is injurious. It seems to me to resemble those poisons, coated with honey, which are offered to men condemned to death.[1] Do you not know that the practice of cookery by its artful seasonings and by summoning up false cravings, is injurious to our bodies, whereas both gymnastics and the art of the physician are saving to them,[2] although they give us pain for the moment? As to you, I desire that you should be of the saved, even if you have to suffer in the path of salvation. The very bitterness of salt forbids meat to be corrupted, and truth in discourses preserves the mind of a young sovereign from such paths as the licence of power might open to him. Endure, therefore, the strangeness of my words. Let none among you condemn them as uncouth, nor silence them off-hand for that they are not servants of persuasion, pleasant playmates to the young, but pedagogues of a sort, actually their preceptors and stern to encounter. May you be able to bear with intercourse of this sort, and may your ears not be utterly corrupted by the praises which you are wont to hear.

'Lo, I myself stand before you.'[3]

2. Cyrene sends me to you to crown your head with gold and your spirit with philosophy; Cyrene, a Greek city of ancient and holy name, sung in a thousand odes[4] by the wise men of the past, but now poor and downcast, a vast ruin, and in need of a king, if perchance she is to do something that may be worthy of her ancient history. This very need you can remedy whenever you so desire, and it is for you to decide whether I shall bring back to you a second crown from my great and then happy city. Words now are not failing to a city wherewith it may have liberty of speech

[1] Plato, *Crat.* 394 A.
[2] Plato, *Gorg.* 464 B, 517 E, 500 B; *Soph.* 228 E, 229 A.
[3] *Odyssey*, xxi. 207.
[4] Pind. *Pyth.* iv. 2, 62, 261, 279; v. 24. 62, 81; ix. 4; Callimachus, *Hymn.* ii. 73, 94; *Epigram*, xxi. 2.

and may dare to address its sovereign boldly. Truth is the aristocracy of language and no word was ever more shameful or more
1057 honourable according to the place of its utterance. Let us advance then in company with God, and let us attempt the fairest of language or, to speak with more truth, the fairest of deeds. For he who cares for one man and that one the king, devising how he may be most virtuous; that man I say has made the shortest step towards restoring all houses, all cities, and all nations, whether great or small, near or far; for of necessity all of them must profit by the condition of the soul of their king. Is it your will then that we proceed in this wise at first, in order that you may bear with my discourse to the end? It were wise not to affright the quarry beforehand.[1] Let us enumerate then what things a king should do and what things he should not do, contrasting the base with the noble. Now attend to those things on each side and whenever you recognize that which is worthy, rejoice in it then as your portion adjudged to you by Philosophy, but dismiss the other and determine always to do the one thing and never again the other.

But if in the course of this address some act of yours appears one of those which we know to be wrong and which you so recognize yourself, in that case you should show your anger with yourself and blush because that has come to light which is not worthy of you. Assuredly this colour promises that virtue which comes from a change of mind, for this shame is divine and so seems to Hesiod. But he who is obstinate in his faults, who is ashamed to confess an error, does not gain knowledge from repentance nor does he need healing words;[2] nay, a wise man would say that he should be punished. Thus, methinks, is philosophy from the beginning rough and intractable.

3. Now, inasmuch as I perceive that some of you are already disconcerted and take in dudgeon my freedom of speech, let such

[1] Plato, *Lysis*, 206 A. [2] Aesch. *Prom.* 378.

remember that I announced this as my intention beforehand, and that it was rather their part, as men forewarned, to arm themselves in defence, and to hold their ground against my attacks. None the less you may rejoice in hearing these things that are to follow, for all men are proclaiming them. And I, too, agree with you, that so great an empire has been accorded to no one man nor such an agglomeration of wealth, beyond that of Darius of old, nor yet so many myriads of horses, of archers and cuirassiers. Against such men as these, if only they have the fortune to find a leader, every attack is impotent. Moreover, cities defying computation bow before you, the greater part of which have never beheld you, nor have even hope of beholding a sight that is indeed beyond their aspirations. These truths must be stated to you by us rather than by any one else. What quality then do we possess that they do not share? While they, forsooth, weave praises for you for these very things and proclaim you happy, I would never praise you in con- 1060
sequence of things such as these. I should offer you my best congratulations. But they are not of one and the same nature, congratulation and praise. Each of them differs from the other. For a man is congratulated on possessions external to himself, but he is praised for his inward gifts, those[1] upon which happiness has her throne. The one is an uncertain gift of fortune, the other a personal virtue of character.[2] In this way the latter is of itself trustworthy, but good fortune is deceptive and often changes to that which is completely opposite. But God himself is needed for a guardian, mind is needed, skill is needed, opportunity is needed, and in sooth many works, in many places and these of all sorts, of which one has no experience, nor is it easy for those who try to gain it. For not so easily as a happy condition comes to men, is it preserved. You have only to observe in what manner of lives the scenes of tragedies are cast.[3] They are not those in which private citizens and

[1] Aristot. *Eth. Nic.* i. 12. [2] Philo, *ad Gaium*, 1.
[3] Dio Chrys. *Or.* xiii. 20.

the poor suffer, but rather the strong, the potentates, the monarchs. For the modest house has no room for the greatness of disaster, nor poverty for the burden of misfortune; but he who is a shining object in his fortune is fated to become also conspicuous in perils and in the other spheres of the demon's activity. But ofttimes, too, virtue has been the beginning of good fortune, and approbation has been the leader of happiness to men,[1] as though Fortune were ashamed not to bear witness to conspicuous virtue. Now if we are required to make this truth convincing by examples, let us not seek the proof elsewhere. We have but to ponder over your sire, and you will see that his Empire was given him as a recompense for his virtue. Fortune is not responsible[2] for virtue, but some virtuous deeds, perhaps, have ere now drawn even fortune with them. With these deeds, my liege, may you be associated, that philosophy may not speak here in vain! May rule be a sacred possession to you in this, that it has trained your virtue and has brought it forward in quest of material adequate to its inborn greatness, and not incapable of being contained in a principle of life less than the kingly. You must therefore train yourself to keep up a spirit worthy of a king and you must make a defence on behalf of Fortune, that she may not be indicted for lack of reason on the ground that life has not advanced from like beginnings for your sire and for yourself. For him the soldier's art procured the control of Empire, you that Empire enlists as a soldier and virtue is your debt to Fortune. He acquired his possessions by his labours, but you without labour have come into the heritage of these. There is all need of labour to keep guard over them. This is what I have long been speaking of, this the thing of difficulty which needs a thousand eyes, lest, as is Fortune's wont, she may turn back in the midst of the way, like knavish fellow-companions of a journey, for to such do the wise compare her inconstancy. You see in the case of your own sire so clearly proclaimed in public by reason of

[1] Cf. Aeschin. *Fals. Leg.* 131. [2] Philo, *ad Gaium*, cap. i.

his successes, that envy did not suffer even his old age to pass without struggles, nor yet the Divinity without a crown. After marching against two usurpers and overthrowing both, on erecting the second trophy, he gave up his life, slain by the hand of no man, but yielding to Nature, against whom neither is weapon strong 1061
nor mind skilled, and leaving you the kingdom uncontested, he has virtue as his epitaph. May virtue preserve it for you and may God preserve it through virtue, for there is need of God everywhere and not least amongst those who are not the contestants or architects of their fortune, but who, like you, inherit it!

He whom the Divinity has most largely endowed with fortune, and whom, when still a mere boy, He has made to be called a great king, must choose all labour and abandon all ease. He must share little in sleep and much in anxieties, if he is to be a fitting person to be crowned with the name of King. For well says the old proverb, 'it is not the number of subjects that makes a king any more than a tyrant.' In truth the tale of his sheep makes not the shepherd more than the butcher who drives the sheep before him to the slaughter, that he may himself take his fill of them and sell them for a feast for others. Equally divided stand the king and the tyrant,[1] I assert, and yet Fortune's gifts are alike to each. Each of the two rules over many men, but he that disposes himself for the manifest good of the governed, and is willing to suffer that there may be no suffering for them, and to encounter danger that they may live without fear, and to keep night vigils, and to sup with cares at his board, that day and night they may have rest from anxieties, this is a shepherd amidst his sheep, a king amongst men. But whoso exploits his leadership for luxury's sake, whoso squanders his resources in revelling, esteeming that he must needs gratify all his desires, considering that what makes the subject class suffer is the guerdon of his rule among many, and that the pleasure of his soul is to be served by many, and in a word, he who

[1] Aristot. *Eth. Nic.* viii. 12.

does not fatten his flock, but himself desires to be fattened by it, that man I call a butcher amongst his cattle, and I declare him to be a tyrant whenever that which he rules over is a people endowed with reason.

Now let this be the one principle of kingship for you, and do you test yourself by it as by a touchstone. If you find yourself in harmony with it, you may with every right enjoy the sacred title of a sacred office; but if you are not in harmony with it, endeavour to make straight what is distorted, and to cling to the rule. I do not despair of every progress coming from youth[1] if only some one may spur it on towards zeal for virtue. For youth is strong in its tendency to one side or the other[2] just as rivers in the first stretches allotted them press on the more insatiably. In this way the young king has need also of philosophy, either to take possession of him beforehand or to restrain him from dispersing his force on either side.

2064 Some vices are near neighbours to certain virtues, and from each of these last there is a slip, not into another virtue but into its neighbouring vice. Tyranny dwells near kingship, even next door to it, as foolhardiness near to courage, as licence to liberty. The high-minded man, if he is not guarded by philosophy within the realm of virtue, will trip and will become a braggart, and one feeble in judgement instead of high-minded. Fear, therefore, tyranny as being nothing else than the disease of kingship, and learn to discern it by the distinctive marks presented in my discourse, and by the greatest of them, that while the law is his conduct for the king, his own conduct is law for the tyrant. But power is a substance that they have in common although their lives are antagonistic. Every man treads the heights of good fortune and of happiness when all follows according to his desire, in the course of nature; but desire in turn attends upon prudence, and although she be the

[1] Plato, *Theaet.* 146 B.
[2] Philo, *Leg. ad Gaium*, 29; Dio Chrys. *Orat.* iii. 43.

mistress of what is without, she yields a share of the kingdom within to the stronger comrade and receives from her the watchwords for necessary action. Power does not suffice for happiness, nor has God placed happiness in strength, but prudence must be present, nay, must be in the first rank, to use such strength in the noblest way. Now that man I proclaim to be the most complete, and this is true of his life also, who is perfect in both and not halting in either, the man to whom has fallen the task of ruling, knowing the while how to rule. Strength and wisdom when united are irresistible,[1] but separated from each other, untutored force and prudence shorn of strength will be easily overcome. I have always admired that creation of the wise Egyptians, their Hermes. The Egyptians make the face of their deity double, placing a young one next to an old one,[2] requiring thus of any one who is to keep good guard over them that he be both wise and strong, as the one thing would be useless without the other. In the same way the Sphinx is erected in their temple closes, a sacred symbol of the coupling of the virtues, in strength a wild beast, in prudence a man. And rightly, for strength destitute of prudent leadership is carried capriciously along, mingling all matters together and throwing them into confusion. On the other hand mind is useless in action when unserved by hands. All virtues are a king's adornment, but prudence is the most kingly of them all. Take to yourself this one, I counsel you, for an associate, for the three sisters will follow the eldest, and you will straightway have them all as comrades in your tent, and on the battlefield as well.

4. I will now make a statement which sounds at first a paradox, 1065
but is perchance impregnated with truth itself. Whenever I compare weakness with force, poverty with wealth, and penury in all things with abundance in all things, and if these might be adjudged in regard to each other unmixed with, nay, even separated from,

[1] Plato, *Repub.* 473 D. [2] Plutarch, *Isis and Osiris*, 354 B.

prudence, then poverty, helplessness, and a private life, rather than the greatest leadership, would seem more fortunate for those who have least attained to intelligence and reason. Assuredly they would fall into fewer errors, since the evil in their dispositions would not find an outlet for its energy. For the exterior forms of good things which my leaders Aristotle and Plato are accustomed to call the instrumental, know how to serve[1] the vices no less than the virtues. Consequently these two men and as many torrents of philosophy as have run from them, neither esteemed them worthy of the better title, nor did they relegate them to worse, but call them instruments, at one moment for good and another for evil, depicting them in various colours according to the disposition of those who employed them. As it is therefore to be prayed for that the 'instruments' be out of the evil man's reach so that he may keep his wickedness inactive, so it is that they may be in the hands of one who will use them aright, one by whom all cities and individuals as well may benefit, to the end that his virtuous nature may not wither away without employ, without result, and without recognition, but may spend its force for the wellbeing of men. Use in this way, I entreat you, the good elements which lie ready for you; it is only in this way that you may use things that are good. Let houses, cities, peoples, races, and continents have the benefit of earnest solicitude and forethought, a forethought which God Himself who has placed Himself as the archetype amidst knowable things, offers you as an image of His own.

He wishes that everything here should be arranged in imitation of the world above. Beloved, then, of the Great King is the one named after Him here, if only he belie not that name. And he does not so belie it if even one or other of these titles of the Divinity is present with him. Now, before speaking of this, it would not be ill-timed to discuss first a certain matter concerning philosophy so to make what follows clearer.

[1] Aristot. *Eth. Nic.* 1099[a] 30, 1099[b] 27; Plato, *Soph.* 235 B (see p. 193).

5. No term has ever yet appeared in any place that grasps the essence of God, but men once baffled in seeking an image of Him desire to touch[1] Him through the things that proceed from Him. Thus you may call Him anything you like, the Creative Father,[2] the Beginning, or the Cause. All these terms are His relations 1068
towards what has proceeded from Him. And so in calling him King, you have attempted to grasp His nature from those over whom He rules, but not by direct touch with Him face to face.

Now then I come to the point when I must mention also, as I promised you, the remaining one of His names. I have kept it back until this opportune moment. What is this thing bound up with and belonging to the king here below, which I said confirmed him and showed him lawfully established, and not falsely named? All men, everywhere, methinks, celebrate the goodness of God, alike peoples that are wise and peoples that are foolish. In this at least all agree with one another, and speak with the same voice, however they may differ in all other respects in their notions of the Divine element, and however they divide His pure and indivisible nature with a great variety of opinions. But, in sooth, even this undisputed good does not yet disclose to us the throne of God in real existence. That is only gathered from events that follow; for the Good does not come to our hearing as absolute, but as a relative good to those for whom it is an efficacious force and by whom it may be enjoyed. The very thought conveyed in His name is an attempt to signify further that God is the cause of the good. So also the sacred prayers of our fathers in the holy initiations, calling out to the God who is over all, do not glorify His power, but rather bow before His solicitude for us. Of the things that pertain to God, therefore, God is the giver, such as life, being, mind, and indeed anything of a secondary sort, if it be one not unworthy to have come from the first. It would befit you accordingly not to desert the rank in which you were enrolled nor to shame the

[1] Cf. 1 John i. 1. [2] Plato, *Tim.* 28 c.

identical names, but rather to give yourself up to their imitation, to flood the cities with all things that are good, and to pour all possible happiness on each one of those ruled over. Then only shall we speak the truth in acclaiming you as a great king; not giving you honour by custom merely, not consulting our own advantage, nor seeking to turn away your wrath, but consenting to the very judge in our soul, using our tongue as a sincere interpreter of our thought.

Come then, let me describe for you the king in my discourse as if I had set up a statue of him,[1] and you shall show me this statue moving and animated with the breath of life. I will take along with me for its fashioning, if it be needed, ideas that have come to the minds of the happy men of bygone days. Do you rejoice not the less in it than others, but the more, as unquestionably befitting a king, as on these things the wise men of the past and the present are agreed.

2069 6. Now first let piety be its foundation, a secure pedestal this, and the statue shall stand thereon unshaken; and never shall a storm overturn it, if it remain clamped to its foundation: nay, it shall rise up with it and appear in many places, and not least upon the summit. Starting from thence, I say that with God's guidance the king ought first to be king of himself, and to establish a monarchy in his soul.[2] For of this be well assured, that man is not some simple object nor is he cast in one pattern, but God has made to dwell in the constitution of a single creature a host of forces mingled together and with full-toned voices. We are, I think, a monstrous animal more extraordinary than the hydra and still more many-headed.[3] For not with the same part of our nature, of course, do we think and desire, or feel pain and suffer anger, nor is our fear from the same source as our pleasure. Again you will observe how there is a male element in these organs, and a female, and that there is courage and also cowardice. There

[1] Plato, *Repub.* 420 C; *Politicus*, 277 A.
[2] Cf. Isoc. *Lib. ad Nicoclen*, p. 20 (§ 26).
[3] Plato, *Repub.* 588 C.; *Phaedr.* 230 A.

are in sooth all kinds of opposites within us and a certain medial force of nature runs through them which we call mind. It is this that I desire to reign in the king's soul, destroying the mob rule and democracy of the passions. So from his hearth would this man be a king using the natural beginning of authority, he who by taming and domesticating the unreasoning parts of the soul, has made them subservient to reason, marshalling their multitude under one intelligent leadership. Such a man as this is godly, whether he be a commoner or a king; but especially is the king divine because he it is who shares his virtue with whole nations, and because many men rejoice in the good deeds of such an one. It is, moreover, in his case a necessity that his inner life should be passed undisturbed and that a divine calm should extend even to his countenance. And this is a sight to inspire not fear but the deepest piety, to wit, his remaining in an unruffled state of dignity, overwhelming his friends, that is to say good men, with admiration, his enemies and wicked men with terror. Nor does change of will invade his spirit, for whatever he does, this he effects by accomplishing those things which have been resolved upon by all the parts of his soul. Thus all things are ordered subject to one rule, and do not think it unworthy for each one of them both to exist as parts and to converge in the One, the whole. Now whoso separates the conjunctions of these parts, admitting the existence of their numerous energies, and wishes to placate the creature one part at a time, this man you shall see now lifted up in his mind, now fallen low, now disturbed by a forward impulse, and now by retreat; again by griefs, by pleasures, by absurd desires, and that man is never in agreement with himself.

'Well I know what evil things I am to do,
For passion is stronger than my counsels.'[1]

So said some one who understood the divergence and disagreement 1072
of equal forces. What imports most for you therefore, and a very

[1] Eurip. *Med.* 1078: Romans vii. 19, 20. seq.

kingly thing it is too, is the rule over yourself, setting mind to dominate the beast that dwells with us,[1] and seeking not to rule over many myriads of men while you are yourself a slave of the most shameful mistresses, of pleasure, of pain, and as many beasts related to these as dwell within the human creature.

7. And now setting forth from his own self the king will meet his friends and neighbours first. With these at his side he will take counsel concerning all matters; these he will greet as friends, with no shade of irony in the word, nor like those who gloss over what is in point of fact rough and abrupt in their despotism with a designation more kindly than the truth. After all what possession is so kingly to him as the friend at his side; what sweeter sharer in his good fortune; who surer to endure an ill turn of fortune with him; who more sincere in praise; who less apt to give pain by a biting admonition? What clearer evidence can the masses have that a king is well disposed than his manifest power to make those about him always enviable? In this way he will gain the affection of those also who dwell afar, and it will be the prayer of good men to gain the friendship of their king. Exactly the reverse is the experience of tyrants, whence the witty proverb:'Far from Zeus and his thunderbolt', which means that because of such as treat their associates with treachery, safety without office is less terrifying than the dangers of public life. One has scarcely time to be envied for friendship with a tyrant before one is an object of pity by reason of his enmity.[2] Now the king knows that in God is sufficiency unto Himself, and that God, the original essence, is above the ruled over; but that with a man governing many men like himself, his own nature is not sufficient to itself for the subtlety of every problem. To remedy therefore the imperfection of nature, he holds close intercourse with his friends,[3] and thereby multiplies

[1] Plato, *Phaed.* 97 c.
[2] St. August. *Confess.* viii. 6.
[3] Philo, *Quis Rer. Div. Heres*, 6.

his own power. And so he will see with the eyes of all, will hear with the ears of all, and will take counsel from those opinions of all which tend to one conclusion.[1]

8. Now we must keep guard over ourselves, and that with our whole understanding. We must if possible employ all the weapons in the court for the purpose that flattery may not secretly slip in wearing the mask of friendship, for by this one thing is royalty plundered, however vigilant the guards. For flattery enters, unless the place be thoroughly defended, far within the treasure-chamber, and attacks the most lordly possession of kings, the soul itself; and the more easily, that love of his comrades is not the least virtue in a monarch. It was this quality, at all events, that made Cyrus 'the pre-eminent' and Agesilaus the most renowned of kings amongst Greeks and foreigners.[2] He will then learn what course to pursue, and amongst his friends he will make his opinion prevail, 1073
but he stands in need of many hands that action may follow.

9. Now my speech must go on to lead the king from out his palace, and, after his friends, to hand him over to his soldiers, second friends these; and further to make him descend to the plain and inspect his men, their arms, and their horses. There he will ride with the cavalry, charge with the infantry, arm himself heavily with the hoplites, manœuvre with the targeteers, and hurl the javelin with the light-armed troops, enticing every man to living comradeship by association in their operations; so that not merely in semblance shall he call them fellow-soldiers. They will come to know him when he addresses them on the field, and will bear witness that the name is employed at the same time in virtue of his actions. Perchance you take it ill that we entail labour upon you, but be persuaded by me that toil attacks most lightly the

[1] Dio Chrys. *Orat. I de Reg.*, *Orat. III de Reg.*
[2] Xen. *Anab.* i. 9. 20.

body of a king, for toil vanquishes least of all a man who toils openly. Now when a king exercises his body, keeps the field, and spends his youth in armour, all the cities are his spectators. For he draws the eyes of all present upon him, and no one can endure to look elsewhere when a king does anything conspicuously; every act of a king passing into a song rings in the ears of all men. And this custom is capable of bringing goodwill towards him in that the spectacle of a king is not a rare one to his soldiers, and his goodwill greatly strengthens the spirit of the troops. Now what royalty is more solid than that which is fortified by love, and what individual, however low his condition, is freer from fear or safer from treachery than that king whom his subjects fear not, but for whom they fear?[1] This soldierly race, however, is simple and noble, and is won over easily by sympathy. Even Plato calls his fighting race 'guardians', and likens them most to the dog,[2] a beast that distinguishes friend and foe by his knowledge and ignorance of them as the case may be. What could be more shameful than to be a king who is recognized only through the painters by the very men who war in his defence?

The king will benefit by this close intercourse, not only because the army will surround him as one unified organism, but also because many of the incidents on these occasions are, some of them, an exercise in warlike affairs, and at the same time will be initiations, and preparations of a kind, for the functions of command and awaken his ambition for great and serious tasks. It is no small advantage in active service that he can address by name, a general, a commander of a legion, the commander of a squadron or of a brigade, or a standard-bearer, as the case may be; that he can call up and exhort any of the veterans from his knowledge of them, those I mean who have rank in each infantry or cavalry corps. Even Homer makes one of the gods take his station in the

[1] Plutarch, *Aratus*, 25. [2] Plato, *Rep.* 375 E, 376 A, B.

Achaean conflict and by a touch of his sceptre fill the young men 1076
'With mighty force'[1]
so that their spirit
'Longed still more to fight and to battle',[2]
and they are unable to keep either their feet or hands quiet. Again the verse,
'Their feet beneath, their hands above, alike quiver with impatience',[3]
signifies that they are self-bidden to dart about in deeds of battle. Now to my thinking a king might achieve this very result if he were to call on his men by name, and would thus rouse to ardour the man insensible to the trumpet's call, and incite the warrior yet more to the fray. For every man desires to toil under the watchful eye of the king. And the poet likewise seems to think that the king thus obtains an immense advantage both in war and in peace, for, noticing this first, the fact that even the common soldiers are known to the king has the greatest influence on the courage of these men,[4] he has not only made Agamemnon call his soldiers by name, but even this leader, according to him, counsels his brother,[5] in addition to this form of address, to distinguish each man by his patronymic and ancestral name, to honour all, and not to be overweening. Now, honouring them is to speak to them in fair words, whenever he himself knows either that any good deed has been done by one of them, or that any success has fallen in his path. Observe Homer. He makes the king the eulogist of a man of the people, and who would not be lavish with his blood when the king has praised him? This benefit then will come to you from frequent contact with your troops, and moreover you will know their characters and their lives, and what post belongs to each in every contingency. Observe this also. The king is a craftsman of wars, just as the cobbler is a craftsman of shoes.[6] The latter is

[1] *Iliad*, xiii. 60. [2] *Ibid.* 74. [3] *Ibid.* 75. [4] *Ibid.* iv. 231.
[5] *Iliad*, x. 67. [6] Cf. Aristot. *Eth. Nic.* 1101ᵃ.

laughable when he does not know the tools of his craft; how then shall the king understand how to use his tools, namely soldiers, when he does not know these tools?[1]

10. Now that I have arrived at this point, if I bring down what is the common ground of the discussion into the matter of the present discourse, my shot will not fall, I fancy, off the mark.

'Who knows if I shall arouse your soul with the aid of the god
When I speak? for the counsel of a true man is excellent.'[2]

I assert, in fact, that nothing has done the Romans more harm in past days than the protection and attention given to the sovereign's person, of which they make a secret as though they were priests, and their public exposure in barbarian fashion of the things that pertain to you. Truth and fantasy are not wont to consort together. But do not be incensed, for the fault is not yours, it is the fault rather of those who first created this mischief and transmitted to Time's heritage an evil now zealously maintained. Accordingly, this majesty and the fear of being brought to the level of man by becoming an accustomed sight, causes you to be cloistered and besieged by your very self, seeing
2077 very little, hearing very little of those things by which the wisdom of action is accumulated. You rejoice only in the pleasures of the body, and the most material of these, even as many as touch and taste offer you;[3] and so you live the life of a polyp of the sea.[4] As long as you deem man unworthy of you, you will not attain man's perfection. Those with whom you consort in your round of life, and in other ways, and to whom access to the palace is safer from fear than to generals and captains of divisions, those on whom you bestow your royal approval are rather men with small heads and petty minds whom nature by some error stamps amiss,

[1] Xen. *Cyrop.* v. 3. 47. [2] *Iliad*, xv. 403.
[3] Aristot. *Eth. Nic.* 1118ᵃ, 1148ᵃ, 1150ᵃ. [4] Plato, *Philebus*, 21 c.

even as dishonest bankers falsify coins.[1] A dullard becomes a gift for a king, and the duller he be the greater the gift. These men at once ready to laugh and weep without measure, playing the buffoon with gestures, noises,[2] and every means in their power, these men I say aid you to destroy your leisure, and encourage by a greater evil that foggy blindness of mind which you have contracted from living a life not in accord with nature. The half-baked thoughts and conversation of these men suit your ears better than a philosophical sentiment, clearly and tersely expressed. And however much pleasure you have derived from this amazing inactivity, distrusting the thinking part of your people, and giving yourself solemn airs before them, while bringing the brainless elements close to you, and stripping before them: you should clearly understand that each thing increases by arts the same as those by which it is welded together. Review in your mind any kingdom established anywhere you please in the world, whether of the Parthians, or the Macedonians, or the ancient Medes, or that in which we live now: men of the people who were soldiers as well, for the most part encamping together and sleeping on the ground in their formations, neither sparing themselves labours nor giving way excessively to pleasures, have carried each dominion far and wide. Men like these who acquire such great things through their devotion, and have become inflamed with zeal, would scarcely maintain their ranks without prudence. For good fortune seems to be a burden heavier than lead; at all events it overturns the man who has shouldered it, unless he happens to be all-powerful.

11. Now although nature promises us strength of soul it is training which perfects it. To this, my liege, philosophy exhorts you, she who is ever on her guard against those consequences which arise from speech; for everything is destroyed by forces which are the contraries of those which sustain it. And I do not

[1] Dio Chrys. *Orat. III. De Reg.* 18. [2] Philo, *ad Gaium*, vii.

think that the ancient institutions of the Romans should be transgressed by the king. Consider as ancestral institutions of the
1080 Romans not the things which yesterday or the day before came into the commonwealth when it was already changed in its habits, but those by which they won their empire. Come then, in the name of the God who presides over kingship (and you must try to bear with me, for my story bites into the soul) at what period do you esteem the affairs of the Romans to have been in the most flourishing condition? Is it from the time in which you have been robed with purple, and bedecked with gold, when you wear gems from foreign mountains and seas, placing them, now on your brow, now on your feet, now round your waist, now suspended from your person, now buckled on your garments, now used as a seat? You have certainly in that way been made a variegated and multi-coloured vision like the peacocks, drawing upon yourself the curse of Homer, the 'tunic of stone'.[1] But not even does this dress suffice you, for you cannot go into the council-chamber of your peers when you have to exercise the rule belonging to your title, either when they are electing magistrates, or when they are seated in counsel for the consideration of any other matter, unless you have wrapped yourself up in such and such a robe. And now you are looked upon by men who may lawfully behold you, and they alone are happy among the senators, as alone of the senators bearing the burden of government. Nay, you even exult in your burden just like one chained with gold or rather bound by fetters worth many talents, but should not feel the evil at all, nor think that he was enduring terrible things ending in incarceration, for he would be deceived by the very magnificence of his misfortune. But no more will he have liberty to stir than those who are bound in the 'foot-plague', the meanest of stocks. Again, for you the pavement is insupportable, nor may you walk about on earth in its natural state, but gold-dust must be sprinkled upon it,

[1] *Iliad*, iii. 57.

which your wagons and merchantmen bring you from far-away continents. And you have a host not to be despised who besprinkle the mound: or you deem it not kingly, unless you exhibit luxury even in the straps of your sandals. Do you now fare better since the time when this initiation, usual with emperors, was instituted, and since you have taken to keeping your lairs like lizards, scarcely peeping out at all to enjoy the sun's warmth, lest being men you should be detected as such by men? Or was it then when men living in the throng, blackened by the sun, led armies to battle, and bearing themselves in all other respects simply and artlessly, instead of in a manner suggestive of the dithyramb and the tragic stage, in Lacaedemonian caps, which when seen in statues arouse the laughter of striplings, and not even the old folk think that such kings are fortunate, but in 108a comparison with you, unfortunate in the extreme?

Now it was not by walling off their own house that they prevented the barbarians either of Asia or of Europe from entering in. Rather by their own acts did they admonish these men to wall off their own by crossing the Euphrates repeatedly in pursuit of the Parthians, and the Danube in pursuit of the Getae and the Massagetae. But now do these nations spread terror amongst you, crossing over in their turn, assuming other names, and some of them falsifying by art even their countenances, so that another race new and foreign may appear to have sprung from the soil, and they dare to demand an indemnity as the price of peace,

'unless thou arm thyself with valour'.[1]

But let all comparisons of the past with the present be dismissed, if you please, that we may not seem to censure you in the guise of good counsel, by showing you that just to the extent that a monarch's régime inclines him to pompous display, to that extent is it deprived of reality.

[1] *Iliad*, ix. 231.

12. But if, just as this discourse has long dallied over the decoration of your lives, it were also to reserve some little space for the life of kings in the past, whether we call it rusticity, or, if you prefer it, simplicity, in that case prodigality and frugality would fittingly be contrasted with one another; and once you had seen these in their naked reality, you would be enamoured of the true beauty of a king, dismissing that which is merely outward appearance and sham. The one destiny we described in terms of material things for the most part, the other it is not possible to describe in these, and we must obtain it from other sources. Excess of worldly goods does not belong to the second of these lives because it is not striving for them. It would rather be represented by its habits. And yet work advances at once along with the progress of lives that are in conformity with the law of nature.

It is therefore worth while to make mention of the character and achievements of a certain king, for any particular story will suffice to draw all others along in its wake. It is told of one of no great antiquity but such an one as even the grandfathers of our own elders might have known if only they had not begotten their children when young, and had not become grandparents during the youth of their own children. It is said, then, that a certain monarch of those days was leading an expedition against the Parthians, who had behaved towards the Romans in an insulting manner. Now when they had reached the mountain frontiers of Armenia, before entering the enemy country, he was eager to dine, and gave orders to the army to make use of the provisions in the supply column, as they were now in a position to live off the neighbouring country should it be necessary. He was then pointing out to them the land of the Parthians. Now, while they were so engaged, an embassy appeared from the enemy lines, thinking on their arrival to have the first conversation with the influential men who surrounded the king, and after these with some dependants and gentlemen ushers, but supposing that only on a much

later day would the king himself give audience to the embassy. 1084
However, it turned out somehow that the king was dining at the moment. Such a thing did not exist at that time as the Guards' regiment, a sort of picked force detached from the army itself, of men all young, tall, fair-haired and superb,

'Their heads ever anointed and their faces fair',[1]

equipped with golden shields and golden lances. At the sight of these we are made aware beforehand of the king's approach, much as, I imagine, we recognize the sun by the rays that rise above the horizon. Here, in contrast, every phalanx doing its duty, was the guard of the king and the kingdom. And these kings held themselves in simple fashion, for they were kings not in pomp but in spirit, and it was only within that they differed from their people. Externally they appeared in the likeness of the herd, and it was in such guise, they say, that Carinus was seen by the embassy. A tunic dyed with purple was lying on the grass, and for repast he had a soup of yesterday's peas, and in it some bits of salted pork that had grown old in the service.

Now when he saw them, according to the story he did not spring up, nor did he change anything; but called out to these men from the very spot and said that he knew that they had come to see him, for that he was Carinus; and he bade them tell the young king that very day, that unless he conducted himself wisely, he might expect that the whole of their forest and plain would be in a single month barer than the head of Carinus. And as he spoke, they say that he took off his cap, and showed his head, which was no more hairy than the helmet lying at his side. And he gave them leave if they were hungry to attack the stew-pot with him, but if not in need, he ordered them to depart at once, and to leave the Roman lines, as their mission was at an end. Now it is said that when these messages were reported to the rank and file and to

[1] *Odyssey*, xv. 332.

the leader of the enemy, namely all that had been seen and heard, at once—as might have been expected—shuddering and fear fell upon every one at the thought of fighting men such as these, whose very king was neither ashamed of being a king, nor of being bald, and who, offering them a stew-pot, invited them to share his meal. And their braggart king arrived in a state of terror and was ready to yield in everything, he of the tiara and robes, to one in a simple woollen tunic and cap.

13. And another story more recent than this I think you must have heard, for it is improbable that any one has never heard of a king who assigned himself the task of getting within the enemy's country for purposes of espionage, by imitating the appearance of an embassy. For it was in those days a duty to the State to take command of cities and armies, and many men foreswore such an office; nay, a certain ruler among them, one who had spent his youth in ruling, renouncing these labours, decided of his own free will to grow old in private life. Further, this very title of king, I will show to be recent; for it had become a dead letter to the Romans from the time when the people drove out the Tarquins. For it is from this source that while we call you kings, while we deem you worthy of the title, and write you down as such, you, whether you know it or not, yielding to established custom, seem to evade the dignity of the title. And so, when you write to a city, or to an individual, to a viceroy or to a foreign ruler, you have never shown pride in the title of king, but rather you make yourselves absolute rulers.[1]

Now absolute ruler is the designation of a military chief who undertakes to do all things, and Iphicrates and Pericles sailed from Athens as generals with absolute power,[2] nor did the title wound that people, free from tyrants though it was; for the people

[1] αὐτοκράτωρ was the official equivalent of the *praenomen* Imperator.
[2] The phrase στρατηγὸς αὐτοκράτωρ occurs in Thucyd. vi. 72.

itself made appointments to this generalship, as being constitutional.

It is true that in Athens there was a certain individual called king[1] who occupied a petty post, and was accountable for his administration; the people, I suppose, having given him this name in jest, for they were an uncompromisingly free people. Their 'absolute ruler,' however, was not a monarch, and both the title and the office were respected. Is not this, then, clear evidence of a wise policy in the Roman constitution, that although it has manifestly developed into a monarchy, it is cautious in so asserting itself by reason of its hatred of the evils of tyranny, and employs the title of king sparingly. For tyranny makes monarchy to be detested, whereas kingship makes it to be loved; and Plato calls this a divine good amongst men[2]. But this same man also asserts that what shares in the divine destiny is in every case free from vanity.[3] For God is not theatrical, nor a worker of wonders, but

> '. . . walking in a noiseless path according
> To Justice, he directs mortal affairs.'[4]

And everywhere He is ready to reveal Himself to that one endowed with a nature to receive Him.

In this sense I maintain that the king is a common source of good and free from arrogance. But if tyrants are always doing astounding things, concealing themselves from the public gaze, and then appearing to the consternation of the beholders, we can-
not envy them, since in default of true majesty they take refuge 1088
in a pretence of it, for in the case of one who has no health in him and is conscious of the fact, what means may there be for his escape from contempt except that of escape from publicity? But up to this day no one has ever despised the sun, although to what spectacle are we more accustomed? And if a king has courage

[1] Demosthen. *Contra Androtionem*, 601. 25. [2] Plato, *Politicus* 302 E.
[3] Plato, *Phaedrus*, 247 A.
[4] Eurip. *Troades*, 887; Plutarch, *Isis, and Osiris*, 381 B.

to be a true one and shall not be disproved as such, let him be the most common possession; for he will not be the less admirable able in this even if he be not the more.

Further, the lame king whom Xenophon praises throughout all his history was not derided by those whom he led, nor by the nations through whom he led them, nor by those against whom he made his expedition; and yet he lodged in the most public places of each city. Meanwhile he was most conspicuous in all his actions to every one who desired to see the leader of Sparta. Nay, this man crossed over to Asia with a small army and very nearly succeeded in driving from his kingdom a man receiving homage from numberless peoples. At all events he drove him from the stronghold of his arrogance. And so it happened that when recalled by the magistrates in his own city and compelled to give up his military operations in Asia, he achieved many victories in Greece and was defeated in battle by one man only, by the only man of all who could possibly overcome Agesilaus, were the struggle for frugality.[1] This was that Epaminondas whom cities crowned with wreaths, and invited to banquets. But when he accepted such invitations, for one could not do otherwise than accept without incurring injury to his political reputation, he drank nothing but rough wine, 'in order'—so he said—'that Epaminondas might not forget his home diet.' And when a young Athenian scoffed at the hilt of his sword because it was made of a cheap sort of wood and uncarven, he replied, 'When we fight, you will not make trial of the hilt, but I do not think you will be able to find fault with the blade.'

Now if it is kingship to command, and to command with such forces as do those who know upon what things power is based and upon what sort of lives; we see that it is not from what is unnatural and from luxury, but from moderation and wisdom that all things are brought into order from every source. Arrogance

[1] Plutarch, *Agesilaus*, 35.

and extravagance must be eliminated from kingship, for there is no common ground between it and those things foreign to it; and indeed my discourse started from this very point.

14. Let us now bring back the argument to its proper beginning, and do you bring back the king to his original function. It will follow of necessity that once our lives have been corrected and Prudence has returned, the glories of the past will accompany her, 1089 and a complete change will take place in all the elements opposed to her. And do you, my liege, rule over the return of good works, and give us back the king who is a public-spirited servant of his kingdom. In the present state of affairs we can no longer either dally at our ease or make a step in advance, for at present all men are standing on the edge of a razor. We stand in need of God for our affairs and of a king who will avert that destiny of the Roman power which has been long in coming to birth; and while I am abridging the rest of my argument, and at the same time moulding an image of a king which I began to set up as a very beautiful statue, I will at least show you clearly that 'this destiny' is imminent unless a wise and strong kingship prevents it in time, and I shall assist you as far as I can in contriving this, to wit, that you may be the one who shall prevent it. God is always and entirely the ally of the good, and is propitious to them. So then we have left the common duties of the king as modelled in this discourse and have been brought round in opinion to the established order of things. Philosophy demanded of the king that he should often mix with the military, and not keep to his palace, for it taught us that goodwill towards him, his only real safeguard, was fortified by this daily intercourse. This once admitted, in the company of what race of soldiers should a philosopher devoted to his king desire that he should train his body and dwell in the camps? Evidently with such as the countryside and towns, in a word the land he rules over, gives him as fighting men and selects as guards

for the State, and for the laws by which they were nurtured and educated, for these are they whom Plato likened even to watch-dogs.[1] But the shepherd must not mix wolves with his dogs, even if caught as whelps they may seem to be tamed, or in an evil hour he will entrust his flock to them; for the moment that they notice any weakness or slackness in the dogs, they will attack these and the flock and the shepherds likewise. Nor must the legislator give arms to those not born and brought up under his laws, for he has no guarantee of their good conduct from such as these. Truly it is the part of a foolhardy man or of a prophet to see and have no fear of this mass of differently bred youth pursuing their own customs, and at the same time practising the art of war in this country. They must either think all these men to be wise as philosophers; or if they rightly despair of this they must believe that the rock of Tantalus[2] is suspended over the State by fragile cables. For these men will fall upon us the first moment they think the attempt likely to succeed.

Even now some skirmishings of this sort are manifest and certain parts of the Empire are becoming inflamed, as though it were a human body in which alien portions are incapable of mingling in a healthy state of harmony. Then in the case of cities as in that of the body, we must separate the alien part as the sons of physicians
1092 and generals would say. But not to organize a force to cope with these men, and to grant immunity from military service to many who ask for it, and to allow those in the countryside to devote themselves to other callings, as if that barbarian army were our own native production, what is this but the act of men hastening to their doom? Rather than allow the Scythians to be under arms here, we ought to seek from the agriculture so dear to them the men who would fight to defend it, and we ought to enrol all these in a military force, to such a point as to summon the philosopher from his study, the craftsman from his lowlier calling, and from

[1] Plato, *Repub.* 375 E. [2] Eurip. *Orest.* 5; Pind. *Olymp.* i. 56.

the shop its salesman. As to the crowd of drones who pass their lives in the theatres by reason of their unlimited leisure, we should beg of them to make haste for once in their lives, before they should be turned to tears from their laughter; for there is no motive of either the better or the worse shame that shall stand in the way of the Romans possessing a force of their own. The same organization holds good in the State as in the family; the male element must defend and the female occupy itself with the care of the household within.[1] How then can you endure that the male element should be foreign? Is it not disgraceful that the empire richest in men should yield the crown of glory in war to aliens? For my own part, however many victories such men might win for us, I should be ashamed of the aid so received. This very thing,

'Well I know, I do opine'

(for it is obvious to any sensible man) that when the male and female of which we speak do not happen to be brother and sister, or in any other way related, the armed portion of them will need but a slight excuse to demand mastery of the civilians, and then the unwarlike will be pitted against those inured to the shock of arms. Before matters have come to this pass, one to which they are now tending, we should recover courage worthy of Romans, and accustom ourselves to winning our own victories, admitting 1093
no fellowship with these foreigners, but disowning their participation in any rank.

15. But first let all be excluded from magistracies and kept away from the privileges of the council who are ashamed of all that has been sacred to the Romans from olden times, and has been so esteemed. Of a truth both Themis, herself sacred to the Senate, and the god of our battle-line must, I think, cover their faces when the man with leathern jerkin marches in command of those that wear the general's cloak, and whenever such an one

[1] Plato, *Meno*, 71 E.

divests himself of the sheepskin in which he was clad to assume the toga, and enters the council-chamber to deliberate on matters of State with the Roman magistrates, having a prominent seat perhaps next the consul, while the lawful men sit behind him. Then again such as these, when they have gone a little way from the assembly, are again attired in their sheepskins, and once in company of their followers, laugh the toga to scorn, and aver that they cannot even draw the sword in comfort with it. For my part I wonder at many other things, but not least at this our absurd conduct. All this is in the face of the fact that every house, however humble, has a Scythian for slave. The butler, the cook, the water-carrier, all are Scythians, and as to retinue, the slaves who bend under the burden of the low couches on their shoulders that their masters may recline in the streets, these are all Scythians also; for it has been proved of old that theirs is the most useful race, and the fittest to serve the Romans. But that these fair-haired men who arrange their locks like the Euboeans should be slaves in private to the same men whom they govern in public, this is strange, perhaps the most incredible feature of the spectacle, and I know not what sort of a thing the so-called riddle may be, if this is not one. In Gaul Crixus and Spartacus practised the calling of arms in dishonour, in order to become the victims of the Roman populace in the arena, but, when they escaped and
2096 bore a grudge against the laws, they engaged in the so-called Servile War which became the most calamitous campaign of those which the Romans of that time encountered. Against these slaves they had every need of consuls, of praetors, and of the happy fortune of Pompey, for their city was nearly ravaged off the face of the earth. And yet those who revolted along with Spartacus and Crixus were not of the same race as they, nor of the same race as each other. Notwithstanding this, the fate which they shared in common furnished them with a pretext and made them of the same mind. It is, I suppose, in the nature of things

that every slave is the enemy of his master once he has hopes of overcoming him. Is the case then the same with us also? Are we nourishing on an altogether greater scale the germs of untoward troubles? Remember that in our case there are not merely two men, and those dishonoured individuals heading a rebellion, but great and pernicious armies who, kinsmen of our own slaves, have by evil destiny poured into the Roman Empire, and furnished generals of great repute both amongst themselves and amongst us,

'By our own coward nature'.[1]

Consider also that in addition to what forces they already possess, they may, whenever they will, have the slaves as soldiers, right reckless and courageous ones too, who will perform the unholiest deeds to glut themselves with independence. This fortress of theirs you must pull down; you must remove the foreign cause of the disease before the festering abscess actually declares itself, before the ill-will of these dwellers in our country is exposed. For evils may be overcome in their infancy, but when they progress they gain the upper hand. The army must be purified by the Emperor, as is a heap of wheat from which we separate the coarse grain and what other elements sprout side by side with it, ruinous to the noble and legitimate seed. Now if I seem to you to give counsel that is no longer easy to follow, have you not considered to what sort of men and to what sort of race those belong of whom I am speaking to you who are their king? It is a race whom the Romans conquered, and from such conquest their name has been renowned amongst men: further, they govern all men with whom they come in contact, both by their strong arm and by their will, and they have occupied the earth as do the gods, according to Homer,

'Encountering alike the insolence and goodwill of men'.[2]

As to these Scythians, Herodotus says that they are all tainted

[1] Whence? [2] *Odyssey*, xvii. 487.

with a feminine malady,[1] and we ourselves see this. These are the men from whose ranks slaves are recruited everywhere, and who have never owned any land. Hence the proverb 'The Scythian wilderness', for they are always fleeing their own country. The old historians tells us that the Cimmerians first drove them from their settlements,[2] then others in turn did the same, then the women,[3] then our ancestors, and lastly the Macedonian. Forced by some of
2097 these they advanced towards inland nations, and by others towards those without, nor do they stop until they are delivered up by their pursuers in turn to other nations right in front of them. When indeed they fall suddenly upon those who are not expecting them, they strike them with confusion for a time, as they terrorized the Assyrians of old, and the Medes and the Palestinians. But in these days they have come to us, not to challenge us in battle, but as suppliants, for they have again been driven from their country. Now that they have found, I do not say the arms, but the dispositions of the Romans softer, as was perhaps to be expected when dealing with suppliants, this untutored race has made the natural repayment. It has become insolent and has ignored our kindness. When, then, they paid the penalty for this conduct to your father who took up arms against them, they again became objects of compassion, and sat at his feet in suppliant guise together with their women, and he who had been their conqueror in war, was quite overcome by pity. He raised them up from their prostrate position, made allies of them, and accounted them worthy of citizenship. Moreover, he threw open public offices to them, and made over some part of the Roman territory to their bloodstained hands, expending the magnanimity and nobility of his nature upon a work of clemency. Unfortunately the barbarian does not understand chivalrous conduct. From the very beginning till now these men have treated us with derision, knowing both what they deserved at our hands, and what they were

[1] Herodot. i. 105. [2] *Ibid.* i. 15. [3] *Ibid.* iv. 10.

assumed to deserve; and this reputation of ours has encouraged their neighbours to make their way hither. Now hordes of foreign mounted archers keep pouring forth seeking out our easy-going people, begging for their indulgence and pointing out the case of these scoundrels as a precedent for it. The evil seems to be growing to the point of 'persuasion by force', as the popular phrase has it. No matter for the phrase; for philosophy must not quarrel over terminology when she is seeking something to serve her thought, even if she has to help herself by picking a phrase out of the gutter, so long as it is perfectly clear and appropriate to the matter in hand. Well then, how shall we find it other than a difficult task to recover lost military prestige, and

'To drive from hence these ill-omened dogs'?[1]

Only hear me, and this difficult matter will appear the easiest in the world. Once our ranks are increased in numbers, and spirit has gained in the ranks, once the battalions are home-born troops, then do you infuse into the kingdom what is lacking to it now. Homer, too, has sanctified this as the prerogative of chiefs in the words:

'Great is the wrath of divine kings'.[2]

Wrath, therefore, is called for against these men, and they will either till the soil in obedience to orders, even as the Messenians long ago laid down their arms, and served the Lacedaemonians, or they will take the same road in flight again, and announce to those beyond the river that their former gentleness no longer survives among the Romans, for that one young and nobly born is their leader,

'A terrible man, who might blame even the blameless'.[3] 1100

So be it. This assuredly is the nurture and training of a king as warrior; we will next turn our full attention to the king in peace.

[1] *Iliad*, viii. 527. [2] *Ibid.* ii. 196. [3] *Ibid.* xi. 654.

16. Now the warlike king may be above all a man of peace, for to him alone who is able to inflict injury upon the evildoer is it given to keep the peace. For my own part I should say that the king has, all in all, gained most applause as a peacemaker who, although desiring injustice to none, is nevertheless provided with the power to escape injury at the hands of others; for if he does not war, he will certainly be warred against. Peace is a happier state than war, because the preparations of war are actually made with a view to peace. The end in view would justly be preferred to those things which exist on its account. Thus it is well that the king give himself up to each half of his command in turn, that body politic divided into two estates, that of the armed men and that of the unarmed; and after consorting with his fighting men, he should visit cities and country districts to which, by the use of the military, we have granted fearless possession of their farms and civic rights. He will visit again and again in his tours as many races and as many cities as possible; and whatever portion of his Empire he does not reach, even to that he will devote his attention in what is apparently an effective and excellent way.

17. The institution of embassies, sacred as it is in other respects, is in this connexion of the highest value. Conferring with these, the king will know that which is afar no less than that which is near, nor will his foresight for his kingdom be bounded by the sense of sight. He can even raise up that which is fallen, though he see it not, can give largess to races in distress, and remit state burdens to such persons as have long been groaning under them. He will break off a war that threatens, and will terminate a war which has broken out, and will adjust everything else in time, for by the agency of the embassies he will be able, like the god

'To see and hear everything'.[1]

[1] *Iliad*, iii. 277.

To these let him be accessible, and 'gentle as a father',[1] whether they come from near or from afar, for so I have heard Homer speaking once for all of the king that is at peace with himself.

18. First of all, let the soldiers be enjoined to show consideration to the city populations, and to the rural also, and to be as little as possible a burden to them, remembering the duties they have undertaken on their account. For the king fights in their defence, and enlists men to fight in order that the prosperity of the town and the countryside may be preserved. Whosoever, therefore, keeps the foreign enemy from me, but does not himself treat me with justice, such a man as this seems to me in no wise to differ from a dog who pursues wolves as far away as possible for no other reason than that he may himself slaughter the flock at his leisure, whereas in his fill of milk he has received the due reward of his guardianship.[2] True peace, therefore, comes if the soldiers have been trained to treat civilians as brothers, and only to take what the regulations permit.

19. It is by no means a kingly trait to exhaust cities by levying taxes, for to the good king of what use are great possessions? He 1101 does not through vanity of disposition[3] descend to costly activities, nor does he display a vainglorious prodigality in place of a prudent use of his means. His is not the puerile character which would sacrifice the sweat of the honest toilers to the amusements of the stage. He will not have to face the necessity of frequent wars which, as the Lacedaemonian says, 'feed on more than their rations';[4] for my argument has shown that the good king may be mastered neither by plot nor by attack. If the objects, therefore, for which he needs taxes have been cut down by him, he stands in no need of a surplus. He can become a most harmless collector of

[1] *Odyssey*, ii. 234. [2] Plato, *Repub.* 416 E, 464 C.
[3] Plat. *Theaet.* 175 B; Aristot. *Eth. Nic.* 1123[a]. [4] Plutarch, *Cleomenes*, 27.

these revenues by cancelling the inevitable deficits and by being satisfied with the imposition of such amounts as are commensurate with the means of the taxpayers; but a king who is greedy of money is more shameful than a huckster. The latter, at all events, relieves the want in his own house; but the evil disposition of the former is inexcusable. For my own part, when I review, as I often do, each one of our passions and consider what sort of men they present us with, men completely engrossed by them, I seem to myself to observe, even among private individuals, that this tribe of business people is the most sordid, the most malicious, the most downright niggardly of all men,[1] and capable of finding a place, not in all respects dishonourable, only in a decaying country. Nay, they themselves are the first to suffer contempt in their own consciences, inasmuch as they have made plans contrary to the purpose of Nature in respect to what is first and what is last. For she ordained the body to be in the service of the soul,[2] and the things without to be for the use of the body, and to this last she gave secondary things, but these men class both soul and body with the third element. Dishonouring themselves, therefore, and reducing the ruling power within them to slavery,[3] how could such men either do or plan anything further that is great and noble? When I define them as more ignoble than ants, and more small-minded, I am not ashamed before Truth; for the ants measure their provision by the needs of life, but these men think fit to measure life by their need of provision. This dreadful plague must therefore be driven away from the king himself and his subjects alike, that a good king may rule over good subjects; and zeal for virtue must be introduced in its place. In this struggle for virtue let the king himself become both the champion and the umpire.

It is shameful, as some one has said, that there should be public javelin contests and competitions in boxing, and wreaths of

[1] Plato, *Repub.* 581 D.
[2] Aristot. *Polit.* 1254b.
[3] Demosth. *De Corona*, p. 324.

victory awarded to the victors in these contests, and that none should enter competitions in self-control, none in virtue.[1] It is probable, I think, nay, more than probable, it is quite certain that the cities which followed such a policy on the part of their king as this would lead the life of the fabled Golden Age of yore, having no time for evil, but leisure for good and, in the first place, for piety. The king himself will lead us to this virtue, seeking from a divine source the direction of every deed, whether great or small. More wondrous than all else is it, methinks, to hear or to behold the king when, in the midst of his people, he holds up his hands and bends his knee before that King who is at once his own and that of his people. And it is reasonable to suppose that the Divinity 1104
will be rejoiced when glorified by devotion from a pious king, and will make such an one His own in sacred union. Thus, in addition to being a lover of God he becomes more than all a lover of man, for he shows himself to his subjects in the image of the King by whom he is ruled. In such a state as this what needful thing is likely to be wanting? But my discourse must return to the subject of a moment ago.

20. We made beneficence a stamp of kingship, passing in review again 'the giver of good gifts', 'the kindly one', names belonging also to God. Now let all these very properties and as many as were mentioned in their company before I promised to model the king in my discourse, be assigned to their right places, and let the image be completed. The chief of these ideas, perhaps, was that being able to originate good works he will not tire in this employment any more than does the sun when he gives his beams to plants and animals, for it is no labour to him to shine, inasmuch as he holds brightness in his being and is a fountain of light. And so the king, once that he has placed himself in this category of existence, will of himself order all, to whatever extent he reaches that which is ruled over.

[1] Eurip., Fragment 284, ed. Nauck.

Moreover, as for those who are near the throne, who are second to him alone and who are superior to the others, he will organize them by the kingly harmony of the soul, namely such men as are useful for each measure of the distributed power. From the very beginning the care of men will thus make greater progress in proportion as a greater number are engaged in the task.

21. Now you will have to send out governors also to foreign parts, in so great an Empire as this. And the next step is to give the preference in your choice to those who administer with justice, for this kind of foresight is divine and magnificent. Now truly to seek to know each place, man, and dispute would need much detailed discourse, and not even Dionysius, who had established himself as ruler over a single island, and not even the whole of that, would have been capable of this charge. But by the help of a few agents it is possible to care for the many. This has always been called a divine and universal solicitude which, though it is grounded in a strong character and does not stoop to haphazard details, nevertheless does not escape from them.

God, in using this solicitude, does not Himself elaborate each of the details here below, but rather uses Nature as His right hand, remaining true to His own character, and is the cause of good works even to the last one of them, for He becomes the cause of causes. It is in this way that a king must inquire into the administration of the State. Let him distribute his rule as much as possible amongst the justest and best administrators.

There is a reason for this, for he will become more easily intimate with a few than with many, and he will more easily notice the failures or successes of a few. Let his choice of those who are to rule be of the best, and not of the richest, as it now is.[1] We submit
1105 our bodies not to the richest physicians, but to those who are most skilful in their profession; and so the ruler shall be chosen who

[1] Aristot. *Polit.* 1273[a] 23.

has most knowledge of ruling, rather than the rich man, since through him more things are likely to turn out for the worse than for the better. How, indeed, is it right that he should rule who, from the very evil of his nature, has accumulated wealth, and not the man who is poor, though he is just and law-abiding, and who, through the very fact that he is just, is not ashamed to dwell with poverty? But the other man who has become rich by hook or by crook, and has thereby purchased his office, could never know what manner of man a dispenser of justice might be. For it is evident, for example, that such a one would not easily hate injustice, or show a contempt for possessions, nor would he fail to make the magistrate's house a place of sale for decisions in the courts. It is little likely that he should look gold in the face with stern eyes, and pass on. On the contrary, he would regard it with veneration, surrender to it, and in the end embrace it; for he feels only gratitude towards it, inasmuch as he has taken administration in exchange for a measure of wealth, and has hired cities like any other commodity. He knows well that through this he is illustrious, and sits in high places, looked up to by many other people, and by the just whether they be prosperous or poor.

But achieve thou something to be envied for its virtue, even if it live with poverty. Let not a man's prudence and sense of justice escape you, nor the rest of that swarm of the soul's virtues which is concealed under a poor garb. Nay, drag him out in full view and demand that he make his virtue public, for it is not right that it should stay at home, but rather should it be in the field and engaged in battle. For know well that, whereas you will immediately herald them, it is you yourself who shall be extolled throughout, having furnished to succeeding time a pattern of a happy kingdom. And if you do this, you will quickly see many ashamed of the wealth their work has earned, and others taking pride in self-chosen poverty. Moreover, men's notions concerning it will change, so that to seek out wealth will be a reproach,

and that the maintenance of poverty will be considered an honour. Of many gifts which God has bestowed on kingship, gifts enviable and happy, not the least,—nay, perhaps the greatest,—is this, which all men should admire and praise, to wit, the power that the king holds over the souls of his subjects, and which enables him to change their opinion of his character, burnt in though it was by old habits and early indulgence, by showing that he honours its opposite and sets high value on it, for in whatsoever the king rejoices, this must at once increase and be adopted by the majority.[1]

22. Now that I have come to this part of my discourse, I have some desire to offer up a prayer also in behalf of my own darling.[2] May you, my liege, be enamoured of Philosophy and real education. For it follows of necessity from what has been said, that you have many rivals in love for whom there is also a certain
1108 use; since now the danger is that her flame may be extinguished through neglect, and that in a little time not even a spark will be left for those who desire to kindle it. Is it then on account of Philosophy that I have made this prayer, or is it true that she will in no wise suffer, even if she dwells apart from men? For she has her home with God, with whom, even when she is here below, lies her chief concern. And what time this earthly dwelling-place doth not admit her when she comes down to us, she dwells beside the Father and is entitled to say to us,

> 'I need not at all such honour as this,
> I pride myself as honoured by the decree of Zeus.'[3]

Now the affairs of men become worse or better or altogether happy, just as she is present or absent. For these things, therefore, as well as for Philosophy, I have prayed; and may I have the fortune to get an answer to the prayer which Plato offered up, but without success. Would that I might see you take to yourself Philosophy

[1] Aristot. *Polit.* 1273. [2] Plato, *Gorgias*, 482 A. [3] *Ib.* ix. 607 f.

in addition to Kingship. No longer shall any man henceforth hear me saying anything concerning kingship. It is indeed time that I were silent, since in this one word I have summed up all.

And, if this is the case, I have given you what I proposed in the first instance, when I myself promised to show you the statue of a king in language. And since the word is in reality the shadow of the deed,[1] I sought, reversing the process, to make it living and moving through you. Now this I shall see at no distant future, and you will render unto me the reality of the king, if my words shall not merely wait at the portals of your ears for admission, but shall rush in and take their abode in the inmost parts of your soul. In truth I am persuaded that Philosophy has not been aroused to the exhortation without divine assistance; for God, as can be readily conjectured, is eagerly zealous to advance your fortunes. And I should justly be the first to rejoice over the sapling sprung from my seed, making trial of such a king as I am now moulding in you, whensoever I give and receive speech concerning the requests of the cities.

[1] Diog. Laert. ix. 37.

1112 1. PHILOSTRATUS of Lemnos, in composing the lives of the sophists who had preceded him, divides them into two classes at the beginning of his treatise; first the sophists in the exact sense, and second those who, although really students of philosophy, had nevertheless been classified as sophists on account of their reputation for beauty of language. He gives Dio his place amongst these, as also Carneades the Athenian, and Leo of Byzantium, and many others who passed their lives in the profession of philosophy, but had accustomed themselves to a sophistical form of style; and again he accounts amongst these Eudoxus of Cnidus, a man at first known as one of Aristotle's disciples, but also well versed in astronomy, at least as much of the art as was cultivated in those days. For our part let Dio through all his works be a sophist, even as he is said to be, in virtue of the range of that 'tongue of gold' which he possessed, if any one chooses to consider the cult of oratory an achievement proper to the sophist. The nature of this, indeed, we
1113 shall examine a little later. If we consider his aims, Dio should neither be placed alone nor with the men just mentioned, but rather with Aristocles, although he is to be contrasted even with him. Both of them changed their earlier attitude, but Aristocles was a man who from being a philosopher and an earnest one at that, and one whose brow was knit with thought, ended among the sophists, and not only indulged in every luxury, but even reached the culminating point.

After spending the bloom of his youth in the advocacy of the Peripatetic views, and in publishing treatises for the Greeks with all the philosopher's enthusiasm, he fell a victim to sophistic opinion to such an extent that he repented him when an old man of the very seriousness of his youth, and in his contests shook the lecture-rooms of Italy and Asia with his declamations. Moreover

he had given himself over to the cottabus and introduced flute girls at dinner parties, and besides gave public banquets.

Dio, however, from being a senseless sophist ended his life as a philosopher, and favoured in this rather by fortune than by his own judgement, has himself given us an account of that good 1116 fortune. So it was the duty of one writing his biography to describe the flaw in the man and not simply to reckon him thus with Carneades and Eudoxus. Whichever of their subjects you take, it is a philosophic one handled in a sophistical way; that is to say the style is wantonly, withal cunningly, set forth, and brings in much of the element of grace. In this way also by men whom they fascinated in speech by the beauty of their phrases, they were deemed worthy of the title of sophist, but it seems to me that they themselves would have repudiated this and would have declined it if offered, since philosophy brings such an expression into contempt, for Plato had just risen up against the name. But Dio showed forth brilliantly in each of these two walks of life respectively, and is at war with himself in his subjects, publishing speeches setting forth these opposite ways of life. Now we should not, methinks, pass over in silence the facts concerning this man, least of all on account of the discrepancy found in his speeches. As to what Philostratus says in the following passage, when he absolves him from blame for composing a panegyric on a bird called 'a parrot', on the ground that it is the part of a sophist not to scorn even such a subject, in all this he seems to confute himself, for he announced to us before that this man is one of the slandered, inasmuch as, though all the while a philosopher, he is dragged into being a sophist; for he speaks as follows:

'The ancients described as sophists, not only those of their rhetoricians who made loud speeches and were brilliant men, but also those of the philosophers who expounded their thoughts in a fluent style. In behalf of these latter we ought to speak first, for although they were not sophists but only seemed so, they have

passed under this designation.' Then he distinctly enumerates the men who are philosophers, amongst these Dio, and others after Dio, and in taking leave of the last of them, says: 'So much for the philosophers who have the reputation of being sophists,' only saying in another way the same thing, namely, that not being sophists they usurped that name. And yet in the meantime he admits, it would seem, that he is in doubt in what rank of his chorus to place this man, for he is really very expert.

What then did you say at first, and what afterwards? was it that the one thing is, and the other only appears to be? For my part I do not split hairs over these contradictions, and I am willing to admit that Dio was really a philosopher and only played at sophistry, as long as he shall be found gentle and compassionate to philosophy, and has nowhere done her violence or marshalled against her reckless and evil-minded words. But this man of all the sophists had behaved with the greatest effrontery to philosophers and philosophy. The reason for this, I think, is that since a nature full of power was allotted to him, even the practice of oratory made him speak the truth, for he was persuaded that it was better to live according to the views shared by the generality of mankind than to live according to philosophy. It follows from this that his works directed against the philosophers are carried out with great attention to expression and shirk no brightness of language. The work addressed to Musonius also was another of
1117 a similar nature. Dio was not merely exercising his powers in this instance, but was writing from conviction; I affirm this with every confidence and could easily convince another, given that he were clever at detecting truth and dissimulation of character in any sort of speech.

2. Now when Dio betook himself to philosophy, then indeed and then most of all did the power of his nature become manifest. For as though his natural bent of mind had recognized late in the day

its true sphere of action he was drawn away from his profession of sophistry, not by degrees, but suddenly and with all sails set; and then indeed he handled the rhetorical parts of his arguments no longer with the powers of a rhetorician, but in the manner of a statesman. If any one is ignorant of the difference between the statesman and the rhetorician in the same subject of discourse, let him go over intelligently the funeral oration of Aspasia[1] in Plato, and that of Pericles in Thucydides.[2] Each one is far more beautiful than the other if judged according to its own canons. Now Dio does not seem to have persevered with the systematic propositions of philosophy, nor to have continued to devote his attention to the tenets of natural science, for he had made the change late in the day. But he profited, it seems, by the teachings of the Stoa in so far as ethics are concerned, and showed virility of mind beyond any of his contemporaries; he set himself to admonish mankind whether kings or private citizens, speaking as well to the individual as to the masses, and to this end he devoted his long reserved training in oratory. On account of this it would be well, I think, to inscribe on each discourse of Dio whether it was written before his exile or after it, as the case may be, not merely on those in which there is some allusion to the exile, as some have already done, but on all without exception. In this way we should be enabled to separate those works which are philosophical from those which are in essence sophistic, keeping them apart, and we shall not have to encounter him as though engaged in a night battle, at one moment attacking Socrates and Zeno with Dionysiac jeers and demanding that their disciples should depart from every land and sea, as being the curse of towns and states; and at another crowning them with wreaths and holding them up as examples of a noble and temperate life. But Philostratus, without taking the trouble to think about it, assumes that the 'Eulogy on the parrot' and the 'Euboean' belong to the same line of thought, and then devotes himself im-

[1] Plato, *Menexenus*, 236 E. [2] Thucydides, ii. 35–46.

partially, in behalf of both these works, to the defence of Dio, that the latter may not appear to have devoted serious hours to trifles. Now this is only to give the greater importance to one of the works in question. For while proclaiming his place to be amongst those who have passed their whole lives in philosophy, he not only admits, as he develops his argument, that Dio has done some work of the sophistic sort, but defrauds the man also of things that really exist in virtue of the philosophical side of his nature, by assigning these to the sophistic works. Now if any one denies that the 'Euboean' is a
1120 serious work and has been written in defence of serious views, he would not easily, I think, accept any one of Dio's works in such wise at least as to call it philosophical. The treatise is an outline of a happy life, and is one most worthy of perusal for the poor and the rich alike, for it tends to repress the temperament swollen with riches by showing that happiness lies in another direction, and it awakens the nature beaten down by poverty and frees it from humiliation. On the one hand this is a tale that would soothe the ears of all men and might have persuaded Xerxes himself, even that Xerxes who led the great expedition against the Greeks, that on his diet of millet a huntsman in the mountains of Euboea was a happier man than he. On the other hand it is in accord with the best precepts, and in his own practice of these no one is ashamed of poverty, even if he cannot escape it. For these reasons they are the better judges who have placed this work next in order of excellence to his last 'On Kingship', in which he presents four lives and their demons, taking in turn the lover of possessions, the lover of enjoyment, thirdly the lover of honours, and above them all the benevolent and industrious one. All these he describes and arranges in their true proportion, then brings the book to an end after promising that he will at once give us the rest when he shall be permitted by the gods to do so.

3. Now set aside the figures of Diogenes and Socrates, who

occur in so many works, and who seem exceptional in natural genius. These two it is not in the power of every man to emulate, but only such an one as has made promise from the first of a certain preference for what pertains to philosophy. If, however, you are only seeking a *man*, after our common humanity, one who can turn his hand to everything, one just, pious, independent, and benevolent according to his means; in that case no other examples of such a happy life could be offered you in exchange for those of the 'Euboean'. Moreover, somewhere in this book he praises the Essenes, a whole happy township in the midst of Palestine, beside the Dead Sea, lying at some point not far from Sodom itself.

From the moment, then, that Dio began to study philosophy seriously and inclined to admonishing mankind, he actually published not one unprofitable speech, but to him who reads in no careless spirit it will be evident that the form of Dio's exposition is not one and the same, but varies according as his subjects are sophistic or social. In the former he carries his head high and gives himself airs like a peacock gazing about himself and as though rejoicing in the splendour of his speech, as one turning his eyes upon that alone, and making euphony his object. You may take his description of Tempe as an example of this, and also his 'Memnon'. In this his manner of expressing himself is somewhat arrogant; but as to the books of his second period, in these you would least detect anything frivolous or presumptuous. (Nor is this a matter for wonderment), inasmuch as philosophy drives luxury even from the tongue, delighting rather in a beauty which is grave and orderly, as is her old tradition, one in accord with nature and in harmony with underlying principles. Now Dio also when he threads his way through history falls in with this tradition, following the most ancient authorities whether in oration or argument. Of his sound and dominant exposition take either the 'Parliamentary' or the 'Senatorial' speech as an example. And if you like to

take up any of his addresses to cities, delivered and published, you may see each of the old-fashioned styles but nothing of the more modern note which seeks to overload the fairness of nature, such as are the essays which we called to mind a moment ago, namely the 'Memnon' and the 'Tempe'. Of this last type is the 'Attack on the philosophers', for even if he does not so pretend, it smacks of the auditorium and its grace, nor can you find a more fascinating piece of rhetoric in Dio.

Again, I am lost in amazement at the destiny of philosophy if it be true that no comedy is more famous than the 'Clouds'. Certainly Aristophanes has recited none with equal power. Take this as a sign of terseness and fluency:

> 'He dipt the insect's feet in melted wax
> Which hardening into sandals as it cooled
> Gave him the space by rule infallible.'[1]

Moreover, his indictment of Plato, *On behalf of the four*, made Aristides famous amongst the Greeks. This essay was devoid of all finished art, nor could you give it a place in the category of rhetoric at least with any justice to rhetorical laws; but it is composed with an ineffable beauty of form and with an astonishing grace, bringing as it were, a reckless delight by its use of names and words. This Dio, moreover, was at his very pinnacle in his essay against the philosophers, above all in that quality which the younger men of the present day call culmination. In a word, he adapted himself to a style by far too pompous for a convincing speaker, and yet in such a *genre* he seemed quite to surpass himself. Dio has not, however, so much betrayed the old rhetoric, even in those passages where he clearly seems to recede from its native traditions, to such an extent that it might even escape us that it is Dio, since he has veered to the modern school. He handles lawlessness rather cautiously, and like one diffident when he
1124 brings forward anything venturesome and insolent. He could

[1] Aristoph. *Nubes*, 149. The translation is Mitchell's.

scarcely indeed escape a condemnation for cowardice if we examined him in relation to the audacity which subsequently prevailed amongst the orators. But in most of his works, in almost all of them indeed, we may place him with the well-balanced orators of the past, beside any one of whom he was altogether worthy to speak either before the people or an individual; for the rhythmical element in his language is restrained just as the depth of the moral impression he makes is chastened, as befits a sort of chastiser and moral guide of a whole city affected by folly.

But inasmuch as we said that Dio's faculty of expression is neither altogether uniform nor is it even open to doubt that both styles belong to Dio, one being that of an orator and the other that of a social reformer; so also as to the thoughts, whosoever, not himself divorced from thought, will cast his eye over any of Dio's books, will recognize that they are of his authorship, written in one or the other of the two styles belonging to his subject matter; and even if he takes the most trivial of all he will see that Dio is the most resourceful of men in finding words for everything by his rhetorical power.

He stands out far beyond sophists in his enterprise and, even granting that any other sophist has been resourceful, he is far from being worthy to be compared with Dio in versatility. At the same time a certain marvellous individuality characterizes the thoughts of Dio. Let the 'Rhodian' and the 'Trojan' reveal this to you, and also, if you like, the 'Praise of the Mosquito', for even trivialities become serious subjects with Dio, who followed his natural bent everywhere, and you would not fail to recognize that these works belonged to the same make and power.

4. It occurred to me to say this about Dio to my latest son who is yet to be; for while I was going through Dio's writings of every description, in the midst of all this the oracle came to me.[1] Of a

[1] Damascius, *Life of Isidore*, c. 12, states that the Alexandrians even in his day spoke of dreams as oracles.

truth I have come to feel the instincts of a father. Already I long to be with my son, and teach him what I think about every prose writer and every writing, introducing to him men who are dear to me with the criticism that befits each. May Dio of Prusa be amongst these also, a man exceptional in speech and in knowledge. And after praising him thus, I hand Dio over to him that he may commence to read his political works after the masters of the noble philosophy, and may regard them as a border-land between his own preparatory teaching and instruction in the ultimate truths.

It would be well for you, my son, when you have continued the pursuit of intellectual demonstrations and when your mind is congested or your understanding is overburdened with weighty doctrines, it will be well for you, I say, not at once to rush to comedy or any mere form of rhetoric when in need of a change of occupation; for this would be to idle in a disorderly way, and perchance far beyond what is reasonable. Rather should the strained cord be relaxed by degrees until, if it seems good to you (and may it so seem!) you have arrived even at the opposite extreme, having gone through all things that have been dallied
1125 over and played with by men who were comrades of the Muses, until, I say, with increased zeal you again use these and certain kindred writings as a means of moral ascent. This would be the best conduct to pursue as you run the length of this noble double course, at one moment playing with your books, at another working with them. For I think the philosopher must not be rude or evil in any other way, but should be initiated in all gracious conduct and should also be an unmistakable Greek; that is to say, should be able to keep in touch with mankind by taking care not to neglect any written work. It seems that the prelude to philosophy is nothing else than a curiosity about knowledge,[1] and in children the disposition to love a story is the promise of a philosophical goal.

[1] Cf Arist. *Metaphysica*, 980ª, 982ᵇ; Synesius, *Egyptian Tale*, 1213 B.

And yet of what art or knowledge could she (Philosophy) be an art and a knowledge? It lies in her very essence that she is understood to be borne on her way by all of these,[1] if so be she has no predilection among them, so as to regard one from her point of vantage, and to busy herself with another who is moving forward, while she has them all for a bodyguard as befits a queen. Are not the Muses all together, as their name indicates, whether it be that the gods so named them, or that men employ a term divine? At all events they make up a company by reason, I presume, of this very union. No one of them is ever separated from another, nor in a banquet of the gods does she display her own work, neither does she get an altar or a shrine amongst men.

And yet there are some who from want of nature's endowment are ever seeking to divide into small portions that which is in them indivisible, and so one man has attained proficiency in the art of one Muse, and another in that of another. But philosophy dominates them all. And this is what is doubtless set forth by the immediate presence of Apollo in the harmony of the Muses.

5. Now this speech would define as an artist and an expert the man who cuts off for himself any one branch of knowledge, one such man belonging to one divinity (Muse), another to another; but it would call philosopher that one who has been fitted together from the harmony of all, and has made the multitude of arts into one. Or rather he has not attained this yet, for this must be added to him also, namely, that he have a task of his own superior to that of his company. Thus the story goes that Apollo sings at one time with the Muses,[2] leading off himself, and giving the time to the band, and at another sings by himself; but the first would be the sacred and ineffable melody. So our philosopher will commune, now with himself, and now with the god through philosophy, but he will commune with men by the subordinate powers

[1] i.e. the Muses. [2] Pausanias, v. 18. 4.

of speech. He will possess knowledge indeed as a lover of literature, whereas he will pass judgement upon each and everything as a philosopher. But these immovable men who despise rhetoric and poetry[1] do not seem to me to be what they are of their own free will, and owing to the poverty of their natural gifts they are incapable of even small achievements. You may more easily see such men than see anything in their minds, and their tongues are unable to interpret any thought. I, for one, even wish to distrust them, nor would I say that they are concealing something hidden like the Vestal Virgins, first because it is not even in the divine order that a man should be wise about great things who is ignorant about small ones, and further because, just as God has conceived clear images of his secret powers, tangible bodies of the ideas, thus a soul possessing beauty and fruitful of the noblest things, possesses the force which is transmissible even to things outside, for no one of the divine agencies is willing to be the last removed. If then the man who refrains from talk in all sorts of ways is best suited to conceal the inviolable doctrines, and also acquires the power of dealing with assemblies of people at his will; of necessity must that man fall short who has not been initiated in the inner circle beforehand nor has celebrated the rites of the Muses. For one of these two experiences overtakes him; either to be silent, or to say what the law commands to be kept in silence. Thus he will either take as subjects of his discourses the fortunes of the town, and will associate with men on terms of vulgar familiarity, which no freeborn man would deign to do, or if he desires to be a leader in philosophy he will live in idleness. Now it is possible that this he would not, even if he could, but certain that he could not if he would. For my part I admire Proteus of Pharus also, for, being wise in great things, he had thrown about himself a cloak of wondrous sophistic discourse, and associated with chance comers in every way. For they departed in amazement at the display

[1] *Cf. Syn. Ep.* 154.

surrounding him, without investigating the truth of the things concerning which they were troubled. Now let there be some vestibule of the temple for the uninitiated, but the man who once gives himself solemn airs does not dissemble but rather irritates and fans the flames of greediness in nature by which every one busies himself overmuch with that which is sacred. If Ixion had not grasped the cloud[1] instead of Hera, and if he had not been satisfied to embrace the mere image he would never willingly have abandoned his mad chase.

6. Discourse therefore must be got ready in place of discourse, in place of the greater the less. This indeed would be an excellent one also and, when men encounter it before the other, the one will be greatly gripped by it and will welcome it, and will even think that no other could be better, while the other who has received a share of the divine nature will be thereby exalted and will come to understand the former also. And whom the god stirs, for him the temple also will be opened by us. Menelaus was in no wise ignorant of the real Proteus; for he was a Greek hero and a son-in-law worthy of Zeus, to whom he was bound from the first by no trivial bands. Clearly the fire and the tree[2] and the wild beast were tales of animals and plants, but also concerned themselves with the primary elements of which are composed things coming into being. He cared not even for these but aspired to penetrate still further into nature. It is really a gift divine to suffice for all men in the degree to which each person is able to profit thereby. Let him who has attained to the summit keep in mind also that he is a human being, and let him be able to associate with every man, as much as in him lies. Why then should any one banish the Muses, who make it possible both to please mankind and to keep divine things unsullied, as by a veil cast o'er them? 1129

[1] Cf. Pindar, *Pyth.* ii. 36.
[2] Cf. Homer, *Odyssey*, iv. 458; *Orph. Hymn*, 56 (ed. Mullach).

If our human nature is a variable quality also, it will certainly weary of a life of contemplation, to the point of forgoing its greatness, and of descending; for we are not mind undefiled but mind in the soul of a living creature; and for our own sakes therefore we must seek after the more human forms of literature, providing a home for our nature when it descends. One must be content to have a neighbour somewhere towards whom to turn and make atonement to the soul's constitution, which needs kindliness so as not to fall farther, nor yet to pass its life in all the diversity of nature. For God has made pleasure to be a fastening for the soul by which it supports the proximity of the body. Such then is the beauty of literature. It does not go down towards matter, nor does it dip the mind in the lowest powers, but rather gives it force to rise up in a moment and to hasten upwards to real being, for even the low part of such a life is high. But for the one who is incapable of tasting pleasure in its purity—and nature needs the soothing element—what shall he do or whither shall he turn? Will his course not tend towards that which is unworthy even to relate? For obviously men of this sort will not despise nature, though they will also profess an untiring zeal for contemplation, making themselves out to be passionless gods although clothed in flesh. Nay, if they were to make such profession, let them know that so far from being gods or wise and divine men, they are empty-headed, and boasters into the bargain. They would have been better if they had defined wisely what is fitting to each manner of man. A condition untouched by passion is by its very nature in God only, but men who change evil for virtue succeed in moderating their passions: the very flight from excess would be the achievement of the sage.

7. I have ere now observed even men of foreign race, of both these noble classes, men who professed a contemplative existence,
1132 and for that reason took no part in public life, and became un-

sociable in their haste to release themselves from nature. They had sacred songs, holy symbols, and certain ordered approaches to the Divinity. All these things cut the men off from turning to matter, and they pass their lives apart from each other, so as neither to see nor hear anything pleasant.

'For bread they eat not at all, nor drink they the wine that is ruddy'.[1]

In saying so much about the men in question one would not overshoot the mark. But not even these men who have made such a brilliant struggle against nature, and who, as we might say, are most worthy to share in the perfect life, not even do such as these rejoice in it untiringly. For our perishable nature brings even these back when they have only settled down a short time in the happy place of that real existence which is theirs. Nor can they, I suppose, for all future time keep their mind on the surface and take their fill of the beauty of the intelligible, not though this had once been their fortune. I hear, indeed, that not to all of these does such fortune come, not even to the majority, but only to less than a few, those whose first impulse was divinely inspired; and they remain under its influence as far as the nature of man admits, nor are they to be wheedled by any resistance on nature's part.

'For there are many that carry the thyrsus, but few are the Bacchi'.[2]

But even these men do not bear the Bacchic frenzy with sufficient patience, but at one moment they rest in the god, at another in the universe, and again in their bodies. They know that they are but men, small fragments of the universe at that, having lesser lives lying beneath them, and suspicious of these to the point of frustrating them, lest they should bestir themselves and rise against them. What, after all, is the meaning of their baskets and of the wickerwork objects which they handle, if not to signify first of all that they were human beings at a given moment; in other words, were paying attention to matters here below? For they are not

[1] *Il.* v. 341.

[2] Quoted by Plato, *Phaedo*, 69 c.

in a state of contemplation at the moment when they are dealing craftily with the wicker objects. They further felt disdain for that inactivity which our nature cannot support, inasmuch as nature gives us many sources of motion. Accordingly, that they may not do anything else, they have made it a law amongst them to occupy themselves therewith, and they impel their nature in this direction and, what is more, they derive pleasure from bringing their work to its perfection; a pleasure so much the greater as the works are fairer and more numerous. A certain element in us ought indeed to be occupied with the things of this life, but the force must not be a powerful one, lest it drag us down too far and take too great possession of us. The foreign race, be it said, is more stubborn in maintaining an enterprise than the Greek, for in whatever direction it has started out it is violent and unyielding. The latter is
1233 refined and has more gentleness in his composition, and for this reason would more quickly give way.

Now I should wish it to be a property of our nature to be always lifted up toward contemplation; but as this is obviously impracticable, I should like in turn to cling to the best and again in turn to descend to nature, there to cleave to merriment and anoint life with cheerfulness. For I know that I am a man, and neither a god that I should be adamant in face of every pleasure, nor a brute that I should take delight in the pleasures of the body. There remains, however, something to seek between these, and what can surpass a life spent in literature and its concerns; what pleasure is purer, what passionate attachment is more free from passion; what has less to do with matter; what is more undefiled? Again, in this respect I put the Greek before the foreigner and consider him the wiser, because when forced to descend he has taken his first stand in the neighbourhood, for he has taken his stand upon knowledge. Knowledge is an outlet for the mind and, when moved from one argument to another, it has also made an advance thereby.

Now what could be more allied to mind than argument, or what

ferry is more suited to conduct us to mind? For wherever there is argument, there also, I assume, is mind, and if not, at all events some knowledge of inferior subjects which implies intellectual perception. For in this connexion certain processes of 'contemplation' get their name, as well as works of the lesser mind, speculations rhetorical, poetical, and those touching on physics and mathematics. None the less all these brighten the eye within us and clear away the rheum, thoroughly arouse it and accustom it by degrees to the objects of vision, so that it may some day take courage to face a more august spectacle still, and not blink at once when gazing upon the sun.[1]

Thus the Greek trains his perceptions by his pleasures, and even out of sport derives advantage for his most important object. Further, to exercise the critical faculty, to compose a prose or poetical work, is not outside of the province of mind. Again, to purify and polish one's style, to find the main argument, to arrange it in order, and to recognize it when arranged by another, how can all these things be matters devoid of interest, and mere toys? But as to those who tread the other path deemed to be of adamant, even though, truth to say, some of them arrive at the goal, they seem to me scarcely to have travelled a path at all. Nay, how is a path possible where there is no gradual progress apparent; where there is no first and second stage or any order of going!

But their procedure is like Bacchic frenzy—like the leap of a man mad, or possessed—the attainment of a goal without running the race, a passing beyond reason without the previous exercise of reasoning. For the sacred matter (contemplation) is not like attention belonging to knowledge, or an outlet of mind, nor is it like one thing in one place and another in another. On the contrary—to compare small and greater—it is like Aristotle's view that men being initiated have not a lesson to learn, but an experience to 1136
undergo and a condition into which they must be brought, while they are becoming fit (for revelation).

[1] Plato, *Repub.* vii. 516 B.

Now, the state of fitness for revelation (i.e. as well as the process) also is irrational, and if reason play no part in preparing it, much more so. Therefore also their direct descent to some slight experience (as their ascent) is itself immediate (i.e. not an intelligible process), and extends much farther. It is like a fall, just as we liken the ascent to a leap. For reason did not speed them on their way, neither did it receive them on their return. How can these two conditions harmonize—a handling of primary reality succeeded by a plunge into brushwood and withies?

Be this as it may, man is, and is called, rational, in virtue of the intermediate and governing faculty, which these have never exercised at any time—at least to judge from appearances. The end then, the condition we wish to attain, is the same for both of us; and if we attained it, there would be no difference between us.

8. But as regards the intervening process, our native philosopher has shown himself the sounder thinker, for he has prepared himself a road; and ascends it as if it were a ladder, so that the ascent is in some degree his own achievement, since as he advances he will probably encounter somewhere his soul's desire. And even if he does not encounter it, at all events he has advanced on his road; and this is no small matter; even thus he would differ from the bulk of mankind as much as they do from the beasts of the field.

Those of our number who arrive in this way would be the more numerous inasmuch as their attempt is a natural one, but it might come about in another way, if there did not chance to be some nobility of soul drawing the first inspiration from above; and an exceptional type of mind, one that would be its own master and would be moved by itself. Of such calibre was Amus[1] the Egyptian, who did not discover the use of letters, but passed judgement upon the discovery, so great was his superiority of mind. Such a man is quicker to solve the problem, even without philosophic method,

[1] Cf. Plato, *Phaedrus*, 274 D–E.

for the natural philosopher suffices and would, I suppose, much more than suffice if some one stimulated him or appealed to him, for he has a wonderful power of augmenting the seed within him, and of lighting a whole conflagration with the small spark of reason which he has received. The forces of Greek education will therefore effect nothing disadvantageous to these men, even if they do not effect something useful; education which leads on those who are the less robust, fires them up anew and thoroughly warms what is divine in them. In the other case, however, the consumma- 1137
tion falls to the lot only of those who are happy in their own hearts; albeit the race of such souls must be rarer than that of the phoenix,[1] whose periodic appearances the Egyptians calculate. The majority of men would labour in vain and exhaust themselves hunting for the intelligible essence without intelligence, particularly those whom the first endowment of nature has not urged on to a life like this. For these would indeed benefit by such an impulse, but I regard the impulse itself as a token of a mind in motion. The most of them are neither moved by their inner natures, nor in the 'second voyage',[2] as the proverb says, are they stirred from sleep by leisure to turn towards mind. But they have striven after the exalted choice as they would after any other thing that is highly esteemed, people of all classes, each class of necessity combining. Concerning these men, then, I stoutly maintain that they will labour and wear themselves out in vain, inasmuch as they have neither inborn nor acquired intellect; for it seems dangerously near impiety to suggest that the Divinity will dwell in any other part of us than in the mind, since that is God's own temple.[3] On this account wise men, Greeks and foreigners alike, have handed down the tradition of occupying themselves with the purificatory virtues, walling off all preoccupations with nature that these may not offer an impediment to their intellectual activities. This was

[1] Cf. Aelian, *Natural History*, vi. 58.
[2] Cf. Plato, *Phaedo*, 99 D.
[3] Cf. Philo, *De Special. Leg.* 255 M (ed. Cohn).

the thought of the first men who founded each of the two systems of philosophy. But they (the foreigners) strengthen virtues rather by habits than by reason, and they consider these virtues to be three in number, for those who admit mere self-control do not admit reasoning intelligence; that is to say, if we agree that the quality they possess is self-control. In any case it is impossible that the virtues should not enter in and be grouped through their inevitable sequence. The men in question think that they ought to be temperate without knowing why they ought to be temperate; they only accept a rule of conduct as they would any unjustifiable law, of which the lawgiver knows that it is for another reason, namely for the processes of thinking, and that it is serviceable for an ascent, in other words, for the avoidance of passion for anything material. Again such men abstain from sexual commerce, paying
1140 reverence to this abstention for its own sake, thus making the smallest thing of the greatest importance, for they imagine that the preparation is the goal. But we, on the contrary, admire the virtues as elements only of the whole of philosophy.

We have learned from Plato that it is perhaps not lawful that the impure should have contact with what is pure. Now virtues purify by cleansing what is alien to them.[1] If the soul had been the good, it would have sufficed for its own purification, and it would have been already an excellent thing that it came into being by itself; but while it is clearly not a good thing (for if it were so it would never have come into the sphere of evil), it has nevertheless the form of good and by its nature holds a middle place.[2] When it inclined toward the evil side, virtue brought it up and washed it of its stain, and again placed it midway; but an advance must be made towards the good, and this now through reason; for mind is the name which joins together intelligible things. Thus, if it were our object to gaze upon the heavens, it would not suffice that we were not looking on the ground, but that after we had passed the

[1] Plotinus, i. 2. 4. [2] Cf. Plato, *Repub.* 509 A.

range of vision midway of the two, we should then turn our gaze on high. In very truth we should gain benefit from the virtues in becoming disentangled of a partiality for matter. But an uplifting force is needed, for it is insufficient that a man be not evil, he must even be a god. And this state most resembles the turning away from the body and as many things as are of the body, and the turning, through the intellect, to God.

9. We therefore, while honouring the virtues, know what rank they hold, to wit, the place that the letters of the alphabet hold towards the knowledge of a book, for the virtues are the earliest (steps) of those ascending to mind. But we do not possess all in possessing the virtues; we have only removed the obstacle, and we have prepared the while those things apart from which it is not even holy to hope to attain the end. In this way far from despairing of this end, we are already in pursuit of it through mind with the help of a procedure discovered by the happy men of old. Now, in seeking, I do not know whether we shall ever find, but scarcely would such fortune come to him who is not enamoured (with the end) or knows not whether it is worthy to be sought. And yet those escape from these difficulties in the best way who are steadfast to this and give themselves no further trouble, for once they have purified themselves, they could not be evil. But there are those who attempt to excel the multitude, learning perchance that reason is the glory of man, and yet have dishonoured all instruction by which the mind is strengthened. These men are self-moved in strange ways and put on solemn airs towards philosophy. Whatever false notion came into their mind, this they made 1141
wicked and malicious by their own additions to it, bringing forth blind offspring, not worthy to be called the offspring of thought, still less that of mind, but the products of absurd assumption and erring imagination. You would observe that they are in a laughable situation, or rather in a very pitiable one; for inasmuch as we

are human, it is the better part not to laugh at human misfortunes but rather to pity them. Alas for their arguments, alas for their doctrines: if it occurred to rams to philosophize,[1] I do not know what they would hold in honour rather than this. Let us say to them, for it would be well worth it: 'O boldest of all men, if we had known that you had been so fortunate as to hold the estimate of the soul which was that of Amus, or Zoroaster, or Hermes, or Antonius, we should not have presumed to teach you or to conduct you through a course of study, endowed as you would be with a greatness of mind to which even conclusions are but premises. If it should happen to us to meet such an one as this at any time, we should be awe-struck before him and treat him with veneration. But you we regard as less than our common human nature and no readier of wit than dullards. We therefore think it right even to admonish you, making common property of what we may find best for us. Keep then the first principles, for men near unto the god have handed them down, and by so doing you will be, according to Plato,[2] holding the middle course; no longer without knowledge, but not yet wise; honouring right opinion, apart from argument and demonstrations; for it is unholy to regard truth as ignorant, nor will any reasoning admit that the unreasoned thing is wise. Once satisfied with this ordering, you would have been treated with moderation, and would be guiltless before God and guiltless also before men. You will even have just praise as your portion, for to a man of the common herd the fact is sufficient. However, if you do not remain in your place, and if you still seek for what is beyond and busy yourselves with the question "Wherefore", you would do well to love wisdom, that sacred possession. But do not conduct the quest by yourselves, for you are untrained, and there is danger of your falling into some abyss of folly and so perishing utterly; the catastrophe that even Socrates feared he might suffer, and which he did not conceal from

[1] See Mayor on Juv. 10. 50 (addenda). [2] Plato, *Symposium*, 202 A.

Parmenides and Zeno, those men so dear to him. And yet that man was Socrates, and you,—precisely what you are. It is nevertheless dreadful rashness on your part to deem yourself worthy to make an incursion into the sanctities of thought, and that too with your vulgar form of diction. They say of a truth that the sowing of Cadmus[1] produced on one and the same day a crop of heavy armed men; but a crop of theologians,—no legend ever recounted such an awful portent as this! For truth is not a commodity lying on the ground, or deposited by the wayside, or a quarry to be captured in a hunt. What then? Let philosophy be summoned here as an ally, and let those who are to endure all that outward journey, prodigious in length, be prepared for it by education both early 1144
and late. You must first get rid of your boorishness, and watch small mysteries before undertaking great ones; you must learn to step in the chorus before carrying a torch; and you must carry a torch before becoming an initiating priest. Shall you be willing to endure toils upon toils? But again great things are not achieved without the dust of conflict, and yet if you had taken the affair in hand in time, something even of pleasure would have been added to the work, such as they who have pressed forward grasp for themselves. But you are ashamed to learn so late in the day. Nay, this is no disgrace at all; as to ignorance,—*it* is a disgrace greater even than that, and when you are in a state of ignorance you cannot put up with it in its undiluted form; otherwise, you might, this long while, have been living temperately, neither knowing nor pretending to know, and this is half-knowledge. You would have known at least this much, that you have knowledge of nothing, instead of dragging after you a double ignorance with great display, filled with pride instead of wisdom and undertaking to teach before you have learnt. I will say again of you, "Alas for your words, alas for your opinions!" What monsters are born of you absolutely incoherent and many-headed, such as they say once rose up against the gods!

[1] Cf. Euripides, *Phoenissae*, 670 ff.

And what would any one say about this except that the whole divine element is torn to pieces by your outrageous suppositions? This would not have happened if you had properly studied the average man; but success lay there all the while in the golden mean. Icarus, when he scorned to use his feet, very quickly missed both air and earth, for he despised the latter and the former he could not attain.

10. All this has been directed not more against those of the other school than against those amongst ourselves who are grandiloquent although illogical, the very men who have furnished the present work with an occasion for coming to the rescue of preliminary education. Whatever any one might be inclined to give for these worthless and brainless fellows, they would be dear at three for an obol. I give thanks both to skilful poets, good rhetoricians, and to any one who has constructed history in memorable fashion, and in general I should like no one of those who have helped to contribute the good in the possession of each, the common stock of Greeks, to go unrewarded. It is they who, taking us to themselves at the period of infancy, nursed us when we were
2145 still weak in intellect, mingling for us the sweet with the beneficial, for no one would have accepted these things unmixed, because of their acidity and of the delicacy of his perceptive faculties at the time. And in this way by strengthening us and passing us on, one through one subject and another through another, they gave us over to the sciences; and they prepared us for fitness to aspire to the heights, and once there, whenever they perceive our souls besprinkled with sweat, and our nature growing weary, they call us gently back. And Calliope, receiving us as we had come, parched with drought, gave us rest, conducting us to the flowery meads, that we should not be consumed with our labour, and set before us a complete banquet of her Athenian far-fetched phrases and poetic piquancy, by which she first unmanned us, then spurred

us on, ourselves the while unaware of this, and little by little brought us round in some wise, and finally made us again strip for the coming contest. Now he who does not regard the Muses merely as a preliminary ceremonial of initiation, but thinks that the actual force of wisdom is in them, and does not wish to understand them, if perchance they speak enigmatically of something unusual and only hint at their meaning; he, I say, who admires the beauty that lies in them, and gapes at it, and is enthralled by this, such a man, it is true, has accomplished nothing extraordinary. But may many good things still be his, if he be a man of culture and graciousness!

In the same way, although we do not admire swans with the amazement which we bestow upon eagles when their flight is aloft, far above anything visible; nevertheless we take pleasure in looking at them and delight in their song, and may none of them through act of mine ever sing for the last time! Now though the others are royal birds, and live beside the sceptre of Zeus,[1] nevertheless a certain one of the gods, himself the offspring of Zeus, was allotted these, and they are not deemed unworthy of his tripod. To be an eagle and a swan at the same time, and to possess the advantages of both, nature has not granted to birds. But to man God has given it, granting to him both success with his tongue and mastery over philosophy.

11. This battle has been fought by me, on behalf of the Muses, against those who partake not of the Muses, namely those who maliciously shun the exposure of their ignorance by taking refuge in abusing the very things of which they are ignorant; and even if I have spoken more seriously on the subject than my first promise would warrant, something quite serious may come from those who jest.[2] It is impossible to do anything not affected by one's

[1] Cf. Pindar. Pyth. i. 6.
[2] Cf. Horace, *Serm.* I 1, 24 ridentem dicere uerum quid uetat?

entire state of mind, but even if we play with the greater part of our nature, we are not deprived of the whole. For we give ourselves up to a playful mood which, on the one hand, is allowable, since Dio must find some testimony at my hands, to the end that my destined son may become the heir of his teaching
1148 also, but a mood which, on the other hand, has run far afield and over courses of all kinds; for the sallies of triflers know no bounds; they are like the open country, like liberty itself, like writing of words not to be declaimed with an eye on the water-clock.[1]

I once saw a judge of the ephetes measuring out the time for the pleaders. He himself, during a portion of the allotted period, was dozing, at another time wide awake to no purpose, and he was as far away from the subject as possible. None the less the orator continued, as one soon of necessity to be reduced to silence. But I am free of such a time-limit, nor does it cramp me, inasmuch as I have neither to prepare to address such a ridiculous judge, nor yet need I enter a more senseless court of justice, having battered at the audience in my lecture hall,[2] and having promised to all the youngsters in the town a recitation deftly turned. How dreadful is the rôle of those who show off their eloquence before audiences! Surely the man who has to please so many people of ill-assorted temperaments is striving after the unattainable. Such is the people's orator, absolutely the slave of the mob, at the mercy of all, and to do him an ill turn is open to all men. The sophist, if laughed at, is a dead man, and he suspects the sullen hearer as well. For he is always the sophist whatever subject he treats of, borrowing appearance rather than truth. A man who is all attention troubles him, as one seeking a handle against him, and none the less he who wags his head about in all directions, as though he did not think the rhetorical display worth listening to. And yet for no fault of his own does he encounter tyrants so bitter, if he has endured many nights without sleep, and has been on the

[1] Cf. Plato, *Theaetetus*, 172 D. [2] See Mayor on Juv. 7. 84.

strain many days, and has come near to distilling away his soul by hunger and anxieties, that he may compile something good. He has come bringing a delightful and sweet recitation to his haughty favourites, on account of whom he is in bad case, though he pretends to be in good health. He also has bathed himself before the appointment and has gone to meet it with brilliant dress and appearance in order that he too may be a noble spectacle. He salutes the auditorium with a smile, and rejoices, but his soul is on the rack; and further, he has been biting gum in order to speak clearly and tunefully. Not even the most worthy of these men would pretend that this is a matter of complete indifference to him, and that he has taken no trouble about his voice, since right in the midst of the declamation he turns and asks for his flask, which the attendant, who has long had it ready, hands over to him. Then he swallows and gargles some of it, that he may put a youthful note into his melodies. Not even after all this trouble does the 1149
unlucky fellow happen upon sympathetic auditors; rather would they like him to sing himself out, for then they would have their laugh.[1] Again, they would like him merely to open his mouth and gape with uplifted hand like a statue, and then become more voiceless than a statue, for thus they could leave, as they have long desired. But (my case is different), for I sing by myself; I sing to these cypresses, and this rivulet of water before me rushes along its course, not measured, nor husbanded according to the water-clock or such a supply as some usher may dole out. If I am not yet coming to the end of my song, I shall certainly do so presently, and if not then, why after a good while, for surely I will not sing into the night. The stream runs even after I have ceased, and will run during the night, during the day, until the next year, and for ever. Why then should I be the slave of a fixed period of time, when I have the power to be completely independent and to conduct my words where it seems to me that they should be led,

[1] *Cf.* Pliny, *Epistulae*, i. 13.

not at the mercy of supercilious hearers' judgement, but using myself as a measure? For indeed God has accorded me this lot, to be without a master and free to range; since I never acquired for myself even two pupils, not to speak of three, for whose sake I should have had to visit an appointed place wherein to lecture before them on subjects already agreed upon. I knew that I should
1152 cut off a great part of my freedom if I had to make a minute study of a book beforehand, a practice by which it comes to pass that the faculty of memory is energetic, but the critical faculty untrained and sterile, that faculty which must needs be the judge of books. It is through this above all that the philosopher exists; let the other be presented to the grammarians.

12. And indeed some authors of philosophical books might be represented as grammarians who combine and separate syllables very well, but never succeed in bringing to birth anything of their own. Whatsoever they have actually brought forth is blinded by rashness and is empty; for a man cannot cherish the word within him, who must perforce vomit it out every day. Negligence in high seriousness, the employment of seriousness where it is uncalled for, makes all in vain. Birth-pangs of souls[1] take place to the accompaniment of words just as happens in births of bodies; and whosoever accustoms himself to the untimely births of souls, suffers for the rest much as those who suffer in the body, and the state of that man slipping to a premature delivery can bring to birth nothing sound of limb or likely to live. Thence comes the one ready to speak before the mob, incapable of establishing any point, or when he takes up a question unable to carry it through to its perfected end, as one would finish a statue by polishing it. Nor do I esteem it a happy existence to submit to giving accounts, both to the pupils themselves and on behalf of the pupils themselves, to their relatives in regard to the daily lessons. The man

[1] Plato, *Theaetetus*, 149 ff.

who is their instructor would like to shine amongst his pupils and to make these boys break out in applause at his words. This is then another theatre much more unlucky than the first. As matters are, I converse with as many as I please, on as many topics as I please; I choose the topics, the times, the places, and the manner. My interlocutor confers a benefit but he also receives it; for my part I should prefer to listen to those who have anything worth saying than to talk myself. To every man it is in every way happier to fall in with his betters than his inferiors.

13. Now this is the life of the teacher. Let us first eliminate 1153
from the discussion any one or two individuals who by their inborn nature have become superior to the difficulties inherent in the position. In every occupation this also would be apt to take place, that some individuals should show themselves too strong to be undone by the weaknesses that belong to it, and grow out of it. Once the teacher has attached to him men to admire him, he will accept nothing that any one else may say. Otherwise the danger is that he should be despised and should have to submit to the flight of his young pupils. If he does not make any resistance, he is losing his own vocation, and he must be maintained in the position of master. It is therefore fated that the instructor must be jealous, and this is the greatest and the grossest of the passions. Accordingly he will pray that no man in the city may become wise and, if such an one appears, he will injure that man's reputation to the end that he alone may be looked up to. He himself then will sit like a jar filled with wisdom even to the rim, and one which could contain no more. At least there is no room for anything good, for he is a mischievous fellow and a malignant one. How then could any one escape in sorrier plight than a man who cannot become better? Socrates gave himself up even to Prodicus[1] on the chance that he could benefit him, and permitted

[1] Plato, *Protagoras*, 315 D.

Hippias to put in a word. In the same way he frequented Protagoras[1] and brought the richest young men into association with such a tribe of sophists. For Socrates did not make himself out to be wise, though wise indeed he was, and it was possible for the young men to see, if they gave their attention to the matter, what manner of master Protagoras was and what manner of pupil Socrates. Nay, even Glaucon and Critias argued with him on an equal footing. Not even Simon the cobbler could bring himself to agree entirely with Socrates, but exacted an answer for every word he uttered, and Cleitophon abused him in the house of Lysias the
1156 sophist, and openly preferred the intimacy of Thrasymachus. Socrates was not in the least nettled at this and Cleitophon is wrong in thinking so. Nay, even Phaedrus sufficed him when he encountered him by chance, and Socrates attended Phaedrus as he led the way out of the city, listened patiently to a banal discourse, and delivered another in return to please Phaedrus. So good-tempered a man was he and not one to stand upon his dignity before men. Witness Xanthippe herself. Alas for her slighting attitude! How she treated Socrates! But nothing prevented Socrates from being of good cheer, even when despised. No more shall it prevent me, or any other man who has not given himself over to the multiform wild beast,[2] notoriety, but who lives to please himself and God, who wishes to live with men like a man, and knows how to do so. Socrates dealing with the more absurd of these discourses, that one attacking love affairs, is indeed able to adopt the truer course and will straightway adopt it; he will sing the praises of the chariot of Zeus[3] and of the sacred chariot-driving of the other eleven gods, for Hestia alone remains in the palace of the immortals. He sings also of the souls who are followers of gods, and the struggle they have in bending over the back of heaven. In that other world, perchance he dares, on the other side of the river, to

[1] Cf. Plato, *Protagoras*, 314 E.
[2] Cf. Plato, *Repub.* 588 E.
[3] Cf. Plato, *Phaedrus*, 246 E.

interpret his venturous speech to the boy[1] by the same plane tree, that speech in which he took up the rôle of a rhetorician, and exercised himself in a contest with the sophist Lysias. It is the same boy that he addresses each time: I do not of course mean Phaedrus, for he was a youth already grown to manhood, but a young boy whom he has in his mind, in the bloom of youthful beauty. It is this one whom he persuades and dissuades alternately of what concerns love; and at one time he is playful with him, while at another he speaks gravely. Why then should not I, in the case of my son, whom God has promised me next year, but who is really present with me already, why, I say, should not I claim the right to play with him, and to speak gravely also, I who certainly desire him to be good in both directions,

'To be gifted with speech in words and with knowledge in things';[2]

and not to despise Socrates for failing to disdain his capacity to adorn in speech even those interred publicly? Albeit he thought this too great a task for himself, and therefore attributed to Aspasia his power, Aspasia whom he used to frequent for the pleasure of her instruction on the subject of love. Now if you 1157
understand the nature of these discussions on love between Aspasia and Socrates, you will not doubt that philosophy, when she has beheld the last degree of initiation, will recognize beauty everywhere, will welcome it, will praise rhetoric, and will cling to Aspasia and the art of poetry. For this art Socrates practised without disguise, not as a boy or a young man, but when, already past the prime of life, he was in prison; at a moment, too, least of all opportune for light diversions to a man of his age, a man who was in circumstances such as had not yet reached the terrible (for what could be terrible to Socrates?), but which were certainly not suitable for trifling. However, he tells us that he

[1] Cf. Plato, *Phaedrus*, 237 A. [2] Homer, *Iliad*, ix. 443.

was obeying the god.[1] Do not let us disbelieve him, for the god was making him fit for partnership in his work. Is not he a poet who holds the oracle in Delphi, and, by Zeus, that one amongst the Branchidae?[2] And yet he laid claim to the poetry of Homer as his own.

'I sung it, indeed, but the divine Homer copied it out'.

It has escaped these enemies of fluency of speech therefore that by reason of wisdom they are placing Apollo, Aspasia, and Socrates in a second rank to themselves. Let us on the other hand summon our son to the study of all literature, and we shall pray with him that he may not encounter a rash man who is a potential enemy to the Muses, before he has himself in some way or other become filled with rhetoric and poetry, and is able to understand them, and to come to their defence through his knowledge of them. What use can he really make of his ancestral property? I have diminished the extent of my estates, and many of my slaves have become fellow-citizens of mine. I have gold neither in the form of women's trappings nor in coin; for whatever I once possessed I spent entirely, like Pericles, for necessary purposes.[3] But I have added many times over to the books that I have inherited. All these therefore you, my son, must be able to use.

14. Now if you are annoyed with (me), your father, because I have not corrected for you the manuscripts of Dio, the author who has led to so long a discussion, (notice that) neither have any other works of a similar nature been corrected for you, nor will Dio need
1160 a defence in this respect. Here again there will be need of rhetoric, but I will take my rule from philosophy. The name of Pythagoras of Samos, the son of Mnesarchus, has been inscribed upon the law,

[1] Cf. Plato, *Phaedo*, 61 A.

[2] A shrine to Apollo Didymeus on the Ionian sea coast a little south of Miletus. The Branchidae were the hereditary priests of the oracle.

[3] Aristoph. *Nubes*, 859.

that law which does not permit us to make additions in books. On the contrary it demands that they should remain as first written, just as they once held their place in fortune or skill. In rhetorical speeches the law is that part which is not characterized by rhetoric, for it comes under the head of proofs that are not susceptible of argument, inasmuch as its strength resides, not in the persuasiveness of the speaker, but in the constitution of the state. And yet some of us claim to be orators on such a ground as this, though they are scribes pure and simple. Such men, even if they bring up witnesses in whose testimony the whole case really lies, will imagine that the favourable decision has been due to themselves; they are at the same time so clever and headstrong. Now, since it is not from the Twelve Tables of the Romans that we have read out the law, so as to make it authoritative even over those unwilling to accept it, but the word comes only from an ancient philosopher, some power of persuasion must needs be added and the speech thus become law. But lest we again unknowingly make a great statement about trifles (for in some way or other we are carried back from the lightest subjects to quite serious ones), we will then exercise all the precaution in our power, and if it is really necessary, we will take up some of the things that we have said, and if this is enough, it would be well to take no additional trouble whatever about it.

15. Now Pythagoras, or any disciple and supporter of Pythagoras, will say, since his utterances have the force of laws, that the independent mind is best fitted by nature for any vocation, that is to say, a mind which is by its energy actually a poetical and rhetorical force, even if not the most highly endowed for everything. Certain men of this calibre have come here in the past endowed with greatness, or an intimate acquaintance with knowledge, men who needed no teaching, for they were themselves examples of proficiency. The great majority, however, have had no such

share in this good fortune; some of them are hopelessly deficient. But possessing a certain power of understanding, some more, some less, some near to the end in view, and some far from it, they are brought to this point by active minds, these minds being the creations of their own activity. Our whole devotion to literature has this one aim in view, namely, the summoning of our forces to activity. Let this employment from the beginning therefore invoke everywhere the help of letters as our guide, and let it be fixed steadily upon the perception of their meaning and, as it advances, let it make trial of its own strength and not entirely cling to the syllables.

For just as any other problem becomes a source of satisfaction to us if our perplexity over it exercises our invention; thus also the mind, compelled to weave that which is missing into the sequence of what is read, and not resting entirely on vision, makes practice in venturing upon a similar work by itself. At the same time it accustoms itself not to belong to others but to itself, for these books containing errors seem to seek out the mind that is superior to mere eyesight.

16. The teachings of Pythagoras prescribed this to quite young
1262 men, at one time making trial of the natural bent of each of them, at another time esteeming this a preparatory exercise even more suitable to boyhood than the assumptions of plane geometry, for it is no great task to adapt a letter, a syllable, perchance a phrase, or if you will a whole period, and again to employ conveniently what is in the book. This is quite like what happens in the case of the fledglings of eagles. The parents take the eaglets when they are just ready to fly, and bearing them aloft let them go on high, as if permitting them to use their own wings. Then in a moment they take them up again, for they foresee the weakness of their youth, and this trial they repeat frequently until the young have learned thoroughly how to fly.

Now I shall never indulge in youthful boasting before any man, but about these truths, at least, I will boast in your presence. Oft-times I do not attempt to await the conclusion of a book for any good it may do me, but rather do I lift up my eyes and proceed to exercise myself in the narrative, not hesitating in the least but yielding to the opportune moment; and pretending that I am reading straight on, I recite out of my own head whatever it seems to me should follow, and I test what has been thus said in the light of what has been written. Oft-times I find that I have happened upon the same sense and even the same form of expression (as the author). On the other hand, I have occasionally made a happy shot at a thought, although missing the phrasing itself, and have produced what quite resembled the harmony of the work. And even if the thought was different, it was at all events such as would befit the writer of the book, and one which he would not have rejected if it had come into his mind. I know that on one occasion I was holding in my hands a volume of the noble and classical order, and when certain men who were present asked me to read something aloud that they might listen to it, I proceeded on this wise. And as opportunity arose I would invent something new and would add an explanation of it, not, by the god of eloquence, that I had rehearsed it, but that, when I came upon it[1] in this way, I fell into harmony with the author's thought and language. Straightway a great shout of applause arose and there burst forth clapping of hands; they were praising the man who wrote the book and not least on the ground of the additions themselves; to such an extent has the deity made my soul a soft surface to bear the impress of the stamps of diction,[2] and if I had directed my attention by this exercise to uncorrected copies of books, nature would have conducted my mastery to this point when I made the attempt. A certain sound[3] continues with

[1] Reading *ἐπελθών*.
[2] Cf. Plato, *Theaet.* 191 C.
[3] Cf. Plato, *Crito*, 54 D.

those whose ears are wearied by the flute, even when its note has ceased, and they remain for some time possessed by it. In this way many times have I forced the note in reading tragedy, for its music has often added a tragic note to dramas, and I rival comedies in nonsense in response to the labour of each writer. You would say I was the friend at one time of Cratinus and of Crates and at another of Diphilus and Philemon. There is no form, in fine, of metrical conceit or poetry in presence of which I am not exalted, none whose practice I do not carry out, now making
1264 whole works to compare with whole works, and now titbits with titbits. And as many forms of literary style as exist, and however diverse, in every one of my imitations of these my own personal note must needs be added. It is thus that the highest string, itself awaiting the rhythm, re-echoes it to the melody that is being played.

NOTES
ON KINGSHIP

Page 108, l. 10. *Philosophy to dwell with you.* 'Honour for proficiency in letters, my Liege, has come back from exile in connexion with the sacred rites, . . . by literature itself you have been aroused to a reverence for the gods'. (Lib., *Or.* xiii. 1, vol. ii, p. 63, ed. Foerster.) So speaks Libanius in his address to the Emperor Julian at Antioch in the year 362, about thirty-seven years before this speech was delivered by Synesius. Dio Chrysostom, the orator so much admired by Synesius, has also left four similar productions, addresses to the Emperor Trajan.

Page 108, l. 11. *appearing here after so long an interval.* The city of Byzantium was founded by the Megarians 658 B.C. As Euclides, the disciple of Socrates, was the founder of the Eristic school of philosophy in Megara, it might be inferred that his doctrines were cultivated at some time in Byzantium but had lapsed into obscurity, and that it is to this that Synesius alludes.

Page 108, l. 26. *bite into the heart.* Dio Chrysostom uses the same expression (*Or.* xxxiii. 44 [ed. von Arnim, vol. i, p. 310]): *οὔκουν ἀνήσω περὶ τούτου λέγων, πρὶν ἂν σφόδρα δηχθῆτε. καίτοι πάνυ ἀσθενοῦς φαρμάκου τυγχάνετε τοῦ λόγου τούτου καὶ πολὺ ἐλάττονος ἢ κατὰ τὴν ἀξίαν.* Seneca (*Ad Helviam*, iii. 1) 'Non summam cutem rupit; pectus et viscera ipsa divisit.'

Page 109, l. 23. *sung in a thousand odes.* The fourth Pythian ode of Pindar to Arcesilas of Cyrene, winner in the chariot-race 462 B.C., is perhaps the most celebrated. He speaks in line 60, in addressing Arcesilas, of 'the oracle glorified by means of the unprompted utterance of the Delphic Bee who, thrice, and that loudly, bade thee hail, and declared thee the destined king of Cyrene.' And in *Pythian* v, line 24, to the same, 'when thou art hymned in song in Cyrene's sweet garden of Aphrodite, forget not to ascribe the cause of all to God', and again, in line 80 ' . . . we honour the nobly built city of Cyrene, which is held by bronze-armed Trojans from a foreign shore, even by the descendants of

Antenor.' In *Pythian* ix. 4 he apostrophizes Telesicrates as 'a happy man and the crowning glory of chariot-driving Cyrene'. Callimachus, himself born in Cyrene, alludes to his native town briefly in Hymn ii. 72 'Sparta, O Carnius, was thy first foundation; and next Thera; but third the city of Cyrene.' And again (*ibid.* 93): 'No other dance more divine hath Apollo beheld, nor to any city hath he given so many blessings as he hath given to Cyrene, remembering his rape of old.' He mentions it also in Epigram 21, slightly enough. One cannot help asking what other poems Synesius could have had in mind, and which seem to be lost to us.

Page 110, l. 1. *truth is the aristocracy of language.* Philo makes a similar observation (*Quod omnis probus liber sit*, § 99): 'But without any disguise and in an honest spirit of truth to speak with freedom what is dictated by a clear conscience is a line of conduct suited to those who are nobly born': *τῷ γὰρ ὄντι θωπεία μὲν καὶ κολακεία καὶ ὑπόκρισις, ἐν οἷς λόγοι γνώμαις διαμάχονται, δουλοπρεπέστατα, τὸ δὲ ἀνόθως καὶ γνησίως ἐκ καθαροῦ τοῦ συνειδότος ἐλευθεροστομεῖν, εὐγενέσιν ἁρμόττον.*

Page 111, l. 5. *so great an empire*, &c. Philo (*Leg. ad Gaium*, §§ 9, 10), speaking of the accession of Gaius to the Empire after the death of Tiberius, comments upon the imperial power as follows: 'For who . . . could fail to marvel at and be amazed at his extraordinary and unspeakable good fortune, since he had thus succeeded to a ready-made inheritance . . . vast treasures of money, silver and gold both in bullion and coined money, . . . and also countless hosts of troops, infantry and cavalry, naval forces and revenues, in never-ending stream . . . and the sovereignty of the most numerous and most valuable portions of the habitable world.'

Page 111, l. 11. *have never beheld you*, &c. Cf. Dio Chrysostom, *Or.* i. 24, vol. 1, p. 5, ed. von Arnim: *ὃν οἱ μὲν ἰδόντες καὶ συγγενόμενοι οὐκ ἐθέλουσιν ἀπολιπεῖν, οἱ δὲ ἀκούοντες ἐπιθυμοῦσιν ἰδεῖν μᾶλλον ἢ παῖδες ἀγνοουμένους πατέρας ἀνευρεῖν.*

Page 111, l. 30. *You have only to observe in what manner of lives the scenes of tragedies are cast.* Dio Chrysostom (*Or.* xiii. 20, ed. von Arnim,

vol. i, p. 184, *De Exilio*) expressed the same thought: *καίτοι τραγῳδοὺς ἑκάστοτε ὁρᾶτε τοῖς Διονυσίοις καὶ ἐλεεῖτε τὰ ἀτυχήματα τῶν ἐν ταῖς τραγῳδίαις ἀνθρώπων· ἀλλ' ὅμως οὐδέποτε ἐνεθυμήθητε ὅτι οὐ περὶ τοὺς ἀγραμμάτους οὐδὲ περὶ τοὺς ἀπαιδεύτους οὐδὲ τοὺς οὐκ εἰδότας παλαίειν γίγνεται τὰ κακὰ ταῦτα, οὐδὲ ὅτι πένης τίς ἐστιν, οὐδεὶς ἕνεκα τούτου τραγῳδίαν ἐδίδαξεν. τοὐναντίον γὰρ περὶ τοὺς Ἀτρέας καὶ τοὺς Ἀγαμέμνονας καὶ τοὺς Οἰδίποδας ἴδοι τις ἂν πάσας τὰς τραγῳδίας, οἳ πλεῖστα ἐκέκτηντο χρήματα χρυσοῦ καὶ ἀργύρου καὶ γῆς καὶ βοσκημάτων.*

Page 112, l. 12. *Fortune is not responsible.* Philo (*Leg. ad Gaium*, § 1) has the following: 'For like people playing draughts, we make changes, altering the positions of actions and considering the things which are the result of fortune as more durable than those which result from nature, and the things which proceed in accordance with nature as less stable than those which are the result of chance.'

Page 112, l. 20. *on behalf of fortune*, &c. Dio Chrysostom in his three essays on Fortune has a good deal to say of the goddess that is interesting as bearing upon this passage and the following. He speaks in defence of Tyché as a divinity unjustly attacked by mankind in general for an inconstancy that might be more justly ascribed to man himself. Cf. Dio, *De Fortuna* (*Or.* lxv. 4, ed. von Arnim, vol. ii, p. 157): *ἀδίκως μοι δοκοῦσιν οἱ πολλοὶ τῶν ἀνθρώπων τῆς τύχης κατηγορεῖν, ὡς οὐδὲν ἐχούσης βέβαιον οὐδὲ πιστόν, ἀλλὰ ταχὺ δὴ μάλα, οἷς ἂν παρῇ, τούτους καταλειπούσης καὶ μεθισταμένης πρὸς ἑτέρους. εἰ μὲν γὰρ καλῶς ἦν ἰδεῖν χρωμένους ὡς τὸ πολὺ τοῖς παρ' αὐτῆς ἀγαθοῖς τοὺς λαμβάνοντας καὶ μὴ τοὐναντίον εὐθὺς ὕβρεως καὶ μισανθρωπίας καὶ θρασύτητος ἐμπιμπλαμένους, οὐκ ἂν ὀρθῶς ἐποίει μὴ τοῖς αὐτοῖς παραμένουσα· νῦν δέ, οἶμαι, προαιρεῖται μὲν εὐεργετεῖν ἕκαστον ὡς χρηστὸν καὶ τῶν παρ' αὐτῆς δωρεῶν ἄξιον, ἐπειδὰν δὲ φαῦλον αἴσθηται καὶ ταπεινόν, καταισχύνοντα τὴν εὔνοιαν τὴν παρ' αὐτῆς, εἰκότως ἀφίσταται καὶ ζητεῖ πάλιν ἄλλον, ἐὰν ἄρα ἐπιεικέστερον εὑρεῖν δύνηται. πονηρῶν δὲ τῶν πλείστων ὑπαρχόντων καὶ τῆς ἀνθρωπίνης φύσεως σπανίως τινὰ φερούσης ἐπιτήδειον εὖ πράττειν, ἐξ ἀνάγκης συνεχεῖς ποιεῖται τὰς μεταβολάς, πολὺ δὲ μᾶλλον διὰ τὴν ἡμετέραν ἢ τὴν αὐτῆς φύσιν.*

It is noticeable that in this passage overweening insolence (*ὕβρις*) is spoken of as the coin in which man is apt to repay Fortune for her

gifts. For a study of this side of Greek religion and sentiment see Cornford, *Thucydides Mythistoricus*, where a very subtle analysis will be found of *τύχη* and *ὕβρις* as they were conceived of in the Greek mind, and the colour that they gave to events in history as seen by the Greeks. Dio adds (*ibid.*, p. 157): *παρὰ γὰρ τῶν πλουσίων, εἰς μὲν τοὺς συμβιοῦντας ἀνθρώπους ἡ ὕβρις ἐστὶ λοιδορία, προπηλακισμός, κατάγελως, τὸ πληγῆναι πολλάκις, εἰς δὲ τὴν τύχην αὐτὴν ὑπερηφανία, βαρύτης, μικρολογία.*

Dio is not content with defending Tyché from aspersions in literature, but attacks sculptors and painters who have given the divinity the symbols of instability. Cf. *ibid.*, p. 159: *πρὸς γὰρ τῷ πολλὰ βλασφημεῖν διὰ λόγων κατὰ τῆς τύχης ἔτι καὶ πλάσται καὶ γραφεῖς αὐτὴν λοιδοροῦσιν, οἱ μὲν ὡς μαινομένην καὶ διαρρίπτουσαν γράφοντες, οἱ δὲ ἐπὶ σφαίρας βεβηκυῖαν . . . δέον ἡμᾶς αὐτοὺς τοιούτους πλάττειν καὶ γράφειν τοὺς ἐμπλήκτως καὶ κακῶς πᾶσι χρωμένους, καὶ μὰ Δία γε οὐκ ἐπὶ σφαίρας ἀλλ' ἐπ' ἀνοίας ἑστηκότας, καὶ μὴ μάτην τῇ τύχῃ μέμφεσθαι.*

Lucian (*Nigrinus*, 20) describes Tyché as playing with the affairs of men: *. . . τὸ δεινότατόν ἐστιν, ὅτι καίτοι μαρτυρομένης τῆς Τύχης παίζειν τὰ τῶν ἀνθρώπων πράγματα καὶ ὁμολογούσης μηδὲν αὐτῶν εἶναι βέβαιον, ὅμως . . . ὀρέγονται καὶ πλούτου καὶ δυναστείας . . .* κτλ.

Again (*Iuppiter confutatus*, 3) he asks what Fate and Fortune may really be. *Ἡ Εἱμαρμένη τοίνυν καὶ ἡ Τύχη—πολυρρίληтοι γὰρ πάνυ καὶ αὗται—τίνες ποτ' εἰσὶ καὶ τί δύναται αὐτῶν ἑκατέρα; πότερον τὰ ἴσα ταῖς Μοίραις ἤ τι καὶ ὑπὲρ ἐκείνας; ἀκούω γοῦν ἁπάντων λεγόντων καὶ μηδὲν εἶναι Τύχης καὶ Εἱμαρμένης δυνατώτερον.* This question is put by Cyniscus to Zeus, who replies, *Οὐ θέμις ἅπαντά σε εἰδέναι, ὦ Κυνίσκε*, and gives him no satisfaction. In another dialogue (*Deorum Concilium*, 13) Momus asks the same question of Zeus, insisting, moreover, that Tyché always carries out the decrees of the Fates and that man is beginning to find this out, to the detriment of sacrifices to Tyché herself and the other gods. *Ἡ ποῦ γάρ ἐστιν ἡ πολυρρίληтος ἀρετὴ καὶ φύσις καὶ εἱμαρμένη καὶ τύχη, ἀννπόστατα καὶ κενὰ πραγμάτων ὀνόματα ὑπὸ βλακῶν ἀνθρώπων τῶν φλοσόφων ἐπινοηθέντα; καὶ ὅμως αὐτοσχέδια ὄντα οὕτω τοὺς ἀνοήτους πέπεικεν, ὥστε οὐδεὶς ἡμῖν οὐδὲ θύειν βούλεται, εἰδώς, οἶμαι, κἂν μυρίας ἑκατόμβας παραστήσῃ, ὅμως τὴν τύχην πράξουσαν τὰ μεμοιραμένα καὶ ἃ ἐξ ἀρχῆς ἑκάστῳ ἐπεκλώσθη.*

By the first and second centuries A.D. the Greek mind had moved a long way from the conception of Tyché in Thucydides or Pindar. Compare in this connexion Aristotle, *Rhetoric*, lib. i, cap. v. 17.

The outrages of Fortuna are a favourite subject with Seneca. Cf. *Ad Polybium*, xvi. 5 'Hoc fuit in rebus humanis fortuna, hoc erit: nihil inausum sibi reliquit, nihil intactum relinquet; ibit violentior per omnia, sicut solita est semper, eas quoque domos ausa iniuriae causa intrare in quas per templa aditur, et atram laureatis foribus induet vestem.'

Page 112, l. 31. *in the case of your own sire.* The admiring language that Synesius uses in regard to Theodosius is amply sustained by the judgement of Gibbon (*Decline and Fall*, cap. xxvi): 'From the innocent but humble labours of his farm Theodosius was transported, in less than four months, to the throne of the Eastern Empire; and the whole period of the history of the world will not perhaps afford a similar example of an elevation, at the same time, so pure and so honourable. The princes who peaceably inherit the sceptre of their fathers claim and enjoy a legal right, the more secure as it is absolutely distinct from the merits of their personal characters. The subjects, who, in a monarchy . . . acquire the possession of supreme power, may have raised themselves, by the superiority either of genius or virtue, . . . but their virtue is seldom exempt from ambition . . . . But the most suspicious malignity cannot ascribe to Theodosius, in his obscure solitude of Caucha, the arts, the desires, or even the hopes, of an ambitious statesman. . . . in the public distress his superior merit was universally felt and acknowledged. . . . What expectations must have been formed of his abilities to encourage the hope that a single man could save, and restore, the empire of the East! Theodosius was invested with the purple in the thirty-third year of his age. The vulgar gazed with admiration on the manly beauty of his face, and the graceful majesty of his person . . . .'

The battle of Hadrianople, in which forty thousand Romans fell, was not, however, as Gibbon reminds us, avenged by any decisive victory on the part of Theodosius, and the consequences of this defeat to the Roman arms were even greater from a moral than a material point of view. Gibbon finds a passage from St. John Chrysostom (tom. i, p. 344,

ed. Montfaucon) containing an anecdote concerning a Gothic chief who 'was heard to declare . . . that he was astonished that a people who fled before him like a flock of sheep could still presume to dispute the possession of their treasures and provinces'. But although Theodosius did not immediately reverse the fortunes of war, the prudence and judgement with which he handled a difficult and even alarming situation have won the highest praise from the historian, in whose words '*the great Theodosius*, an epithet which he honourably deserved, conducted himself as the firm and faithful guardian of the republic'. Establishing a system of garrison fortifications, and probably what we should describe in these days as chains of blockhouses, he contrived to restore the confidence of his troops by making sporadic attacks on the enemy at favourable moments and retiring to inexpugnable positions. 'The deliverance and peace of the Roman provinces', to quote the same authority again, 'was the work of prudence rather than of valour: the prudence of Theodosius was seconded by fortune; and the emperor never failed to seize, and to improve, every favourable circumstance. . . . An army of conquerors was broken into many disorderly bands of savage robbers; and their blind and irregular fury was not less pernicious to themselves than to their enemies.' What is most admirable in Theodosius is that all this time he was in the grip of a long and relentless malady to which he eventually succumbed in the year 380. But perhaps the greatest piece of statesmanship in his life was the way in which he enlisted on his side the power of the Gothic king, Athanaric, who, when he finally was received by the Roman Emperor in Constantinople, was made to exclaim, 'Indeed, the emperor of the Romans is a god upon earth; and the presumptuous man, who dares to lift his hand against him, is guilty of his own blood' ('Deus, inquit, est sine dubio terrenus imperator, et quisquis adversus eum manum moverit, ipse sui sanguinis reus existit.' Quoted by Gibbon from Jornandes, c. xxviii.) On the death of Athanaric, a short time after this, his followers and army took service in a body under the Roman Emperor, and this adhesion of the Visigoths saved for the moment an otherwise dangerous situation. We see, however, that Synesius is against all traffic with the Goths and Scythians, in spite of the example of the Theodosius whom he so highly lauds.

Page 113, l. 17. *the tale of his sheep makes not the shepherd more than the butcher.* Cf. Dio Chrysostom, *Or.* iv, *De Regno* 44, vol. i, p. 63, ed. von Arnim: *τοῦ γὰρ ποιμένος οὐκ ἄλλο τι ἔργον ἢ πρόνοια καὶ σωτηρία καὶ φυλακὴ προβάτων. καίτοι ἐνίοτε πολλὰ πρόβατα ἐλαύνει μάγειρος εἰς ὠνησάμενος ὥστε κατακόπτειν . . . καὶ σφάττειν καὶ δέρειν. ἀλλὰ πλεῖστον διαφέρει μαγειρική τε καὶ ποιμενική, σχεδὸν ὅσον βασιλεία τε καὶ τυραννίς.*

Cf. Plato, *Politicus*, 276 B:

Stranger. 'But no other art or science will have a prior or better right than the royal science, to care for human society and to rule over men in general . . . .'

Stranger. 'Our first duty, as we were saying, was to remodel the name, so as to have the notion of care rather than of feeding, and then to divide, for there may be still considerable divisions.'

Young Socrates. 'How can they be made?'

Stranger. 'First by separating the divine shepherd from the human guardian or manager.'

Y. Soc. 'True.'

Stranger. 'And the art of management which is assigned to man would again have to be subdivided.'

Y. Soc. 'On what principle?'

Stranger. 'On the principle of voluntary and compulsory.'

Y. Soc. 'Why?'

Stranger. 'Because, if I am not mistaken, there has been an error here; for our simplicity led us to rank king and tyrant together, whereas they are utterly distinct, like their modes of government. . . .'

Stranger. 'And if we call the management of violent rulers tyranny, and the voluntary management of herds of voluntary bipeds politics, may we not further assert that he who has this latter art of management is the true king and statesman?'

Plato also in the *Republic*, Bk. I, makes a good deal of play of the simile of the shepherd and the sheep in the long diatribe that Thrasymachus pours out to prove that justice is only the law of the stronger. Cf. p. 343, where he says to Socrates, 'You fancy that the shepherd fattens the sheep with a view to their own good, and not to the good of himself or his master; and you further imagine that the rulers of states, if they are true rulers, never think of their subjects as sheep, and that

they are not studying their own advantage day and night.... Consider further, most foolish Socrates, that the just is always a loser in comparison with the unjust', &c. Socrates, in replying to Thrasymachus, comes back to the simile of the sheep in these terms: 'For I must remark, Thrasymachus, if you will recall what was previously said, that although you began by defining the true physician in an exact sense, you did not observe a like exactness when speaking of the shepherd; you thought that the shepherd as a shepherd tends the sheep, not with a view to their own good, but like a mere diner or banqueter with a view to the pleasures of the table; or again, as a trader for sale in the market, and not as a shepherd. Yet surely the art of the shepherd is concerned only with the good of his subjects... and that was what I was saying just now about the ruler.' (*Ibid.*, p. 345.)

I have quoted these passages to show how completely Synesius has incorporated the thought and at times even the words of Plato in this part of his address. Whether shepherds were the owners of their flocks either in the time of Synesius or in that of Plato is not so evident. Newman, *Politics of Aristotle*, vol. iv, p. 517, in a note to p. 1319 a, remarks, 'Whether the *νομεῖς*—a term including herdsmen of all kinds and shepherds—were generally small owners of land like the *γεωργοί*, or owners of the herds and flocks tended by them, is not clear, but they resembled the *γεωργοί* at any rate in this, that they were too busy to attend the assembly often or to take an active part in politics.' The same simile of the shepherd is found in Psalm xxiii, q.v.

Page 113, l. 20. *Equally divided stand the king and the tyrant.* The same line of thought is touched upon in Olympiodorus (*Comm. in Plat. Phaed.* B. *λβ'*, p. 91, ed. Norvin): *Πῶς δεσπόται ἡμῶν οἱ θεοί, εἴπερ ὁ δεσπότης οὐ τὸ τοῦ δούλου σκοπεῖ ἀγαθόν, ἀλλὰ τὸ ἑαυτοῦ; ταύτῃ γὰρ διαφέρει τοῦ ἄρχοντος.*

Page 113, l. 23. *is willing to suffer.* Cf. Dio Chrysostom (iii. 62, p. 44): *τὸ ἄρχειν οὐδαμῶς ῥᾴθυμον, ἀλλὰ ἐπίπονον, οὐδὲ πλεονεκτοῦν ἀνέσεως καὶ σχολῆς, ἀλλὰ φροντίδων καὶ πόνων.* The same thought is expressed by Seneca, *Ad Polybium de Consolatione*, vii. 2: 'Caesari quoque ipsi, cui omnia licent, propter hoc ipsum multa non licent: omnium somnos

illius vigilia defendit, omnium otium illius labor, omnium delicias illius industria, omnium vacationem illius occupatio.' Dio Chrysostom, *ibid.*, 85, vol. i, p. 47: *ὁ δὲ στρατηγὸς ἀγρυπνότερός ἐστι τῶν ἀεὶ φυλαττόντων.*

Page 113, l. 28. *whoso exploits his leadership for luxury's sake.* Cf. Dio Chrysostom, *Or.* iii, *De Regno* 40, 41, vol. i, p. 40, ed. von Arnim: *εἰ δὲ φιλήδονος καὶ φιλοχρήματος καὶ ὑβριστὴς καὶ παράνομος, αὐτὸν οἰόμενος αὔξειν μόνον, ὡς ἂν πλεῖστα μὲν χρήματα κεκτημένος, μεγίστας δὲ καὶ πλείστας καρπούμενος ἡδονάς, ῥᾳθύμως δὲ διάγων καὶ ἀπόνως· τοὺς δὲ ὑπηκόους ἅπαντας ἡγούμενος δούλους καὶ ὑπηρέτας τῆς αὑτοῦ τρυφῆς, οὐδὲ ποιμένος ἐπιεικοῦς ἔχων ἦθος . . . οὐκ ἄν ποτε εἴποιμι τὸν τοιοῦτον ἄρχοντα ἢ αὐτοκράτορα ἢ βασιλέα, πολὺ δὲ μᾶλλον τύραννον καὶ λῃστῆρα, ὥς ποτε προσεῖπεν ὁ Ἀπόλλων τὸν Σικυώνιον τύραννον, εἰ καὶ πολλὰς μὲν ἔχοι τιάρας, πολλὰ δὲ σκῆπτρα ὑπακούοιεν αὐτῷ.*

Page 114, l. 11. *youth is strong in its tendency,* &c. Cf. Philo, *Leg. ad Gaium* 29, § 190: 'Youth combined with autocratic power and indulging in unbridled passions is an invincible evil.'

Page 114, l. 27. *his own conduct is law for the tyrant.* Cf. Dio Chrysostom, *Or.* iii, 43, vol. i, p. 41, ed. von Arnim: *λέγεται γὰρ ἡ μὲν ἀρχὴ νόμιμος ἀνθρώπων διοίκησις καὶ πρόνοια ἀνθρώπων κατὰ νόμον, βασιλεία δὲ ἀνυπεύθυνος ἀρχή, ὁ δὲ νόμος βασιλέως δόγμα.* This is only one of many places in which Synesius is an echo of Dio in his addresses to the Emperor Trajan.

Page 115, l. 16. *In the same way the Sphinx is erected,* &c. The explanations of St. Clement of Alexandria in regard to the meaning of the Sphinxes and of Egyptian symbolism in general are interesting as showing what was current about them in the second century. Cudworth, vol. i, p. 532, ed. Harrison, gives two interesting quotations from Clement: "The Egyptians do not reveal their religious mysteries promiscuously to all, nor communicate the knowledge of divine things to the profane, but only to those who are to succeed in the kingdom, and to such of the priests as are judged most fitly qualified for the same, upon account both of their birth and education [*Str.* v. 7]. With which agreeth also the testimony of Plutarch, he adding a further confirmation thereof

from the Egyptian Sphinxes .... Wherefore they placed Sphinxes before their temples, to signify, that their theology contained a certain arcane, and enigmatical wisdom in it' (*De Is. et Os.* 354). And this meaning of the Sphinxes in the Egyptian temples is confirmed likewise by Clemens Alexandrinus (*Stromat.*, Lib. V, cap. 5, p. 664): "Therefore do the Egyptians place Sphinxes before their temples, to declare thereby, that the doctrine concerning God is enigmatical and obscure." Notwithstanding which, we acknowledge, that the same Clemens gives another interpretation also of these Sphinxes, or conjecture concerning them, which may not be unworthy to be here read: ... "but perhaps the meaning of those Egyptian Sphinxes might be also to signify, that the Deity ought both to be loved and feared; to be loved as benign and propitious to the holy, but to be feared as inexorably just to the impious, the Sphinx being made up of the image both of a man and a lion." Moreover, besides these Sphinxes, the Egyptians had also Harpocrates and Sigalions in their temples, which are thus described by the poet:

Quique premunt vocem, digitoque silentia suadent [*sic*]

[Ovid, *Metamorph.* ix, 693], they being the statues of young men, pressing their lips with their fingers.'

When Synesius speaks of Hermes, can he be thinking of this Harpocrates described by Plutarch in *Isis and Osiris*, lxviii, p. 378 C?: *οὔτε θεὸν ἀτελῆ καὶ νήπιον.... ἀλλὰ τοῦ περὶ θεῶν ἐν ἀνθρώποις λόγου νεαροῦ καὶ ἀτελοῦς καὶ ἀδιαρθρώτου προστάτην καὶ σωφρονιστήν· διὸ τῷ στόματι τὸν δάκτυλον ἔχει προσκείμενον ἐχεμυθίας καὶ σιωπῆς σύμβολον.* Cf. *ibid.* lxv.

Page 116, l. 14. *the 'instruments.'* The word *organon* (ὄργανον, Latin *organum*), which meant a tool, came to have a derived meaning in Plato and Aristotle. The logical works of Aristotle were called collectively ὄργανον. So Francis Bacon gave the title *Novum Organum* to his great work, i.e. a new instrument (viz. induction) with which to attack scientific problems. I will give some of the most important passages in Plato and Aristotle where the word is used. Plato in the *Cratylus* (388 A), when discussing the function of names of things in language in general, speaks of the name as an instrument used well or badly by the teacher, *ὄργανον ἆρα τί ἐστι καὶ τὸ ὄνομα*; in 389 C he says that this applies to other instru-

ments, *περὶ τῶν ἄλλων δὴ ὀργάνων ὁ αὐτὸς τρόπος*. For further use of the word cf. *Theaetetus* (185 D), where in attempting to answer the question through what part of the body the soul perceives likeness and unlikeness, sameness and difference, odd and even numbers, &c., Theaetetus says that these concepts have no such special *organ* of their own as do the sense percepts. Speaking of these concepts, Socrates puts the question beginning: (185 B) *ταῦτα δὴ πάντα διὰ τίνος περὶ αὐτοῖν διανοεῖ; οὔτε γὰρ δι' ἀκοῆς οὔτε δι' ὄψεως κτλ.* Theaetetus replies: *δῆλον ... ἄρτιόν τε καὶ περιττὸν ἐρωτᾷς ... διὰ τίνος ποτὲ τῶν τοῦ σώματος τῇ ψυχῇ αἰσθανόμεθα. ... ἔγωγ' οὐκ ἂν ἔχοιμι εἰπεῖν, πλήν γ' ὅτι μοι δοκεῖ τὴν ἀρχὴν οὐδ' εἶναι τοιοῦτον οὐδὲν τούτοις ὄργανον ἴδιον, ὥσπερ ἐκείνοις κτλ.*

The sense of instruments for good and evil is found in *Menexenus*, 249 A *ὄργανα τῆς πατρῴας ἀρετῆς διδοῦσα*. It is rather in this sense that Synesius uses the word.

Of Aristotle we may compare *Nicomachean Ethics* (1099^a 32—1099^b 26). It is clear that Synesius had these passages before his eye. Krabinger calls attention in this connexion to the following in Plato: *Euthydemus*, 281 C; *Meno*, 87 D; *Leges*, 632 B (Hauck, p. 57). The passages from the *Nic. Eth.* are as follows:

(1) *ἀδύνατον γὰρ ἢ οὐ ῥᾴδιον τὰ καλὰ πράττειν ἀχορήγητον ὄντα. πολλὰ μὲν γὰρ πράττεται, καθάπερ δι' ὀργάνων, διὰ φίλων καὶ πλούτου καὶ πολιτικῆς δυνάμεως.*

(2) *εἴρηται γὰρ ψυχῆς ἐνέργεια κατ' ἀρετὴν ποιά τις. τῶν δὲ λοιπῶν ἀγαθῶν τὰ μὲν ὑπάρχειν ἀναγκαῖον, τὰ δὲ συνεργὰ καὶ χρήσιμα πέφυκεν ὀργανικῶς.*

Topicorum, Lib. VIII, cap. 14, 163^b 9: *πρός τε γνῶσιν καὶ τὴν κατὰ φιλοσοφίαν φρόνησιν τὸ δύνασθαι συνορᾶν καὶ συνεωρακέναι τὰ ἀφ' ἑκατέρας συμβαίνοντα τῆς ὑποθέσεως οὐ μικρὸν ὄργανον.*

Cf. Plato, *Soph.* 235 B: *τινι τῶν ἐν τοῖς λόγοις περὶ τὰ τοιαῦτα ὀργάνων*, i.e. the *devices* (implements) we use in arguments. But the word may be here used as in Plato, *Rep.* 508 B: *τῶν περὶ τὰς αἰσθήσεις ὀργάνων.*

Problemata, 955^b 22: *διὰ τί πρεσβύτεροι μὲν γινόμενοι μᾶλλον νοῦν ἔχομεν, νεώτεροι δὲ ὄντες θᾶττον μανθάνομεν; ἢ ὅτι ὁ θεὸς ὄργανα ἐν ἑαυτοῖς ἡμῖν δέδωκε δύο, ἐν οἷς χρησόμεθα τοῖς ἐκτοῖς ὀργάνοις, σώματι μὲν χεῖρα, ψυχῇ δὲ νοῦν; ἔστι γὰρ καὶ ὁ νοῦς τῶν φύσει ἐν ἡμῖν ὥσπερ ὄργανον ὑπάρχων.*

De Part. Animal. 694^{b} 13: *τὰ δ' ὄργανα πρὸς τὸ ἔργον ἡ φύσις ποιεῖ, ἀλλ' οὐ τὸ ἔργον πρὸς τὰ ὄργανα.*

Topica, 105^{a} 21. 18: *τὰ δὲ ὄργανα, δι' ὧν εὐπορήσομεν τῶν συλλογισμῶν καὶ τῶν ἐπαγωγῶν, ἐστὶ τέτταρα κτλ.*

Page 117, l. 1. *grasps the essence of God.* Cf. Seneca, *De Beneficiis*, iv. 7. 2. 'Quaecumque voles illi nomina proprie aptabis ... tot appellationes eius possunt esse quot munera', i.e. 'You may give Him whatsoever names you please. There may be as many names of Him as there are gifts and effects of His.' See Cudworth, ii. 59.

Page 117, l. 3. *desire to touch Him.* Cf. Olympiodorus (*In Plat. Phaed.* B. μ'93, ed. Norvin): *ὅτι δι' ὁμοιότητος ἡ συναφή· διὸ ὁ σοφός τε καὶ ἀγαθός, ὅ ἐστιν ὁ φιλόσοφος, ἀρετῇ καὶ ἐπιστήμῃ κεκοσμημένος τῇ ἐγαθότητι καὶ τῇ σοφίᾳ συνάπτεται τῶν θεῶν.*

Page 117, l. 4. *you may call Him ... the Creative Father.* Cf. Philo quoted in Eusebius (*Preparation*), Bk. VIII, cap. 14 'There is no form of address with which a king can more appropriately be saluted than the name of father; for what, in human relationship, parents are to their children, that also sovereigns are to their states, and God towards the world, having adapted these two most beautiful things by the unchanging laws of nature ... namely, the authority of the leader with the anxious care of the relation.'

Page 117, l. 6. *calling Him King*, &c. Cudworth, *Intellectual System*, vol. ii, p. 137, quotes Dio Chrysostom as using these epithets for the Deity: *τὸν κοινὸν ἀνθρώπων καὶ θεῶν βασιλέα τε καὶ ἄρχοντα, καὶ πρύτανιν, καὶ πατέρα ... τὸν κορυφαῖον προεστῶτα τῶν ὅλων ... τὸν τοῦ ξύμπαντος ἡγεμόνα οὐρανοῦ*, &c.

Page 118, l. 8. *as if I had set up a statue.* The simile of the statue is used by Plato in reference to the ideal state described in the *Republic*, 420C: 'Suppose that we were painting a statue and some one came up to us and said, Why do you not put the most beautiful colours on the most beautiful parts of the body—the eyes ought to be purple, but you have made them black—to him we might fairly answer, Sir, you would

not surely have us beautify the eyes to such a degree that they are no longer eyes; consider rather whether, by giving this and the other features their due proportion, we make the whole beautiful. And so I say to you, do not compel us to assign to the guardians a sort of happiness which will make them anything but guardians', &c. Synesius, evidently inspired by this passage, proceeds to describe the various portions of the duties allotted to a king, and calls his representation a statue that he is modelling. Plato returns to the same simile in the *Politicus*, 277 A: '. . . in my judgement the figure of the king is not yet perfected; like statuaries who, in their too great haste, having overdone several parts of their works, lose time in cutting them down, so too we, partly out of haste . . . and also because we imagined that a king required grand illustrations, have taken up a marvellous lump of fable and have been obliged to use more than was necessary.'

Page 118, l. 22. *establish a monarchy in his soul.* This phrase and the thought underlying it are again obviously inspired by Plato's *Republic*. Cf. *Rep.* 576 E: 'Tyranny is the wretchedest form of government, and the rule of a king the happiest.' On the same page he has already said that 'as state is to state in virtue and happiness, so is man in relation to man'. The conception throughout in the *Republic* is that true kingship is the rule of the higher moral forces over the lower and the subjection of the absolutely evil forces in the soul; that the soul of man is a microcosm of the state. Cf. Shakespeare, *Julius Caesar*, Act II, Scene i, line 67:

> And the state of man,
> Like to a little kingdome, suffers then
> The nature of an insurrection.

The drift of the long argument in the *Republic* is to show that the state is only the expansion of the self-government of the individual. The conclusion is pithily expressed in p. 592 A, where Socrates, in answer to Glaucon's objection that the 'just man' such as he describes will never be a statesman, replies: 'By the dog he will! In the city which is his own he certainly will, though in the city of his birth perhaps not, unless he have a divine call.' (See the Greek on page 197.)

Page 118, l. 25. *We are, I think, a ... animal more extraordinary than the hydra.* Dio Chrysostom tells a tale of a multiform monster that dwelt in uninhabited parts of Libya (*Or.* v, *De Regno*, 5, vol. i, p. 80, ed. von Arnim): *θηρίων . . . τι γένος χαλεπὸν καὶ ἄγριον . . . ἐν τοῖς ἀοικήτοις τῆς Λιβύης. ἦδε γὰρ ἡ χώρα καὶ νῦν ἔτι δοκεῖ παντοδαπὰς φέρειν ζῴων φύσεις.* He describes this race of animal as having the face of a beautiful woman—*τὸ μὲν πρόσωπον γυναικεῖον εὐειδοῦς γυναικός*—the breast and neck also, but the lower part of the body, he says, is hard and scaly and terminates in a snake—*τὸ δὲ λοιπὸν σῶμα σκληρόν τε καὶ ἄρρηκτον φολίσι, καὶ τὸ κάτω πᾶν ὄφις.* Unlike the sphinxes, they have no wings. Synesius refers often to the compound nature of the sphinx, and perhaps has some thought of this fabled beast of the Libyan desert. In Horace's time, as in his, Numidia seems to have been the land of portentous animals. Cf. Ode i. 22, 13 'quale portentum . . . nec Iubae tellus generat'.

Page 119, l. 3. *destroying the mob rule ... of the passions.* Here again he is following Plato's *Republic*. He has just spoken, a few lines above, of the hydra. This idea is found in the *Republic*, p. 588 B ff., where, speaking of the tyrant whom he always describes as the creation of mob rule, Socrates says: 'Let us make an image of the soul, that he may have his own words presented before his eyes.'

'Of what sort?'

'An ideal image of the soul, like the composite creations of ancient mythology, such as the Chimera or Scylla or Cerberus .... Then do you now model the form of a multitudinous, many-headed monster, having a ring of heads of all manner of beasts, tame and wild, which he is able to generate and metamorphose at will.'

Again, we find the simile of the beast in the *Republic*, 493 A: 'I might compare them (i.e. those mercenary individuals) to a man who should study the tempers and desires of a mighty strong beast who is fed by him—he would learn how to approach and handle him; also at what times and from what causes he is dangerous or the reverse; and what is the meaning of his several cries; and by what sounds, when another utters them, he is soothed or infuriated; and you may suppose further that when, by continually attending upon him, he has become perfect

in all this, he calls his knowledge wisdom, and makes of it a system or art, which he proceeds to teach, although he has no real notion of what he means by the principles or passions of which he is speaking, but calls this honourable and that dishonourable, or good or evil, or just or unjust, all in accordance with the tastes and tempers of the great brute. Good he pronounces to be that in which the beast delights and evil to be that which he dislikes; and he can give no other account of them except that the just and noble are the necessary, having never himself seen, and having no power of explaining to others, the nature of either or the difference between them, which is immense. By heaven, would not such an one be an outrageous educator?' In general the comparison of the unrestrained passions in an individual to the turbulence and irresponsibility of the mob is fairly common in Plato.

Page 119, l. 24. *wishes to placate the creature one part at a time.* This again is reminiscent of the long passage quoted above and the thought that such a man is never in agreement with himself.

Page 119, l. 29. *Well I know,* &c. Cf. Romans vii. 19, 20: *οὐ γὰρ ὃ θέλω ποιῶ ἀγαθόν, ἀλλὰ ὃ οὐ θέλω κακὸν τοῦτο πράσσω . . . .*

Page 119, l. 32. *a very kingly thing . . . not to rule over many myriads . . . while you are . . . a slave . . . of pleasure.* Cf. Isocrates, *Ad Nicoclen*, p. 20: *ἄρχε σαυτοῦ μηδὲν ἧττον ἢ τῶν ἄλλων, καὶ τοῦθ' ἡγοῦ βασιλικώτατον, ἂν μηδεμιᾷ δουλεύῃς τῶν ἡδονῶν, ἀλλὰ κρατῇς τῶν ἐπιθυμιῶν μᾶλλον ἢ τῶν πολιτῶν.*

Page 120, l. 1. *the rule over yourself,* etc. *αὐτὸν ἑαυτοῦ βασιλεύειν* is the phrase used by Synesius. Cf. Plato, *Republic*, 592 A: *Οὐκ ἄρα,* ἔφη, *τά γε πολιτικὰ ἐθελήσει πράττειν, ἐάνπερ τούτου κήδηται. Νὴ τὸν κύνα,* ἦν δ' ἐγώ, *ἔν γε τῇ ἑαυτοῦ πόλει καὶ μάλα . . . .* Dio Chrysostom (*Or.* xlii. 1, ed. von Arnim, vol. ii, p. 142) touches the same note: *καὶ μὴν εἴ τις ἑνὸς ἀνδρὸς οὐχ οἷός τε ἄρχειν ἐστί, καὶ τούτου σφόδρα ἐγγὺς ὄντος, ᾧ δὴ ξύνεστιν, οὐδὲ αὖ μίαν ψυχὴν κατευθύνειν τὴν αὑτοῦ, πῶς ἂν δύναιτο βασιλεύειν μυριάδων ἀναριθμήτων πανταχοῦ διεσπαρμένων, ὥσπερ σύ, καὶ*

πολλῶν γε οἰκούντων ἐπὶ πέρασι γῆς, ὧν οὐδὲ ἑώρακε τοὺς πλείστους οὐδ' ἂν ἴδοι ποτὲ οὐδὲ τῆς φωνῆς ξυνήσει;

Page 120, l. 8. *friends, with no shade of irony.* These passages in the address remind one a little of Xenophon. In his portrait of Cyrus (*Anabasis*, i. 9, 20) he extols his power of making friends devoted to him and his interests: *φίλους γε μὴν ὅσους ποιήσαιτο, καὶ εὔνους γνοίη ὄντας καὶ ἱκανοὺς κρίνειε συνεργοὺς εἶναι ὅ τι τυγχάνοι βουλόμενος κατεργάζεσθαι, ὁμολογεῖται πρὸς πάντων κράτιστος δὴ γενέσθαι θεραπεύειν. καὶ γὰρ αὐτὸ τοῦτο οὕνεκα φίλων ᾤετο δεῖσθαι, ὡς συνεργοὺς ἔχοι, καὶ αὐτὸς ἐπειρᾶτο συνεργὸς τοῖς φίλοις κράτιστος εἶναι τούτου ὅτου αἰσθάνοιτο ἕκαστον ἐπιθυμοῦντα.* Again in *Hiero* he makes the tyrant of Syracuse deplore the lot of the autocrat to his friend the poet Simonides (iii. 1–6), insisting on the difficulty of their ever enjoying the precious possession of friendship: *φιλίας δ' αὖ καταθέασαι ὡς κοινωνοῦσιν οἱ τύραννοι. πρῶτον μὲν εἰ μέγα ἀγαθὸν ἀνθρώποις ἡ φιλία, τοῦτο ἐπισκεψώμεθα. . . . τοσοῦτον δέ τι ἀγαθὸν κρίνω ἔγωγε τὸ φιλεῖσθαι εἶναι, ὥστε νομίζω τῷ ὄντι αὐτόματα τἀγαθὰ τῷ φιλουμένῳ γίγνεσθαι καὶ παρὰ θεῶν καὶ παρὰ ἀνθρώπων. καὶ τούτου τοίνυν τοῦ κτήματος τοιούτου ὄντος μειονεκτοῦσιν οἱ τύραννοι πάντων μάλιστα.*

A few lines further down Synesius returns to his warning against flattery (cf. c. 1) in the phrase *μὴ λάθῃ παρεισδῦσα κολακεία, τὸ φιλίας πρόσωπον περικειμένη.*

Aristotle (*Magna Moralia*, 1193[a] 20) defines friendship as being midway between flattery and hatred: *φιλία δ' ἐστὶ μεσότης κολακείας καὶ ἔχθρας, ἔστι δε περὶ πράξεις καὶ λόγους. ὁ μὲν γὰρ κόλαξ ἐστὶν ὁ πλείω τῶν προσηκόντων καὶ ὄντων προστιθείς, ὁ δὲ ἀπεχθητικὸς ἐχθρὸς καὶ τῶν ὑπαρχόντων περιαιρῶν. οὐδέτερος οὖν ὀρθῶς ἐπαινετός ἐστιν, ὁ δε φίλος ἀνὰ μέσον τούτων· οὔτε γὰρ πλείω τῶν ὑπαρχόντων προσθήσει, οὔτ' ἐπαινέσει τὰ μὴ προσήκοντα, οὔτ' αὖ πάλιν ἐλάττω ποιήσει, οὔτε πάντως ἐναντιώσεται παρὰ τὸ δοκοῦν αὐτῷ. ὁ μὲν οὖν φίλος τοιοῦτος.* Cf. *Moralia Eud.* 1233[b] 30. In *Politics* we find (1314[a] 1): *καὶ γὰρ διὰ τοῦτο πονηρόφιλον ἡ τυραννίς· κολακευόμενοι γὰρ χαίρουσιν, τοῦτο οὐδ' ἂν εἷς ποιήσειε φρόνημα ἔχων ἐλεύθερον, ἀλλὰ φιλοῦσιν οἱ ἐπιεικεῖς ἢ οὐ κολακεύουσιν.* Cf. *Ethica Nicomachea*, 1173[b] 31: *ἐμφανίζειν δὲ δοκεῖ καὶ ὁ φίλος, ἕτερος ὢν τοῦ κόλακος. οὐκ οὖσαν ἀγαθὸν τὴν ἡδονὴν ἢ διαφόρους εἶδει· ὁ μὲν γὰρ πρὸς*

τἀγαθὸν ὁμιλεῖν δοκεῖ, ὁ δὲ πρὸς ἡδονήν, καὶ τῷ μὲν ὀνειδίζεται, τὸν δ' ἐπαινοῦσιν ὡς πρὸς ἕτερα ὁμιλοῦντα.

Plato (*Leges*, 633 C, D) had already asked whether courage was not the struggle against pleasure and flattery: *τὴν ἀνδρίαν δέ, φέρε, τί θῶμεν; πότερον ἁπλῶς οὕτως εἶναι πρὸς φόβους καὶ λύπας διαμάχην μόνον, ἢ καὶ πρὸς πόθους τε καὶ ἡδονὰς καί τινας δεινὰς θωπείας κολακικάς, αἳ καὶ τῶν σεμνῶν οἰομένων εἶναι τοὺς θυμοὺς ποιοῦσιν κηρίνους.*

In Aristotle's conception of friendship as intermediary between flattery and enmity one seems to detect an echo of the doctrine of Empedocles, i. e. the struggle between love and discord as a creative force in the universe, although Aristotle repudiates this theory (*De Gen. et Corrup.* 334[a] 5): *ἅμα δὲ καὶ τὸν κόσμον ὁμοίως ἔχειν φησὶν* (i.e. *Ἐμπεδοκλῆς*) *ἐπί τε τοῦ νείκους νῦν καὶ πρότερον ἐπὶ τῆς φιλίας. τί οὖν ἐστὶ τὸ κινοῦν πρῶτον καὶ αἴτιον τῆς κινήσεως; οὐ γὰρ δὴ ἡ φιλία καὶ τὸ νεῖκος . . . κτλ.*

But Aristotle seems to deny the possibility of true friendship existing for gods or kings, inasmuch as friendship is founded on equality, nor could it exist between a master and slave; cf. *Eth. Nic.* 1158[b] (cap. viii): *Εἰσὶ δ' οὖν αἱ εἰρημέναι φιλίαι ἐν ἰσότητι . . .* (*ibid.* l. 33) *. . . ἐὰν πολὺ διάστημα γένηται ἀρετῆς ἢ κακίας ἢ εὐπορίας ἢ τινος ἄλλου· οὐ γὰρ ἔτι φίλοι εἰσίν . . . ἐμφανέστατον δὲ τοῦτο ἐπὶ τῶν θεῶν· πλεῖστον γὰρ οὗτοι πᾶσι τοῖς ἀγαθοῖς ὑπερέχουσιν. δῆλον δὲ καὶ ἐπὶ τῶν βασιλέων· οὐδὲ γὰρ τούτοις ἀξιοῦσιν εἶναι φίλοι οἱ πολὺ καταδεέστεροι, οὐδὲ τοῖς ἀρίστοις ἢ σοφωτάτοις οἱ μηδενὸς ἄξιοι.*

Aristotle's conclusions are obviously not favourable to the views expressed here by Synesius as to the king needing a friend to lean upon. This was not the opinion, however, of Dio Chrysostom, the writer whom he admired most of the later-day Greek philosophers. Dio (*De Cont., Or.* xlviii. 22, ed. von Arnim; vol. ii, p. 86) speaks in terms of confidence concerning his intimacy and friendship with the emperor Trajan: *συνηθείας οὔσης μοι πρὸς τὸν αὐτοκράτορα, ἴσως δὲ καὶ φιλίας, καὶ πρὸς ἄλλους πολλοὺς τοὺς δυνατωτάτους σχεδόν τι Ῥωμαίων.*

Fronto also seems satisfied with his friendship for emperors. Writing to Antoninus Pius, he exhorts the Emperor to join him in following those things which are in accordance with the simplicity of their friendship: 'Res autem istas . . . veras et congruentes simplicitati nostrae

amicitiae, semper adsequamur' (Fronto, *Ep.* Ambr. 345, ed. Loeb, vol. i, p. 258).

Again, M. Caesar to Fronto (*ibid.*, Ambr. 102, ed. Loeb vol. i, p. 136) quotes these lines from Plautus (*Colax*):

> Qui data fide firmata fidentem fefellerunt,
> Subdoli subsentatores, regi qui sunt proximi,
> Qui aliter regi dictis dicunt, aliter in animo habent.

Cf. Loeb Library, *Fronto*, vol. i, p. 136, and Dio Chrysostom, *Or.* i, *De Regno*, 25, vol. i, p. 5, ed. von Arnim: *τοὺς δὲ προσιόντας καὶ ὁρῶντας οὐκ ἔκπληξις οὐδὲ φόβος, ἀλλ' αἰδὼς ὕπεισι, πολὺ κρεῖττον καὶ ἰσχυρότερον φόβου· τοὺς μὲν γὰρ φοβουμένους ἀνάγκη μισεῖν καὶ ἀποδρᾶναι θέλειν, τοὺς δὲ αἰδουμένους παραμένειν καὶ θαυμάζειν.*

Further, Dio (*Or.* iii, *De Regno*, 86, vol. i, p. 48) praises friendship as follows: *φιλίαν γε μὴν ἁπάντων νενόμικε τῶν αὐτοῦ κτημάτων κάλλιστον καὶ ἱερώτατον. οὐ γὰρ οὕτως αἰσχρὸν εἶναι . . . οὐδὲ ἐπικίνδυνον χρημάτων ἐπορεῖν ὡς φίλων, οὐδ' ἂν οὕτως τῇ χορηγίᾳ καὶ τοῖς στρατοπέδοις καὶ τῇ ἄλλῃ δυνάμει διαφυλάττειν τὴν εὐδαιμονίαν ὡς τῇ πίστει τῶν φίλων. . . . τοῖς δὲ βασιλεῦσιν ὅσῳ πλείω τε καὶ μείζω πράττειν ἀνάγκη, πλειόνων δεῖ καὶ τῶν συνεργούντων καὶ μετ' εὐνοίας πλείονος.*

Page 120, l. 12. *the friend at his side.* In the fourth century, as in the third and indeed in all the days of the later Roman Empire, friendship amongst men was made a cult of. One only has to read the letters of the Emperor Julian, and many of those of Synesius himself, or of Libanius, or of Procopius, and to compare them with such letters as we possess of the golden age of Greek literature—of Isocrates, Demosthenes, or Aeschines, to see to what extent the sentimental conception of friendship existed in the Roman Empire. It is perhaps in the letters of Cicero that we notice the strain for the first time.

Page 120, l. 20. *'Far from Zeus and his thunderbolt.'* 'Maiorne esse poterit spes nostra in palatio, quam ut amici imperatoris simus? et ibi quid non fragile plenumque periculis? et per quot pericula pervenitur ad grandius periculum?' (St. Augustine, *Confessiones*, viii. 6 § 15.)

Page 120, l. 30. *intercourse with his friends.* Cf. Philo, *Quis Rerum Divinarum Heres*, ed. Cohn-Wendland, cap. 6, 21 (p. 476 M) *παρρησία*

δὲ φιλίας συγγενές· ἐπεὶ πρὸς τίνα ἄν τις ἢ πρὸς τὸν ἑαυτοῦ φίλον παρρησιάσαιτο;' This is another of the instances in this address where Synesius seems to echo Philo. Cf. notes on pp. 184 f., 204.

Page 121, l. 6. *that flattery may not secretly slip in.* Dio Chrysostom, addressing the Emperor Trajan (*Or.* iii. 2, vol. i, p. 34, ed. von Arnim), compliments him on regarding flattery with contempt: ἐγὼ δέ, ὦ γενναῖε αὐτοκράτορ, παραγέγονά σοι, καὶ τυχὸν οὐδενὸς ἧττον ἔμπειρός εἰμι τῆς σῆς φύσεως, ὅτι τυγχάνεις χαίρων ἀληθείᾳ καὶ παρρησίᾳ μᾶλλον ἢ θωπείᾳ καὶ ἀπάτῃ. Cf. ibid. 17–19, vol. i, p. 36, ed. von Arnim: πασῶν γάρ, ὡς ἔπος εἰπεῖν, τῶν κακιῶν αἰσχίστην τις ἂν εὕροι τὴν κολακείαν. πρῶτον μὲν γὰρ τὸ κάλλιστον καὶ δικαιότατον διαφθείρει, τὸν ἔπαινον, ὥστε μηκέτι δοκεῖν πιστὸν μηδὲ ἀληθῶς γιγνόμενον, καὶ τό γε πάντων δεινότατον, τὰ τῆς ἀρετῆς ἔπαθλα τῇ κακίᾳ δίδωσιν. . . τῷ δὲ ἄφρονι πάντας ὑπερβέβληκεν ὁ κόλαξ. μόνος γὰρ τῶν ἀφανιζόντων τὴν ἀλήθειαν πρὸς ἐκείνους θαρρεῖ τὰ ψευδῆ λέγειν τοὺς μάλιστα εἰδότος ὅτι ψεύδεται.

Page 121, l. 8. *flattery enters, unless the place be . . . defended.* Here again the simile is that of the *Republic*. Compare p. 560 B: 'At length they (i.e. his old associates and flatterers) seize upon the citadel of the young man's soul, which they perceive to be void of all accomplishments and fair pursuits and true words, which make their abode in the minds of men who are dear to the gods and are their best guardians and sentinels. . . . And if any help be sent by his friends to the administrative part of him, the aforesaid vain conceits shut the gate of the king's fastness; and they will not allow the embassy itself to enter . . . .'

Page 121, l. 12. *Cyrus . . . and Agesilaus.* These are Xenophon's heroes, and probably of all the Athenian writers who, like Plato, show a vein of admiration for the institutions of Persia and Sparta.

Page 121, l. 18. *his soldiers, second friends these, . . .* &c. Cf. Dio Chrysostom, *Or.* i, *De Regno*, 20–22, vol. i, p. 4: ἀλλὰ γὰρ ἀνάγκη τὸν ἥμερον καὶ φιλάνθρωπον βασιλέα μὴ μόνον φιλεῖσθαι ὑπ' ἀνθρώπων, ἀλλὰ καὶ φρᾶσθαι. . . . οὐκοῦν μόνῳ ἔξεστιν αὐτῷ τοὺς μὲν στρατιώτας συστρατιώτας

προσειπεῖν, τοὺς δὲ συνήθεις φίλους, μὴ καταγελῶντα τοῦ ὀνόματος τῆς φιλίας.

Page 122, l. 15. *Plato . . . likens them most to the dog.* This is taken from *Republic*, p. 376: 'And surely this instinct of the dog is very charming—your dog is a true philosopher . . . because he distinguishes the face of a friend and of an enemy only by the criterion of knowing and not knowing.' Speaking of the guardians, p. 375, he says: 'Is not the noble youth very like a well-bred dog, in respect of guarding and watching?' This follows upon his remarking that 'it will be our duty to select, if we can, natures which are fitted for the task of guarding the city . . . they ought to be dangerous to their enemies, and gentle to their friends . . . . He will not be a good guardian who is wanting in either of these two qualities.'

Page 122, l. 20. *The king will benefit by this close intercourse.* The picture of all this side of the duties of the military king is drawn in Xenophon's *Cyropaedia*, in which he makes a great point of the intimacy that must be kept alive by the king with his soldiers. Synesius here makes play with the authority of Homer, quoting lines from the thirteenth book of the *Iliad*, although the case for an intimacy between the Homeric king and the units that composed his force is not very convincingly made out.

Page 122, l. 29. *call up and exhort any of the veterans.* Synesius is quite in the Hellenic tradition here in placing a great importance on military speeches.

Onasander, writing in the first century A.D., gives a high place, in analysing the qualities of a perfect general, to his faculty of speaking to his troops (*Στρατηγικός*, i. 13, Loeb Library, *Aeneas Tacticus, &c.*, p. 379). 'The general must be', he says, 'a ready speaker; for I believe that the greatest benefit can accrue . . . only through this gift. For if a general is drawing up his men before battle, the encouragement of his words makes them despise the danger and covet the honour; and a trumpet-call resounding in the ears does not so effectively awaken the soul to the conflict of battle as a speech that urges to strenuous valour rouses the martial spirit to confront danger. . . . No city at all will put

an army in the field without generals nor choose a general who lacks the ability to make an effective speech.'

But Synesius desires more than the making of speeches. He calls upon the emperor to know his troops personally. In quoting from Homer, as an example, he forgets that the army of the *Iliad* was a mythical army of heroes, largely at least composed of nobles and chiefs of tribes whose ancestries would be known to Agamemnon and the other leaders.

In this connexion Oldfather, in the interesting translation of Onasander quoted above, calls attention to the passage in the ninth book of the *Iliad* (ix. 442) where the aged Phoenix bursts into tears in his despair at the fire which threatens to destroy the Greek fleet, and notes the obstinacy of Achilles in refusing to come to the rescue. Phoenix reminds the leader of the Myrmidons how that Peleus sent for him to conduct his son to Agamemnon when a mere child and to make him a speaker of words as well as a doer of deeds:

> τοὔνεκά με προέηκε διδασκέμεναι τάδε πάντα,
> μύθων τε ῥητῆρ' ἔμεναι πρηκτῆρά τε ἔργων.

One might almost say after reading the *Iliad* that the rhetorician and the orator had been first born in the camp or on the battle-field. Phoenix reminds Achilles in the same speech (*ibid.* 496) that even the gods can be turned from their purpose:

> ἀλλ', Ἀχιλεῦ, δάμασον θυμὸν μέγαν· οὐδέ τί σε χρὴ
> νηλεὲς ἦτορ ἔχειν· στρεπτοὶ δέ τε καὶ θεοὶ αὐτοί,
> τῶν περ καὶ μείζων ἀρετὴ τιμή τε βίη τε.

The speech of Phoenix is an admirable example of persuasive eloquence. Onasander again (*Στρατηγικός*, xiii) observes that '. . . the general should show himself to his soldiers, gay, cheerful, and undaunted. For the appearance of the leaders brings about a corresponding change in the minds of the subordinates, and if the general is cheerful and has a joyful look, the army also takes heart, believing that there is no danger. . . . On this account, the general must inspire cheerfulness in the army, more by the strategy of his facial expression (*τῷ σχήματι τοῦ προσώπου*) than by his words; . . . it is an excellent thing to understand

these two points, how to say the right word and how to show the right expression.'

Page 124, l. 8. *'Who knows'* &c. These verses, taken from *Iliad*, xv. 403, are not accurately quoted. The lines should read:

τίς δ' οἶδ' εἴ κέν οἱ σὺν δαίμονι θυμὸν ὄρίνω
παρειπών; ἀγαθὴ δὲ παραίφασίς ἐστιν ἑταίρου

Page 124, l. 20. *causes you to be cloistered.* Page 127, l. 6. *keeping your lairs like lizards.* To live behind a veil seems to have been a custom of the kings of Persia, if we can trust Xenophon, who in his *Agesilaus* (ix 1, 2) contrasts the way of life of the Spartan king with that of the Persian: *καὶ τὸν τρόπον ὑπεστήσατο τῇ τοῦ Πέρσου ἀλαζονείᾳ. πρῶτον μὲν γὰρ ὁ μὲν τῷ σπανίως ὁρᾶσθαι ἐσεμνύνετο, Ἀγησίλαος δὲ τῷ ἀεὶ ἐμφανὴς εἶναι ἠγάλλετο, νομίζων αἰσχρουργίᾳ μὲν τὸ ἀφανίζεσθαι πρέπειν, τῷ δὲ εἰς πάλλος βίῳ τὸ φῶς μᾶλλον κόσμον παρέχειν. ἔπειτα δὲ ὁ μὲν τῷ δυσπρόσοδος εἶναι ἐσεμνύνετο, ὁ δὲ τῷ πᾶσιν εὐπρόσοδος εἶναι ἔχαιρε.* This is a good illustration of the traditional view held by the Greeks of the institutions of the Persian court. In the same passage (§ 3) in the *Agesilaus* we have a reminder of Synesius' words: 'You deem it not kingly unless you exhibit luxury.' *τῷ μὲν γὰρ Πέρσῃ πᾶσαν γῆν περιάρχονται μαστεύοντες τί ἂν ἡδέως πίοι, μυρίοι δὲ τεχνῶνται τί ἂν ἡδέως φάγοι· ὅπως γε μὴν καταδάρθοι, οὐδ' ἂν εἴποι τις ὅσα πραγματεύονται.*

Page 125, l. 1. *dishonest bankers falsify coins.* Dio Chrysostom employs this metaphor in speaking of flatterers (*Or.* iii. 18, vol. i, p. 36, ed. von Arnim): *ὥστε πολὺ χεῖρον δρῶσι τῶν διαφθειρόντων τὸ νόμισμα· οἱ μὲν γὰρ ὕποπτον ποιοῦσι τὸ νόμισμα, οἱ δὲ τὴν ἀρετὴν ἄπιστον.*

Page 125, l. 3. *playing the buffoon with gestures.* This is reminiscent of Philo, *ad Gaium*, 7, §§ 43–4 '. . . you ought rather to surpass all other men in every action of your life as much as you surpass them in your good fortune, for it is unreasonable for the ruler of earth and sea to be subdued by a song, or by an exhibition of dancing, or by any ridiculous jest or suchlike, . . . and not on every occasion and in every place to remember your position as emperor.'

Page 128, l. 16. *a certain king.* Druon (p. 114) has already pointed out that Synesius committed a historical blunder in attributing the events he narrates to Carinus, who never made a campaign against the Parthians and who was, moreover, an example of vice rather than of virtue. The hero of the story in question was the emperor Marcus Aurelius Probus, who reigned from A.D. 276–82 and who distinguished himself by his military exploits and civic virtues alike.

Page 130, l. 17. *this very title of king.* It is noticeable that Dio Chrysostom (e.g. *Or.* iii. 2) addresses the Emperor Trajan as *ὦ γενναῖε αὐτοκράτορ*, whereas Synesius uses the less formal word *βασιλεύς*.

Page 131, l. 3. *a certain individual called king.* The 'King Archon' in Athens is spoken of by Demosthenes simply as 'king': *τῆς ἀσεβείας κατὰ ταῦτ' ἔστιν ἀπάγειν, γράφεσθαι, δικάζεσθαι πρὸς Εὐμολπίδας, φράζειν πρὸς τὸν βασιλέα* (*Contra Androtionem*, 601. 25). His chief function was concerned with crimes of sacrilege: cf. Andoc. *Myst* 77 f., Lys. *And.* 11.

Page 132, l. 17. *were the struggle for frugality.* This simplicity of life of the Spartan king is extolled by Xenophon. See *Agesilaus*, cap. 9: *Ἀγησίλαος διὰ τὸ φιλόπονος εἶναι πᾶν μὲν τὸ παρὸν ἡδέως ἔπινε, πᾶν δὲ τὸ συντυχὸν ἡδέως ἤσθιεν· εἰς δὲ τὸ ἀσμένως κοιμηθῆναι πᾶς τόπος ἱκανὸς αὐτῷ*. Crawford (p. 512) remarks that Synesius 'is full of Xenophon and Plutarch. . . . He laughs at the sophists for their academic discourses on Miltiades and Cimon; well might they deride him on his similar setting forth of Agesilaus and Epaminondas.' Dio Chrysostom (*Or.* xlix. 5, vol. ii, p. 95, ed. von Arnim) speaks of Epaminondas as a man who derived his political abilities from his philosophical training under the Pythagorean Lysis. In another speech he compares him to Aristides, Lycurgus, and Solon (*Or.* xxii, 2, vol. ii, p. 271, ed. von Arnim): *Ἀριστείδην μὲν γὰρ καὶ Λυκοῦργον καὶ Σόλωνα καὶ Ἐπαμεινώνδαν καὶ εἴ τις ἕτερος τοιοῦτος, φιλοσόφους ἐν πολιτείᾳ θετέον ἢ ῥήτορας κατὰ τὴν γενναίαν τε καὶ ἀληθῆ ῥητορικήν*.

Page 134, l. 19. *inflamed, as though it were a human body.* Polybius (i. 81 § 5) makes use of the same simile: 'Whoever makes reflection upon

these horrid cruelties will easily be convinced that if the human body is sometimes invaded by certain corrupt and ulcerous humours which resist all remedy, the minds of men are also not less liable to some disorders that prove as obstinate and fatal. And as in the former cases the very medicines which are designed to effect a cure often serve only to inflame and irritate the parts to which they are applied and even quicken the progress of the evil, yet on the other hand if the disease be totally neglected, the corruption soon spreads itself through all the neighbouring parts, infecting everything within its reach till the whole body becomes unsound. . . .'

Page 134, l. 22. *the sons of physicians.* Cf. Lucian, *Anacharsis*, 19: *οἷα πολλὰ ῥητόρων παῖδες . . . μηχανῶνται.* Plato, *Leges*, 769 B: *ὅ τι δή ποτε καλοῦσιν τὸ τοιοῦτον οἱ ζωγράφων παῖδες.*

Page 135, l. 3. *from their laughter . . . turned to tears.* Cf. Philo, *The Contemplative Life*, 73: 'I know well that some persons will laugh when they hear this, but they who laugh will be those who do things worthy of weeping and lamentation.' Cf. Isoc. *De Pace*, p. 168: *τοσούτῳ δὲ χείρους ἐσμὲν τῶν προγόνων, οὐ μόνον τῶν εὐδοκιμησάντων ἀλλὰ καὶ τῶν μισηθέντων, ὅσον ἐκεῖνοι μὲν εἰ πολεμεῖν πρός τινας ψηφίσαιντο, μεστῆς οὔσης ἀργυρίου καὶ χρυσίου τῆς ἀκροπόλεως, ὅμως ὑπὲρ τῶν δοξάντων τοῖς αὐτῶν σώμασιν ὥρουν δεῖν κινδυνεύειν, ἡμεῖς δ' εἰς τοσαύτην ἀπορίαν ἐληλυθότες καὶ τοσοῦτοι τὸ πλῆθος ὄντες ὥσπερ βασιλεὺς ὁ μέγας μισθωτοῖς χρώμεθα τοῖς στρατοπέδοις.*

Page 135, l. 26. *ashamed of all that has been sacred to the Romans.* Page 136, l. 7. *laugh the toga to scorn.* The account that Herodotus gives of the Scythians (iv. 76–82) is interesting in this connexion as showing the reputation they had in his time for their contempt of foreign institutions: *ξεινικοῖσι . . . οὗτοι αἰνῶς χρᾶσθαι φεύγουσι . . . Ἑλληνικοῖσι δὲ καὶ ἥκιστα.* He tells us legendary history to the point; how Anacharsis was shot by the Scythian king Saulius, who surprised him secretly performing the rites of the Mother of the Gods; and how Scyles, the king of Scythia, 'was in no wise content with the Scythian manner of life, and was much more inclined to Greek ways, from the bringing up which

he had received'. He accordingly, Herodotus tells us, was initiated secretly into the mysteries of Dionysus, but, this being discovered, a rising of the people against him took place; he fled to Thrace, where he was finally betrayed and was beheaded by his brother Octamasades, who had become king in his stead. 'So closely do the Scythians guard their usages', says Herodotus, 'and such penalties do they lay on those who add foreign customs to their own' (Godley's translation, Loeb).

Synesius speaks of the young Scythians at Constantinople and the Eastern Empire generally as *νεότητα πολλὴν ἑτερότροφον, ἔθεσιν ἰδίοις χρωμένην* (p. 1089 C, Migne). It would seem as if the national character of the Scythians had changed little since the days of Herodotus. Synesius is pointing out that there is a double danger to the empire in making them soldiers, first because they are inferior soldiers in any case, and secondly because they uncompromisingly cling to their own customs and do not amalgamate with the Roman state.

Page 136, l. 24. *the so-called Servile War.* Synesius may be thinking also of the difficulties that his own Lacedaemonian ancestors experienced with the Helots, in regard to whom their attitude was one of apprehension not unlike that which their descendant in the fifth century feels in the face of the Scythians. A passage in Thucydides is eloquent on this subject (Lib. IV, lxxx): 'Furthermore, the Lacedaemonians were glad to have an excuse for sending out some of the Helots. . . . Indeed, through fear of their youth and numbers—for in fact most of their measures have been adopted by the Lacedaemonians with a view to guarding against the Helots'—they had once even resorted to the following device. This device was to offer freedom to those who had rendered the greatest services in the war. 'About two thousand of them were selected, and these put crowns on their heads and made the rounds of the temples, as though they were already free, but the Spartans not long afterwards made away with them, and nobody ever knew in what way each one perished. So on the present occasion the Spartans gladly sent with Brasidas seven hundred Helots as hoplites. . . .' This was during the Peloponnesian war, in the sixth year, when the Athenians had surrounded a Spartan force at Pylos, i.e. 425. Long before this, in the year 464, the Spartans had drifted into a conflict with the Helots

who revolted and occupied Ithome, and the siege of this place lasted ten years, after which the Helots were forced to surrender. (Cf. Thucyd. lib. I, c. 101 seq.) The Athenians under Cimon came to the aid of the Spartans, but were soon dismissed from motives of jealousy, and this, according to Thucydides, was the first rift in the lute so far as the relations of Athens and Sparta were concerned. Synesius then had ample precedent in history for regarding as a great danger the possibility of a civil war fomented by alien slaves. The tigerish wrath displayed by the populace of Constantinople when Gainas' troops suddenly attempted to leave the city showed that the masses were fully alive to the danger.

Athenaeus (*Deipnosoph.* vi. 87) alludes to the danger of foreign slaves, speaking their own language, dwelling in a city: *οὐ γὰρ ὑγιὲς οὐδὲν ψυχῆς δούλης . . . χαλεπὸν οὖν τὸ κτῆμα ἔργῳ πολλάκις ἐπιδέδεικται περί τε τὰς Μεσσηνίων συχνὰς ἀποστάσεις καὶ περὶ τὰς τῶν ἐκ μιᾶς φωνῆς πολλοὺς οἰκέτας κτωμένων πόλεις ὅσα κακὰ συμβαίνει. . . .* There follows in cap. 88–9 in the same work an interesting account of the revolt of the Chian slaves under Drimacus. In cap. 103 Athenaeus estimates the number of slaves in Attica at four hundred thousand, on the strength of a census taken by Demetrius Phalereus in the 115th Olympiad and recorded by Ctesicles, and (in cap. 104) adds that the greater part worked the mines in chains; that at one time they put to death the guards, and after seizing the acropolis at Sunium, devastated the fields of Attica. He then speaks of the Servile War, and how Spartacus the gladiator escaped from Capua and persuaded a great body of slaves to join him in the revolt, &c.

Page 138, l. 4. *The old historians tell us that the Cimmerians . . . drove them from their settlements.* It is not clear to what historians Synesius alludes. Herodotus tells us that it was the Scythian who drove the Cimmerian from his country. He refers to this three times. The Scythians, according to a legend which he recounts (iv. 11 seq.), moved against the Cimmerians, but as the latter were not agreed amongst themselves as to what policy to pursue, a civil war broke out, resulting in the complete destruction of both armies engaged in it, and after this the Cimmerians abandoned their country to the Scythians. Again in vii. 20 he speaks of the magnitude of 'the host of the Scythians

when, in pursuit of the Cimmerians, they broke into Media and subdued and ruled well-nigh all the upper lands of Asia . . .'. In i. 15 also, in narrating the events of the life of Ardys, the son of Gyges, he tells us that 'He took the country of Priene and invaded Miletus; and it was while he was monarch of Sardis that the Cimmerians, driven from their homes by the nomad Scythians, came into Asia and took Sardis all but the citadel' (W. Godley).

He states in iv. 12 that the Cimmerians fled into Asia from the Scythians and made a colony on the peninsula where the city of Sinope stood in his time. As to the Amazons, Herodotus tells a fantastic story of their landing by the cliffs near the Maeotian lake in the country of the Scythians, and how the young Scythians approached them and made wives of them, after which they eventually crossed the river Tanais and founded the tribe of the Sauromatae (Herod. iv. 110–17). There is nothing said here about their driving the Scythians from the country.

Page 138, l. 29. *the barbarian does not understand*, &c. Dio Chrysostom seems to have had a better opinion of the Scythians of his own time. Cf. *Or.* lxix. 6 [ed. von Arnim, vol. ii, p. 176]: *Σκύθαι γοῦν οὐδὲν κωλύονται οἱ νομάδες μήτε οἰκίας ἔχοντες μήτε γῆν σπείροντες ἢ φυτεύοντες δικαίως καὶ κατὰ νόμους πολιτεύεσθαι.*

Page 141, l. 1. *'gentle as a father.'* Philo, quoted in Eusebius (*Praep. Evang.*, Bk. VIII, cap. 14) as follows: 'And there is no form of address with which a king can more appropriately be saluted than the name of father, for what in humanity parents are to their children, that also sovereigns are to their states and God towards the world' (Yonge, trans. vol. iv, p. 223). See page 194, above.

Page 142, l. 30 ff. *shameful . . . that none should enter competitions*, &c. Dio Chrysostom, in the *Isthmiaca* (*Or.* ix. 10–13 [ed. von Arnim, vol. i, p. 105]), draws a picture of Diogenes at the Isthmian games and represents him as asking why the crown of parsley should not be bestowed on the winners in moral contests and the like: *ἐπεὶ δὲ καὶ ἐστεφανώσατο τῆς πίτυος, πέμψαντες οἱ Κορίνθιοι τῶν ὑπηρετῶν τινας ἐκέλευον ἀπυθέσθαι τὸν στέφανον καὶ μηδὲν παράνομον ποιεῖν. ὁ δὲ ἤρετο αὐτοὺς διὰ τί παράνομόν ἐστιν αὐτὸν*

ἐστεφανῶσθαι τῆς πίτυος, ἄλλους δὲ οὐ παράνομον. εἶπεν οὖν τις αὐτῶν, Ὅτι οὐ νενίκηκας, ὦ Διόγενες. ὁ δέ, Πολλούς γε, εἶπεν, ἀνταγωνιστὰς καὶ μεγάλους, οὐχ οἷα ταῦτά ἐστι τὰ ἀνδράποδα τὰ νῦν ἐνταῦθα παλαίοντα καὶ δισκεύοντα καὶ τρέχοντα, τῷ παντὶ δὲ χαλεπωτέρους, πενίαν καὶ φυγὴν καὶ ἀδοξίαν, ἔτι δὲ ὀργήν τε καὶ λύπην καὶ ἐπιθυμίαν καὶ φόβον καὶ τὸ πάντων ἁμαχώτατον θηρίον, . . . ἡδονήν· ἣ οὐδεὶς οὔτε τῶν Ἑλλήνων οὔτε τῶν βαρβάρων ἀξιοῖ μάχεσθαι καὶ περιεῖναι τῇ ψυχῇ κρατήσας, ἀλλὰ πάντες ἥττηνται καὶ ἐπειρήκασι πρὸς τὸν ἀγῶνα τοῦτον . . . πλὴν ἐμοῦ. πότερον ὑμῖν ἄξιος δοκῶ τῆς πίτυος, ἢ λαβόντες αὐτὴν δώσετε τῷ πλείστων κρεῶν γέμοντι;

Page 145, l. 30. *you will quickly see many ashamed of the wealth*, &c. Dio Chrysostom, in the *Euboean*, to which Synesius refers with admiration in his *Dio*, touches somewhat the same note (*Or.* vii. 103–4 [ed. von Arnim, vol. i, p. 208]): *γεωργικοῦ μὲν δὴ πέρι καὶ κυνηγετικοῦ τε καὶ ποιμενικοῦ βίου τάδε πλείω διατριβὴν ἴσως παρασχόντα τοῦ μετρίου λελέχθω, προθυμουμένων ἡμῶν ἀμηγέπη δεῖξαι πενίαν ὡς οὐκ ἄπορον χρῆμα βίου καὶ ζωῆς πρεπούσης ἀνδράσιν ἐλευθέροις αὐτουργεῖν ἐθέλουσιν . . . εἶεν δή, περὶ τῶν ἐν ἄστει καὶ κατὰ πόλιν πενήτων σκεπτέον ἂν εἴη τοῦ βίου καὶ τῶν ἐργασιῶν, πῶς ἂν μάλιστα διάγοντες καὶ ποῖ' ἄττα μεταχειριζόμενοι δυνήσονται μὴ κακῶς ζῆν μηδὲ φαυλότερον τῶν δανειζόντων ἐπὶ τόκοις συχνοῖς.* Dio says that in this work he desires to give an example of how life may be passed decorously and in accordance with nature in poverty (*διὰ τὴν πενίαν πρὸς τὸ ζῆν εὐσχημόνως καὶ κατὰ φύσιν, ibid.* 81, p. 204).

Page 146, l. 13. *enamoured of Philosophy*. Cf. Isocrates, *Or.* ii. *ad Nicoclem*, p. 21: *ὅ τι ἂν ἀκριβῶσαι βουληθῇς ὧν ἐπίστασθαι προσήκει τοὺς βασιλέας, ἐμπειρίᾳ μέτιθι καὶ φιλοσοφίᾳ· τὸ μὲν γὰρ φιλοσοφεῖν τὰς ὁδοὺς σοι δείξει . . . .*

NOTES ON DIO

PHILOSTRATUS of Lemnos, sometimes described in antiquity as Philostratus of Tyre or of Athens, was not merely the biographer of the sophists, but their eulogist. Descended from a family of sophists in the island of Lemnos and born during the last third of the second century A.D., he wrote a work that might be described as a panegyric of all men who had, like himself, become distinguished in the rhetorician's career, but he includes under the designation of sophist such Athenian orators as Isocrates, Aeschines, and Antiphon. The philosopher has less importance in his eyes than the rhetorician. He was a protégé of the empress Julia Domna and her husband the emperor Septimius Severus. The empress spent much of her time at Antioch, where she surrounded herself with scientists and men of letters. An excellent *résumé* of what can be gathered as to the facts of his life will be found in Mrs. W. C. Wright's introduction to Philostratus' *Lives of the Sophists* in the Loeb Series.

Dio Chrysostom of Prusa, the subject of this essay, had a vast reputation in the second- and third-century days of the Roman Empire, and we can see from the terms in which Synesius speaks of him that this reputation had not waned in the fourth. 'As for Dio of Prusa,' says Philostratus, 'I do not know what one ought to call him, such was his excellence in all departments; for, as the proverb says, he was a "horn of Amalthea", since in him is compounded the noblest of all that has been most nobly expressed. His style has the ring of Demosthenes and Plato, but Dio has besides a peculiar resonance of his own . . . and it was combined with a serious and direct simplicity of expression. . . . That he had also a talent for writing history is proved by his *On the Getae*; he did in fact travel as far as the Getae during his wandering as an exile.'

He was born at Prusa, in Bithynia, about the middle of the first century A.D. He travelled a great deal, going from one town to another very much as did the sophists in the days of Plato. He visited Rhodes, Ilium Novum, and Egypt, coming back from time to time to his native city, where he married under the reign of Titus or Vespasian.

Owing, however, to the execution of a great friend of his in Rome (Flavius Sabinus, according to Emperius), he fell into disfavour at court and was exiled. Philostratus says, 'I cannot call his sojourn with the Getic tribes an exile, for he had not been ordered to go into exile.' Dio himself, in *Or.* xlv, 1, however, uses the word *φυγή*.

This expatriation, whatever may have been its origin, lasted fourteen years. He wandered about Greece, now no longer as the brilliant sophist surrounded by admirers of his eloquence, but disguised as a vagabond and unknown. In the school of adversity he had become a serious thinker instead of a specious rhetorician. It is to this change in his intellectual life that Synesius alludes. But after so many years of wandering (*τοσοῦτον χρόνον πλανηθείς*, as he expresses it in *Or.* xl. 2) the death of his enemy Domitian befell in the year 96. And here, according to Philostratus (*Vit. Sophist.* p. 488), a dramatic scene took place in one of his journeys near the Danube, for when he saw the garrison beginning to mutiny on receiving the news of the emperor's assassination, he stripped himself of his rags, like Odysseus at the climax of the Epic, and beginning his harangue with the famous verse (*Od.* xxii. 1)

αὐτὰρ ὁ γυμνώθη ῥακέων πολύμητις Ὀδυσσεύς,

'he revealed', says Philostratus, 'that he was no beggar, nor what they believed him to be, but Dio the sage: he delivered a spirited and energetic indictment of the tyrant, and convinced the soldiers that they would be wiser if they acted in accordance with the will of the Roman people.' After this he returned in triumph to Rome, where the new emperor, Nerva, received him with every mark of affection. But Dio, alas, fell ill at Rome, and Nerva died before accomplishing anything of importance for his friend. Fortune, however, smiled upon him from this time forth, and after returning to Prusa and taking up various public works there, he again after a time felt the old unrest possess him, and took again to travelling from one lecture hall to another, speaking before enthusiastic audiences at Tarsus, Alexandria, and many other places, not now as a sophist, but as a philosopher. Two of his speeches 'On Kingship' (*περὶ βασιλείας*) were delivered before the emperor Trajan. His admirer Synesius was perhaps stirred by his example when he wrote his address to the emperor Arcadius. It is to this latter part

of his life that his political speeches belong, and in these Dio appears more as a statesman than as a philosopher. In them he tries, and it would appear with a certain amount of success, to arrange difficulties that had arisen between various cities in Bithynia and elsewhere. This is only another evidence of the vitality of the Greek city, politically, under the Roman Empire; of the tradition of a former independence that these once autonomous states could never forget, and upon which I have insisted in the introduction to this volume as throwing light on the mentality of Synesius. 'These speeches,' says Maurice Croiset (*Histoire de la Littérature grecque*, v. 476), 'although less well known than the Moral Treatises, are greatly to his honour. In them he shows himself at once an honest man and a clever one. . . . Like Plutarch, he feels, and says with effect, that the best way for the Greeks of his time to lighten the strain of the Roman domination is to give it no cause for a harsh intervention in their affairs through useless political agitations.' The orations show Dio in the light of a patriotic Greek in whom the cultural elements of Hellenism had never become divorced from the political. The passionate lover of Plato and Demosthenes, bred in a still Greek city and speaking the language of the masters from his infancy, could scarcely free himself from the aspirations of an indestructible Hellas that is interwoven with all that they have written. It is easy to see why Dio was such a favourite author of Synesius. The one writer in the first and second centuries, and the other in the fourth and fifth, were at heart and perhaps unconsciously, Greeks of the golden age. What is admirable about them both is that, notwithstanding this, they showed themselves most loyal supporters of the Roman Empire.

Dio, like Synesius, was very frank and fearless when addressing an assembly of citizens. He takes the part of a critic quite freely, somewhat as his inspirer Demosthenes did before him. 'I would praise you more', he says in speaking to the people of Alexandria, 'if you spoke deliberately, if you could be silent, and if you thought rightly' (*Or.* xxxii. 2, ed. von Arnim, vol. i, p. 267). This faculty for telling his audiences blunt home truths was, however, conjoined with such great charm of personality that he succeeded in winning their applause even in his most caustic moments. 'The persuasive charm of the man', says Philostratus, 'was such as to captivate even men who were not versed in Greek

letters. An instance of this is that the emperor Trajan in Rome set him by his side on the golden chariot in which the Emperors ride in procession when they celebrate their triumphs in war, and often he would turn to Dio and say, "I do not understand what you are saying, but I love you as I love myself" ' (*Lives of the Sophists*, p. 488). 'This incident', says Prof. W. C. Wright, from whose edition of Philostratus my quotations have been taken, 'is improbable and is not elsewhere recorded. That Trajan understood Greek is probable from Cassius Dio, lxviii. 3 . . .; cf. also lxviii. 7 and Pliny's *Panegyric*, xlvii. 1.' The story, however improbable, is worth quoting as showing what an impression the charm of Dio's manners made upon his contemporaries.

The *Moral Discourses*, to which allusion has been made, were, perhaps, the most famous of Dio's works; some of them might be termed lay sermons. These *διαλέξεις* were popular amongst the public and its philosophers and mentors of the period, but as Maurice Croiset has very pertinently pointed out (*Hist. Lit. Grec.*, v. 479), the discourses of Dio are sharply distinguished from such work as was current in his day by the fact that he addressed himself 'not to pointing out the errors of mankind in general, but those of the audience before whom he was speaking, so that he discoursed to them of their present needs, warned them of the dangers that they were incurring, and showed them practical means of averting these'. In a word, his aims were those of one who sought to educate the city populations in his day, and for many years he seems to have had great success in this path, showing courage as well as oratorical talent in his efforts to instruct. The moral principles that he taught were chiefly those of the Stoa, as Synesius tells us here, though Platonic and other influences enter into his work also, but the Hellenic tradition is always presented in its purity and unclouded by any Asiatic symbolism.

His works may be divided into three groups, the sophistical, written in the first period of his life, the political, and finally the ethical or moral. The last two belong to the period after his exile. A great part of his works has been lost, although many of these existed in the time of Synesius. We now possess a collection made after the fifth century, containing eighty pieces, a certain number of which are incomplete.

Carneades, the founder of the New Academy, born at Cyrene in the

year 213 B.C., was, like Dio, both a philosopher and an orator. It was he who, following upon Arcesilas, crystallized the floating conceptions of the decadent Platonists and Atomists of his day into the doctrine of 'probable opinions'. This was only the logical outcome of the rejection of the absolute idea, the sheet anchor of the whole Platonic system. Scepticism as to the existence of any absolute truth was the mainspring of his views on philosophy. All approximations to truth were to be regarded as tentative and relative. Philostratus dismisses him with a few words as one who should be enrolled amongst the sophists, although his mind had been formed in the philosophic mould, adding that his power as an orator led him to the highest degree of proficiency. We see in Philostratus how clear-cut, in his day, was the distinction between philosopher and sophist, and Synesius seems to feel this also. 'Study philosophy' is the advice that he is always giving his friends in his letters, but he excludes rhetoric in general, at least such rhetoric as leads to practice in the law courts. He would have his dearest friend Pylaemenes attach himself 'not to the rhetoric of the bar, but to that right and noble rhetoric that even Plato himself . . . does not try to prohibit' (Letter 103). 'You yourself admit', he says a little later, 'that philosophy in itself is worth more than rhetoric.' For Synesius there was evidently rhetoric fair and foul. The rhetorician *par excellence* in his eyes was the sophist, and the sophist was anathema to him, as we see in the last passages of *De Insomniis* and in the Letters *passim*. He had made the old enemy of his master Plato his own. Dio and Carneades at least had absolution from him, for they were philosophers as well. Of the last it will be remembered that he was sent to Rome by the Athenians on a political mission. Michael Psellus, writing in the eleventh century at Byzantium, draws an equally sharp distinction between the sophist and the philosopher; cf. *Chronogr.* lib. vi, cap. 41: *ἐωρακὼς δὲ ὅτι δύο μερίδες τῶν λόγων εἰσί, καὶ τὴν μὲν ἡ ῥητορικὴ συμπληροῖ, τὴν δὲ φιλοσοφία ἀπέτεμε, καὶ ἡ μὲν οὐδέν τι τῶν σεμνοτέρων εἰδυῖα καχλάζει μόνον τῷ μεγάλῳ τῶν λέξεων ῥεύματι . . . καὶ κοσμεῖ τὴν γλῶτταν . . . ἡ δὲ φιλοσοφία . . . τάς τε φύσεις ἀνιχνεύει τῶν ὄντων καὶ τὰς ἀῤῥήτους θεωρίας παρίστησι κτλ.*

Leo of Byzantium, again, was a pupil, in his youth, of Plato, if we can trust Philostratus, and became identified with the sophists owing

to his brilliant successes as an orator. Philostratus tells anecdotes that turn upon his reputation for wit and his powers of persuasion. Eudoxus of Cnidus was another product of the Academy, according to the same authority, who became famous for his oratory and who was also dubbed with the title of sophist. Diogenes Laertius speaks of him as 'astronomer, geometer, physician, and legislator'. He represents him as a pupil of Archytas. 'Sotion,' he adds, 'in his *Successions of Philosophers* says that he was also a pupil of Plato.' I do not know why Synesius represents him as a Peripatetic.

Synesius has, again, presumably drawn his information as to the life of Aristocles of Pergamos from Philostratus, who describes his change of life in the following passage (*Lives of the Sophists*, p. 567): 'So long as he was a student of philosophy he was slovenly in appearance, unkempt and squalid in his dress, but now he began to be fastidious, discarded his slovenly ways, and admitted into his house all the pleasures that are afforded by the lyre, the flute, and the singing voice, as though they had come begging to his doors. For though hitherto he had lived with such austerity, he now began to be immoderate in his attendance at theatres and their loud racket. When he was beginning to be famous at Pergamon, and all the Hellenes in that region hung on his oratory, Herodes travelled to Pergamon and sent all his own pupils to hear him, thereby exalting the reputation of Aristocles as though Athene herself had cast her vote. His style of eloquence was lucid and Attic, but it was more suited to formal discourse than to forensic argument, for his language is without acrimony or impulsive outbreaks on the spur of the moment. And even his Atticism, tested by comparison with the language of Herodes, will seem over-subtle and deficient in the qualities of magnificence and sonorousness.' 'Herodes Atticus', as Philostratus calls him, was a wealthy sophist who established himself in Rome under the emperor Nerva (Phil. *Vit. Soph.* p. 548) and whose lectures Aristocles attended there. It is evident that in the second century, through which Synesius is for the moment threading his way, the philosopher affected the 'simple life', and the sophist became the man of the world, courted by all and always in the limelight. But there was more than this. The sophist became the statesman. Cities that had grievances to settle with other cities would bring them up before the

emperor's council-chamber at Rome, and then each city would choose an advocate (*σύνδικος*) to defend its case. What more likely than that they should choose the famous sophist whom they knew so well, whose words they had hung upon at the theatre, by whose arguments they were spellbound, as their beloved Dio Chrysostom tells them reproachfully, and whose voice they greeted with thunders of applause. Just as Horace tells us that in his day Roman citizens had gone mad over 'belles-lettres' and a dilettante mania for writing verses, so in the second century the Greek-speaking world in the Roman Empire had gone mad over rhetorical demonstrations of oratory and sophistical casuistry. Here again we are only in face of the same tendencies that Socrates, in the mouth of Plato, reproaches the Athenians for giving way to in the golden age of literature in Greece. History is only repeating itself. In thought, in philosophy, Carneades is only another Protagoras. 'Man is the measure of all things' for the one, and truth is only approximate probability for the other. The only difference that the lapse of five hundred years had brought was that the rhetorician was more supreme than ever, that the rhetorician was the sophist, and the sophist, whom Plato in his great dialogue is so anxious to draw out of his lurking-place, had become the statesman; as much at least as the statesman could exist for Greek cities shorn of the golden fleece of their bygone autonomy.

Page 149, l. 1. *the cottabus.* Athenaeus (*Deip.* Lib. xv, cap. 2) describes the cottabus as a Sicilian sport and quotes these lines from a certain Critias, son of Callaeschrus:

κότταβος ἐκ Σικελῆς ἐστι χθονὸς ἐκπρεπὲς ἔργον,
ὃν σκοπὸν ἐς λατάγων τόξα καθιστάμεθα.

According to Athenaeus, the prize given for victory in drinking was called cottabus, as also the vessel into which they threw the drops. But he quotes the comic poet Plato as using it in the sense of a game, as in his lines:

πρὸς κότταβον παίζειν, ἕως ἂν σφῷν ἐγὼ
τὸ δεῖπνον ἔνδον σκευάσω . . .
φέρε τὴν θυΐαν, αἶρ' ὕδωρ, ποτήρια
παράθετε, παίζωμεν δὲ περὶ φιλημάτων.

The precise nature of the game is not clear. It evidently turned on drinking, in some form. See Casaubon, Petavius, &c.

Page 149, l. 23. *panegyric on a bird, called 'a parrot.'* The passage in Philostratus (p. 487) is as follows: 'As for his *Tale of Euboea*, the *Encomium of a Parrot*, and all those writings in which he handled themes of no great importance, we must not regard them as mere trifles, but rather as sophistic compositions; for it is characteristic of a sophist to devote serious study to themes even so slight as these': *τὸν δὲ Εὐβοέα καὶ τὸν τοῦ ψιττακοῦ ἔπαινον καὶ ὁπόσα οὐχ ὑπὲρ μεγάλων ἐσπούδασται τῷ Δίωνι, μὴ μικρὰ ἡγώμεθα, ἀλλὰ σοφιστικά, σοφιστοῦ γὰρ τὸ καὶ ὑπὲρ τοιούτων σπουδάζειν* (trans. Prof. W. C. Wright, ed. Loeb, p. 19).

Page 149, l. 29. *The ancients described as sophists*, &c. This passage is on p. 484 of the *Vit. Soph.*, the following, *So much for the philosophers*, &c., on p. 492.

Page 150, l. 9. *What then did you say*, &c. Synesius shows himself something of a casuist here. His attempt to establish a hard and fast line between the philosophic and the sophistic works of Dion is not very convincing.

The discourse to Musonius was a continuation of the same line of thought that he developed in his treatise *Against the Philosophers*, an essay in which he sought to show the futility of philosophy as a guide in actual life.

Page 151, l. 7. *The funeral oration of Aspasia.* This speech is recited in Plato's *Menexenus* (236 B) by Socrates, who tells his friend that he has learned it from the lips of Aspasia. 'Yesterday I heard Aspasia composing a funeral oration ... partly improvising and partly from previous thought, putting together fragments of the funeral oration which Pericles spoke, but which, as I believe, she composed.' It will be seen from this extract that Plato claims no originality for the speech, which is one that in any case would have been scarcely worthy of him. It belongs to the domain of rhetoric pure and simple, and it has always puzzled the commentators on Plato that he should have written such a dialogue. By some it has been regarded as apocryphal, although

Burnet and most scholars of to-day accept it. Jowett refers to Plat. *Menex.* 235 D and a short quotation from Aristotle (*Rhetoric*, i. 9. 30) as an evidence of its authenticity. Synesius' example of the antithesis between the style of the statesman and that of the rhetorician is happily chosen.

Page 151, l. 31. *'Eulogy on the parrot' and the 'Euboean'.* The *Euboean* belongs to the latter part of Dio's life, after his exile. It is one of the *Moral Discourses. The Eulogy of the Parrot* is of his earlier period. The Roman poet Statius (*Silv.* ii. 4) treated the same theme in a dirge for a pet parrot that had died:

> Psittace, dux volucrum, domini facunda voluptas,
> Humanae sollers imitator, psittace, linguae,
> Quis tua tam subito praeclusit murmura fato?

So begins the poem, perhaps suggested by Catullus' lament over Lesbia's 'sparrow'; cf. Ovid, *Amores*, ii. 6.

Page 152, l. 24. *his last 'On Kingship'.* The speeches on Kingship were delivered by Dio at Rome before the emperor Trajan, who held the philosopher in great esteem. There are four speeches which are so named, of which two, probably the first and third, were spoken before the imperial throne. The passage from Dio to which Synesius alludes (*Or.* iv, 83–5 *De Regno*, vol. i, p. 69, ed. von Arnim) is the following: *τριῶν δὲ ἐπικρατούντων . . . βίων, εἰς οὓς μάλιστα ἐμπίπτουσιν οἱ πολλοί . . . οὐ μετὰ λογισμοῦ σκεψάμενοι καὶ δοκιμάσαντες, ἀλόγῳ δὲ ὁρμῇ καὶ τύχῃ προσενεχθέντες, τοσούτους φατέον εἶναι καὶ δαίμονας, οἷς συνέπονται καὶ λατρεύουσιν ὁ πολὺς καὶ ἀμαθὴς ὅμιλος, ἄλλοι ἄλλῳ, καθάπερ ἡγεμόνι πονηρῷ καὶ μαινομένῳ πονηρὸς καὶ ἀσελγὴς θίασος. ἔστι δὲ τούτων ὧν ἔφην βίων ὁ μὲν ἡδυπαθὴς καὶ τρυφερὸς περὶ τὰς τοῦ σώματος ἡδονάς, ὁ δ' αὖ φιλοχρήματος καὶ φιλόπλουτος, ὁ δὲ τρίτος ἀμφοτέρων ἐπιφανέστερός τε καὶ μᾶλλον τεταραγμένος, ὁ φιλότιμος καὶ φιλόδοξος . . . . φέρε οὖν καθάπερ οἱ κομψοὶ τῶν δημιουργῶν . . . οὐκοῦν καὶ ἡμεῖς μὴ χείρους . . . φανῶμεν ἢ ἐκεῖνοι περὶ τὰς αὑτῶν τέχνας, τῷ πλάττειν καὶ ἀφομοιοῦν τοὺς τρόπους τοῦ τριπλοῦ δαίμονος τῶν τριῶν βίων. . . .* Dio describes on the following page the demon that attends the lover of possessions (§ 91, vol. i, p. 70, ed. von Arnim): *ὁ μὲν δὴ φιλοχρήματος δαίμων χρυσοῦ καὶ ἀργύρου καὶ*

γῆς καὶ βοσκημάτων καὶ συνοικιῶν καὶ πάσης κτήσεως ἐραστής.... αὐχμηρὸς καὶ ῥυπῶν, οὔτε παῖδας ἢ γονέας οὔτε πατρίδα φιλῶν, ἢ συγγένειαν ἄλλο τι νομίζων ἢ τὰ χρήματα.

The lover of pleasures is then dealt with, and his attendant demon (*ibid.* § 101): *ὁ δὲ δὴ δεύτερος ἀνήρ τε καὶ δαίμων ἐκείνου τοῦ ἀνδρός, ὁ τὰ τῆς ἡδονῆς ἀναφαίνων ὄργια καὶ τὴν θεὸν ταύτην θαυμάζων καὶ προτιμῶν, ἐτεχνῶς γυναικείαν θεόν, ποικίλος καὶ πολυειδὴς περί τε ὁσμὰς καὶ γεύσεις ἐπλήρωτος....*

The lover of honours comes next in order (*ibid.* 117 ff.): *φέρε δὴ ποῖόν τι πλάττωμεν τό τε σχῆμα καὶ εἶδος τοῦ φιλοτίμου δαίμονος; ἢ δῆλον ὅτι πτερωτόν τε καὶ ὑπηνέμιον κατὰ τὸ ἦθος αὐτοῦ . . . ὁποίους τοὺς Βορεάδας ἐνθυμήθησάν τε καὶ ἔγραψαν οἱ γραφεῖς. . . . οὐδέν γε μὴν προσέοικεν ἀσφαλείας ἕνεκεν οὔτε ἀετοῖς οὔτε γεράνοις οὔτε ἄλλῳ τινὶ πτηνῷ γένει τὴν φύσιν, ἀλλὰ μᾶλλον ἄν τις αὐτὸν προσεικάσειε τῇ Ἰκαρίου βιαίῳ καὶ παρὰ φύσιν φορᾷ, οὐ δυνατὸν τέχνημα ἐπιχειρήσαντος Δαιδάλου τεχνήσασθαι. τοιγαροῦν ὑπὸ νεότητος καὶ ἀλαζονείας ἐπιθυμῶν ὑψηλότερος τῶν ἄστρων φέρεσθαι χρόνον μέν τινα ἐσώζετο βραχύν, χαλωμένων δὲ τῶν δεσμῶν καὶ τοῦ κηροῦ ῥέοντος, ἐπωνυμίαν ἀπὸ τοῦδε τῷ πελάγει παρέσχεν, οὗπερ ἠφανίσθη πεσών· κἀκεῖνος ἀσθενέσι καὶ κούφοις τῷ ὄντι πιστεύσας πτεροῖς, λέγω δὲ τιμαῖς τε καὶ ἐπαίνοις ὑπὸ τῶν ἀνθρώπων τῶν πολλῶν ὡς ἔτυχε γιγνομένοις . . . φέρει τὸν ἄνδρα τὸν αὐτοῦ ζηλωτήν τε καὶ ὑπηρέτην, νῦν μὲν ὑψηλὸν καὶ μακάριον πολλοῖς φαινόμενον, πάλιν δὲ αὖ ταπεινόν τε καὶ ἄθλιον τοῖς τε ἄλλοις καὶ πρώτῳ καὶ μάλιστα αὐτῷ δοκοῦντα.*

The oration ends with an invocation of the good and temperate demon and deity (*ibid.*, § 139): *ἀλλὰ δὴ μεταλαβόντες καθαράν τε καὶ πρείττω τῆς πρότερον ἁρμονίας τὸν ἀγαθὸν καὶ σώφρονα ὑμνῶμεν δαίμονα καὶ θεόν, οἷς ποτε ἐκείνου τυχεῖν ἐπέκλωσαν ἀγαθαὶ Μοῖραι παιδείας ὑγιοῦς καὶ λόγου μεταλαβοῦσι.*

Page 153, l. 8. *in exchange for those of the 'Euboean'.* It is unfortunate that four of the works of which Synesius speaks in terms of admiration have not come down to us amongst the orations (so called) of Dio Chrysostom. We have the 'Euboean' and the four orations, 'On Kingship'; but not the 'Tempe', the 'Memnon', the 'Parrot' or the 'Gnat', nor, again, 'The Attack on the Philosophers'. 'The Euboean' is a very pretty story written to point the moral of the value of the

simple life in poverty and in rural surroundings in comparison with the life of the city. The author describes a voyage that he took with some fishermen in a small boat and tells us how he was shipwrecked on the coast of Euboea. Going alone into the interior he meets a sturdy huntsman who befriends him and takes him to his home in the hills, where he comes into contact with a handful of people living a patriarchal life with a few cattle to furnish them with the necessities of food, and occupying themselves also with hunting wild game—a mixture, this, of the primitive, agricultural, and venatorial phases of existence. The huntsman narrates to him their history; how their fathers were the shepherds of a wealthy man in the past, but one who fell into misfortune and lost his lands, and whose flocks and herds of cattle were driven away and sold; how his own father remained on the spot bivouacking with his family in tents and managed to live off the country by his own industry. At a given moment, however, the city which was near to them on the sea-shore summoned them to render an account of what they were doing on land that properly belonged to the State. So he was compelled to go down to the coast with the official who had been dispatched on this errand and to explain his position. Then follows a very bright description of the town life that the rustic sees for the first time; of his astonishment at the sight of the quays, the shipping in the harbour, the crowded agora. A heated debate follows in the popular assembly. He is accused of paying nothing to the state in taxes, and has only to say in his defence that he has nothing to pay. Finally another orator takes his part and succeeds in convincing the assembly that the city only owes gratitude to a handful of people who occupy land that the city has never been able to do anything with and who prevent it from becoming a total desert. So all ends well, and he is finally dismissed with marks of appreciation. There is a vein in this charmingly told story that reminds one a little of Rousseau: the same notion that man left to himself and outside of the corrupting forces of civic life is by nature good, that civilization brings chiefly evil in its wake. The people in the hills of his story represent poverty (*πενία*), but they have all the wealth of nature as their portion and are filled with generosity and goodwill towards men. The town-dwellers are torn with avarice and malice, despite their possessions. The story ends with some general considerations on the

evils of vice in towns and the moral that poverty is consistent with happiness (*περὶ πενίας προυθέμεθα εἰπεῖν ὡς οὐκ ἄπορα αὐτῇ τὰ πράγματά ἐστιν, ἥπερ δοκεῖ τοῖς πολλοῖς αὐτή τε εἶναι φευκτὸν καὶ κακόν, ἀλλὰ μυρίας ἀφορμὰς πρὸς τὸ ζῆν παρέχει τοῖς αὐτουργεῖν βουλομένοις οὔτε ἀσχήμονας οὔτε βλαβεράς, Or.* vii. 125, vol. i, p. 213, ed. von Arnim).

Synesius shows discrimination in selecting the *Euboean* out of the numerous essays by Dio that must have been known to him. Those that have come down to us are very unequal in literary value, nor is it easy for us to-day to understand the hard and fast line that he draws here between the 'sophistical' and the 'philosophical' style of Dio. Presumably the essay on hair quoted in the *Calvitii Encomium* would come under the former head.

The *Rhodian*, of which he speaks a page or two later, is a long and tedious diatribe on the impropriety of demolishing public statues, of which there was a superfluity in his day.

The *Trojan*, mentioned in the same passage, is an attempt to show that the Greeks never succeeded in taking Troy. It is full of amusing, paradoxical arguments.

Page 153, l. 9. *he praises the Essenes.* The Essenes were a sect of Jewish ascetics in Palestine who practised a communistic form of life and devoted themselves to agriculture and various forms of manual labour. Pliny (*Naturalis Historia*, v. § 73), after describing the Dead Sea, continues as follows: 'On the west side the Essenes avoid the baleful shore line. They are a race by themselves, more remarkable than any other in the wide world; they have no women, they abjure sensual love, they have no money, and they live among palm-trees. Still their membership is steadily recruited from the large number of people who resort to their mode of existence because they are wearied of life's struggle with the waves of adversity. In this way the race has lasted, strange to say, for thousands of ages, though no one is born within it; so fruitful for them is the dissatisfaction for life which others feel.'

Philo, as quoted by Eusebius in his *Preparation of the Gospel*, draws a somewhat similar picture of them (viii. 11): 'Our lawgiver', he says, 'trained an innumerable body of his pupils, who are called Essenes, to partake in those things, being, as I imagine, honoured with this appella-

tion because of their exceeding holiness.... There are no children among the Essenes, nor youths nor persons just entering upon manhood, since the dispositions of all such persons are unstable.... No one among them ventures to acquire any property of his own, neither house, nor slave, nor farm, nor flocks ... but they bring them together into the middle as a common stock.... There are some of them who are devoted to the practice of agriculture, being skilful in such things as pertain to the sowing and cultivation of lands; others, again, are shepherds or cowherds and experienced in the management of every kind of animal; some are cunning in what relates to swarms of bees; others, again, are artisans and handy craftsmen.... Again, perceiving ... what is alone or at least above all things calculated to dissolve such associations, they repudiate marriage; and at the same time they practise continence in an eminent degree, for no one of the Essenes ever marries a wife' (Yonge's transl., vol. iv, p. 219). Philo again (*Quod Omnis Probus liber sit*, 12, §§ 75 ff.,) mentions the Essenes as follows: 'Syria Palaestina, too, is not barren of exemplary wisdom and virtue.... There is a portion of those people called Essenes in number something more than four thousand.... These men in the first place live in villages, avoiding all cities on account of the habitual lawlessness of those who inhabit them, ... there is not a slave among them; they are all free.... Their expenses are all in common, their garments belong to them all in common, their food is common to them all, since they all eat in messes, ... those who are sick are not neglected because they are unable to contribute to the common stock ...,' &c. (*ibid.* vol. iii, p. 523, corrected).

Josephus speaks of the Essenes as having spread for the first time in the second century B.C. (Jos. *Ant.* xiii. 5, 9). Traces of Pythagoreanism, Orphism, even Buddhism, have been attributed to their cult by various scholars, but the exact nature of it remains obscure. W. M. F. Petrie considered them identical with the Therapeutae, a sect of Egyptian ascetics who inhabited the shores of lake Mareotis and whom Synesius seems to allude to in chapter ten, but this view has not found acceptance. I find no reference in the *Euboean* to the Essenes.

Page 153, l. 19. ***a peacock***, &c.: see Mayor on Juvenal, 7. 30.

Page 154, l. 16. ***his indictment of Plato, On behalf of the four.*** Aelius

Aristides, born in A.D. 129, is the sophist and philosopher whom Synesius has in mind here. His birthplace is Hadrianoi, in Mysia. He studied rhetoric at Pergamus under Aristocles and afterwards at Athens. He travelled when a young man and delivered his first oration in Alexandria. Suffering for many years from a seemingly incurable malady, he sojourned chiefly between Smyrna and Pergamus. In the latter city he spent much of his time at the temple of Aesculapius, and it was there that he used to receive visits, when asleep, from the god of healing by the medium of dreams. One only has to read Synesius' *On Dreams* to realize the interest that such works as Aristides' *Sacred Discourses* must have had for him, for these speeches (*Or.* xlvii–lii) treat of his favourite subject, the intercourse of man with the gods in dreams. 'These discourses', Philostratus writes (*Vit. Soph.* ii. 9, trans. W. C. Wright), 'served him in some sort as a diary, and such diaries are excellent teachers on the art of speaking well on any subject. And since his natural talent was not in the line of extempore eloquence, he strove after extreme accuracy, and turned his attention to the ancient writers; he was well endowed with native ability, and purified his style of any empty verbosity'. Synesius has this passage in mind in his essay *On Dreams* (*De Insom.* 1316, Migne) when he says, 'We shall therefore see fit to add to what are called daybooks what are termed nightbooks', in other words the very diary that Aristides kept. Again in chapter thirteen (p. 1317) he advises 'every man of leisure' to 'proceed to write a narrative of whatsoever happens in his waking and sleeping states'. Philostratus' text is: *αἱ δὲ ἐφημερίδες ἀγαθαὶ διδάσκαλοι τοῦ περὶ παντὸς εὖ διαλέγεσθαι.* Cf. Syn. *De Insom.* 1316 A: *Σοφὸν δ' ἂν εἴη καὶ γράφειν τά τε ὕπαρ καὶ ὄναρ ὁράματα καὶ συμπτώματα . . . ἐπεὶ ἡμεῖς ἀξιώσομεν ταῖς καλουμέναις ἐφημερίσι τὰς ὑφ' ἡμῶν ὀνομαζομένας ἐπινυκτίδας συνάπτοντας, ἔχειν τῆς ἐν ἑκατέρᾳ ζωῇ δι' ἀγωγῆς ὑπομνήματα.*

Aristides may have had some influence on the style of Synesius. The *Defence of the Four* was a speech in praise of Miltiades, Themistocles, Cimon, and Pericles, whom he thought unjustly criticized in Plato's *Gorgias*. In his oration on rhetoric also he attacked the views on this subject set forth in Plato's *Phaedrus* and *Gorgias*. Later, in his letter to Capiton, however, he defends himself from the charge of disrespect to Plato. Aristides had as great a reputation in the fourth century as Dio

Chrysostom himself. Eunapius, speaking of Himerius, says that 'sometimes, though rarely, he rises as high as the godlike Aristides' (*τὸν θεῖον Ἀριστείδην*). (Eunapius, *Vit. Philos.*, p. 494.)

Page 157, l. 26. *Apollo sings at one time with the Muses.* Petavius calls attention to Themistius (*Or.* i): *ταύτῃ τοι καὶ αἱ Μοῦσαι ἐννέα οὖσαι συγχορεύουσιν ἀλλήλαις καὶ τῷ Ἀπόλλωνι, καὶ οὐδεμία αὐτῶν ἀγανακτεῖ πρὸς τὰς ἄλλας, ὅτι μὴ μόνη σοφή ἐστι, μηδὲ αὐτῇ μόνῃ προσεύχονται οἱ ποιηταί.*

Page 158, l. 3. *these immovable men who despise rhetoric*, &c. This passage recalls Letter 154 (to Hypatia): 'Some of those who wear the white or dark mantle have maintained that I am faithless to philosophy, apparently because I profess grace and harmony of style and because I venture to say something concerning Homer and concerning the figures of the rhetoricians. In the eyes of such persons one must hate literature in order to be a philosopher.'

Michael Psellus makes precisely the same complaint against his eleventh-century critics as does Synesius: cf. *Chronogr.* vi. 41 (ed. Renauld): *διὰ ταῦτα, καὶ ὅπερ ἤδη μοι πολλοὶ προσωνείδισαν, καὶ ῥητορικὴν ὑπόθεσιν μελετῶν, ἔστιν οὗ καὶ ἀπόδειξιν τινα ἐπιστήμονα οὐκ ἀκόμψως εἰσάγω, καὶ αὖθις φιλόσοφόν τι ἀποδεικνύων θέμα, καθωραΐζω τοῦτο ταῖς τεχνικαῖς χάρισιν κτλ.*

Page 158, l. 10. *Vestal Virgins.* Synesius, no doubt, alludes here to the mysterious relics that were preserved in an adytum, a sacred crypt of the temple of Vesta, and to which only the *Vestales* and the *Pontifex Maximus* had access. It was supposed by some that the *Palladium* was one of these relics, while others were of the opinion that they were the Samothracian gods brought by Aeneas from Troy, but the secret was closely kept in antiquity. It might seem from the context that Synesius is insinuating that there were actually no relics there at all. The *Vestales* resided all together in a house in the south-east corner of the Roman Forum. This house was occupied by them until the middle or the end of the fourth century, when they were finally dispersed and the order abolished, as we read in Zosimus (v. 38); it is therefore probable that they were still in existence at the moment when Synesius wrote this essay.

Page 158, l. 29. *I admire Proteus*, seq. There is a similar allusion to Proteus in Letter 137: 'Now, when the being appeared to whom I betrayed matters that were not to be found out by inquiry, until that moment, I had quite forgotten the cunning art of Proteus; and this was naught else than to live in the midst of men, not as a god, but as a citizen.' Synesius evidently takes the myth to mean that mankind can be put off from sincere answers to their questions on fundamental truths by a specious display of eloquence which makes them mistake the shadow for the substance, as in the myth of Ixion, to which he refers a few lines further on. The Orphic Hymn xxv is addressed to Proteus as a deity who showed the principles of nature by changing matter into many shapes:

> *Πρωτέα κικλήσκω πόντου κληῖδας ἔχοντα*
> *πρωτογενῆ, πάσης φύσεως ἀρχὰς ὃς ἔφηνεν,*
> *ὕλην ἀλλάσσων ἱερὴν ἰδέαις πολυμόρφοις.*

Page 159, l. 6. *Ixion*, &c. Dio Chrysostom uses this image from the myth in the fourth oration (*Or.* iv. 123, *De Regno*, vol. i, p. 76, ed. von Arnim): *εἰ δέ τῳ οὐ φίλον πτηνὸν αὐτὸν διανοεῖσθαι καὶ ποιεῖν, ὁ δὲ ἀφομοιούτω αὐτὸν τῇ τοῦ Ἰξίονος χαλεπῇ καὶ βιαίῳ φορᾷ τε καὶ ἀνάγκῃ, τροχοῦ τινος ῥύμῃ κύκλῳ κινουμένου τε καὶ φερομένου.* (*Ibid.*, § 130, p. 77) *πάλιν οὖν ἐνθάδε κινδυνεύσω τὸ δεύτερον εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν πεσεῖν μῦθον τὸν Ἰξίονος. καὶ γὰρ ἐκεῖνόν φασιν ἐπιθυμήσαντα τῶν Ἥρας μακαρίων γάμων νεφέλῃ τινὶ συγγενόμενον σκοτεινῇ καὶ ἀχλυώδει ἄχρηστα καὶ ἀλλόκοτα γεννῆσαι τέκνα, τὸ τῶν Κενταύρων γένος ποικίλον καὶ συμπεφορημένον.*

Page 159, l. 20. *the fire and the tree.* Petavius attributes this explanation of the myth of Proteus to Heraclitus of Miletus, who wrote on the allegories of Homer in the first century A.D. (see Oelmann, *Quaestiones Homericae*, Leipzig, 1910). It would seem as if Synesius had some other legend in mind perhaps connected with one representing Proteus as a king of Egypt.

Page 160, l. 5. *the more human forms of literature*, &c. Petavius quotes Themistius (*Or.* vii): *καὶ ψυχὴν τοίνυν οὕτως οἰηθῶμεν τῶν μέν τινων ἀνεπαισθήτων λόγων, τῶν δέ τινων ἐπιμελουμένων προσδεῖσθαι.*

Page 160, l. 30. *men of foreign race*, &c. It has been thought not quite clear whether Synesius has in mind in this passage the Therapeutae or the Essenes mentioned by him in chapter three, but probably he refers to the latter, as he says nothing about agricultural labour. Again, the phrase 'pass their lives apart from each other', would seem to indicate the former, who lived each an ascetic in his separate hut (Philo, *De Vita Contemplativa*, cap. 3). A great storm of controversy has raged over the actual religion of the Therapeutae. Flinders Petrie regarded the Therapeutae, who lived on the borders of Lake Mareotis, near Alexandria, as of the same persuasion as the Essenes, and as being in fact an identical cult whose doctrine came from the Buddhists of India. Eusebius introduced an element of confusion into the question by mistaking them for early Christian monks (cf. F. C. Conybeare, *Philo about the Contemplative Life*). As a legend existed in his day that St. Mark the Evangelist preached the Gospel in Alexandria, he jumped to the conclusion that the ascetics who lived near Alexandria must have been descended from his converts. He even assumes that Philo Judaeus had met the apostle Peter when in Rome and had become imbued with the spirit of his teaching. Philo had written the *Contemplative Life*, in which he makes a eulogy of the virtues of the Therapeutae and describes their fasts, vigils, and mortification of the flesh, speaking of them by implication at least as co-religionaries of his own. It was, nevertheless, with this document as to their original history before his eyes that Eusebius formed the opinion that they were from the beginning converts and disciples of St. Mark. St. Jerome and others followed Eusebius in this. The error so propagated continued until the days of the Reformation. Then controversy arose. Monasticism as an institution began to be attacked. The Church pointed to the sanctity of the cloistral life having been endorsed by the Evangelist Mark himself, as witnessed by his converts, the Therapeutae. Baronius, at the end of the sixteenth century, defended the Catholic point of view against Scaliger, who had attacked the validity of the argument of Eusebius. Bellarmine responded to the Protestant writers with arguments from Dionysius the Areopagite, the pseudo-Dionysius already exposed by Scaliger. Montfaucon, in the beginning of the eighteenth century, again tried to prop up the crumbling fabric of Eusebius' views in the

matter, but was replied to with effect by Bouhier, and so the struggle was continued. But now the controversy entered a new phase. The deists, such as Bolingbroke and Voltaire, as Frederick Conybeare pointed out in his excursus on the authorship of Philo's *Contemplative Life*, profited by the exposure of the unsoundness of the Eusebian tradition to ask 'what became of the claims of Christianity to be an entirely new revelation? If men had already by their unaided efforts made themselves so like the primitive Christians, that the fathers themselves could not distinguish them therefrom . . . what became of the supposed necessity for an incarnation of God, and for the gift of the Holy Spirit?' (*Philo about the Contemplative Life*, F. C. Conybeare, p. 325 f.). So the dispute went on, until towards the end of last century Graetz and Lucius reopened the whole question on a new basis (*v.* Lucius, *Die Therapeuten*, Strasburg, 1880). In spite of the extravagance of the views of the latter, he succeeded in converting to him, at least at first, such distinguished scholars as Schürer, Ad. Harnack, Hilgenfeld, Hatch, Robertson Smith, and others. Lucius tried to show that Philo's *Contemplative Life* was a latter-day forgery. He proceeded on the gratuitous assumption that the early monastic institutions were being attacked in the third century and that the work in question had been forged by some unknown hand with a view to their rehabilitation. All this line of argument was finally shattered by the appearance of Frederick Conybeare's scholarly and exhaustive work on the subject (*Philo about the Contemplative Life*, Oxford, 1895), in which every thread of the intricate maze of evidence that Graetz and Lucius had concocted to support their theories was followed up and shown to be worthless. Dr. Paul Wendland's work on Philo was also contributory to this result. Conybeare, with his great knowledge of Armenian, was able to establish the gross improbability of the hypothesis of Lucius, that the forgery he assumes had been intercalated in the text of Philo by the time when Eusebius must have read it, that is to say, at the end of the third or beginning of the fourth century; and to this purpose he published the Armenian text *in extenso*, and showed what its derivation must have been. In the 'Armenian version', to quote from his work (p. 331), 'we have a witness to the text of the *De Vita Contemplativa* not later than A.D. 420, and *very probably made from a text much older*' (the italics are mine). In the

Latin Version we have another witness of the same age.' Conybeare explains in a foot-note that he has put down the old Latin Version to as late a date as possible. He then quotes Pitra's *Analecta Sacra* to show that there is presumptive evidence that the Latin Version of the *De Vita Contemplativa* belongs to the age of Tertullian. 'In the Eusebian extracts', he continues, 'we have excerpts taken from it before the year 315. Now . . . the Greek MSS. and the old Latin all flow from one archetype; the Armenian and the Eusebian texts from another and independent archetype. But the Greek text was already an old and much-worn text when the Latin version was made, for the Latin reflects many of the corruptions characteristic of its congeneric Greek texts; and on the other hand, some of the Greek texts, especially Cod. Laurent. Plut. X, cod. xx, contain a tradition which, in order of derivation, is much older than that of the Greek text from which the Latin was translated. It follows that the text of the Greek MSS. had already had a long history before the year 400.' After showing how the Armenian version fills up a lacuna that occurs in all the Greek texts, he concludes this part of the argument by saying, 'All this implies to a student of MSS. that the text of the *De Vita Contemplativa* had, before the year 400, already had a long history which cannot be crushed into the short period which Lucius' theory would impose upon it. The Eusebian and Armenian texts, the old Latin and existing Greek texts, can have converged only at a point in time long anterior to A.D. 300.'

I have only touched here on one point of this long and exhaustive disproof of the arguments advanced by Lucius and Graetz to destroy the authenticity of this work of Philo. There are so many conclusive arguments advanced in Conybeare's excursus on the authorship that it may safely be stated that the case for identifying the Therapeutae with the Christian Monastic Orders has completely fallen to the ground, as well as any suspicion of the genuineness of the work of Philo in question. The remarks of Synesius about these monastic Jews are interesting inasmuch as they show that in the fourth century the same mode of life ascribed to them by Philo was practised by them. Philo, in the first sentence of his work (the *De Vita Contemplativa*), sharply contrasts the Essenes with the Therapeutae, speaking of the former, whom elsewhere he praises with equal warmth, as showing a zeal for the practical side of

life, whereas the latter devote themselves to contemplation. The text is as follows: *Ἐσσαίων περὶ διαλεχθεὶς οἳ τὸν πρακτικὸν ἐζήλωσαν καὶ διεπόνησαν βίον ἐν ἅπασιν, . . . αὐτίκα καὶ περὶ τῶν θεωρίαν ἀσπασαμένων . . . λέξω.* . . . Synesius speaks of them as *βαρβάρους ἀνθρώπους ἐξ ἀμφοῖν τῶν ἀρίστων γενῶν, θεωρίαν μὲν ὑπεσχημένους, καὶ κατὰ τοῦτο ἀπολιτεύτους τε καὶ ἀκοινωνήτους ἀνθρώπους, ἅτε ἀΐξαντας ἑαυτοὺς ἐκλῦσαι τῆς φύσεως.* The phrase *ἐξ ἀμφοῖν τῶν ἀρίστων γενῶν* is obscure, unless he possibly means to refer to the Essenes also, meaning the best races to be both those whom Philo couples together as representing the practical and the idealistic lives respectively. Druon translates: 'des hommes qui savaient concilier à merveille les deux genres de vie', a rendering which can only be got out of the Greek by implication. But even if we understand the passage to refer to the Essenes as well as the Therapeutae, about whom he is actually speaking, the description of these last concords perfectly with what Philo says of them. His last words are that they rejoice in a contemplation of nature and of those things that exist in contemplation and soul alone (486 M, vol. iii, p. 70, ed. Cohn-Wendland): *θεραπευτῶν μὲν δὴ περὶ τοσαῦτα θεωρίαν ἀσπασαμένων φύσεως καὶ τῶν ἐν αὐτῇ καὶ ψυχῇ μόνῃ βιωσάντων, οὐρανοῦ μὲν καὶ κόσμου πολιτῶν.* As to the sacred songs mentioned by Synesius—*καὶ ἦσαν αὐτοῖς σεμναί τε ᾠδαί*—Philo tells us that 'they sing hymns', *ᾄδουσι πεποιημένους ὕμνους εἰς τὸν θεὸν παλλοῖς μέτροις καὶ μέλεσι.* Again, what Synesius says later as to their not forever sustaining the Bacchic frenzy, (the passage *οὐδ' οὗτοι μέν τοι διαρκῶς ἀνέχονται τῆς Βακχείας, ἀλλὰ νῦν μὲν ἐν τῷ θεῷ κεῖνται, νῦν δὲ ἐν τῷ κόσμῳ*) is reminiscent of Philo, where he compares the chorus singers to Bacchantes drinking the pure wine of the Divine love—*καθάπερ ἐν ταῖς Βακχείαις ἀκράτου σπάσαντες τοῦ θεοφιλοῦς.* The word *σύμβολα* I take to mean the distinguishing marks of their religion, as in Dionysius of Halicarnassus (*Antiq. Rom.* viii. 38): *ἔχοντας . . . τῶν . . . θεῶν τὰ σύμβολα.* The phrase *τακταί τινες πρόσοδοι* might then signify religious processions.

In the fourth century Christian monasticism under Pachomius was rapidly growing in Egypt, and under Hilarion in Palestine. That Synesius is speaking of some Christian order of monks would not therefore be *a priori* impossible. There seems little doubt, however, that he is speaking of the Therapeutae in this passage, and that with the

evidence before us these cannot be identified with any Christian form of monasticism. It will be noticed here that he does not confuse the two sects, for he mentions the Essenes in an earlier part of the essay.

Page 163, l. 7. *brighten the eye within us.* In Letter 139 he speaks of a 'luminous child of reason'. 'Who will be so able', he continues, '... to call forth a hidden spark which loves to conceal itself, to ignite it, and reveal a brilliant flame?' The Neoplatonists, as also the Christian writers, followed Plato's allegory in *Republic*, vii. 515. In *Republic*, vi. 508 D he carries out the metaphor of the soul's resemblance to the eye: *οὕτω τοίνυν καὶ τὸ τῆς ψυχῆς ὧδε νόει· ὅταν μὲν, οὗ καταλάμπει ἀλήθεια τε καὶ τὸ ὄν, εἰς τοῦτο ἀπερείσηται, ἐνόησέν τε καὶ ἔγνω αὐτὸ καὶ νοῦν ἔχειν φαίνεται· ὅταν δὲ εἰς τὸ τῷ σκότῳ κεκραμένον, τὸ γιγνόμενόν τε καὶ ἀπολλύμενον, δοξάζει . . . καὶ ἔοικεν αὖ νοῦν οὐκ ἔχοντι.*

The passage Synesius has in mind here may be *Republic*, vii. 533 C, D: *. . . ἡ διαλεκτικὴ μέθοδος μόνη ταύτῃ πορεύεται, τὰς ὑποθέσεις ἀναιροῦσα, ἐπ' αὐτὴν τὴν ἀρχὴν, ἵνα βεβαιώσηται, καὶ τῷ ὄντι ἐν βορβόρῳ βαρβαρικῷ τινι τὸ τῆς ψυχῆς ὄμμα κατορωρυγμένον ἠρέμα ἕλκει καὶ ἀνάγει ἄνω . . . .*

Page 163, l. 7. *clear away the rheum.* There is an interesting parallel to this expression λήμη, &c. in Olympiodorus, *Commentary on the Phaedo*, A. 11. 3 (ed. Norvin): *λήθη δε οἷον λήμη τις· ὡς γὰρ ἡ λήμη ἐμπόδιόν ἐστι τῆς ὄψεως οὕτω καὶ ἡ λήθη οἷον λήμη ἐστὶν τῆς ἡμετέρας γνώσεως οἷον τῆς ὄψεως, . . . πῆξις γὰρ τῆς γνώσεως ἡ μνήμη.* Sallustius, viii, uses the metaphor of light also: *ἔστι δὲ νοῦς δύναμις οὐσίας μὲν δευτέρα ψυχῆς δὲ πρώτη, ἔχουσα μὲν ἐκ τῆς οὐσίας τὸ εἶναι, τελειοῦσα δὲ τὴν ψυχὴν ὥσπερ ἥλιος τὰς ὄψεις.* Again, in vii he describes God as universally good in the same sense that light accompanies sun and fire. In the same way in xiv he speaks of our sins (*ἁμαρτήματα*) not permitting the gods to shed their light upon us (*ἐλλάμπειν*). See Nock's *Sallustius*, Prolegomena, p. xcviii. Julian, *Ad Regem Solem* (p. 133 A), quoting *Republic*, 508 B, adds: *ἔχει μὲν δὴ τὸ φῶς αὐτοῦ ταύτην οἶμαι τὴν ἀναλογίαν πρὸς τὸ ὁρατόν, ἥνπερ πρὸς τὸ νοητὸν ἀλήθεια.* Philo, *De Opificio Mundi*, writes in the same strain (cap. 17): *εἰδώς τε ὅτι τῶν ὄντων ἄριστον τὸ φῶς ἐστιν, ὄργανον αὐτὸ τῆς ἀρίστης τῶν αἰσθήσεων ὁράσεως ἀπέφηνεν· ὅπερ γὰρ νοῦς ἐν ψυχῇ, τοῦτ' ὀφθαλμὸς ἐν σώματι*

Plotinus (*Enn.* v. 5. 7) uses this metaphor also: *οὕτω τοίνυν καὶ ἡ τοῦ νοῦ ὄψις ὁρᾷ μὲν καὶ αὐτὴ δι' ἄλλου φωτὸς τὰ πεφωτισμένα ἐκείνῃ τῇ πρώτῃ φύσει καὶ ἐν ἐκείνοις ὄντως ὁρᾷ, νεύουσα μέντοι πρὸς τὴν τῶν καταλαμπομένων φύσιν ἧττον αὐτὸ ὁρᾷ. εἰ δ' ἀφήσει τὰ ὁρώμενα καὶ δι' οὗ εἶδεν εἰς αὐτὸ βλέπει, φῶς ἂν καὶ φωτὸς ἀρχὴν ἂν βλέποι*, i.e. the mind's eye (which is Plato's *ψυχῆς ὄμμα*), or at all events its power, does not perceive this other light through which the *intelligibilia* are perceptible to it, unless it dismisses the *visibilia* and contemplates that force through which it sees—namely Mind. A little further on he continues: *οὕτω δὴ καὶ νοῦς αὐτὸν ἀπὸ τῶν ἄλλων καλύψας καὶ συναγαγὼν εἰς τὸ εἴσω μηδὲν ὁρῶν θεάσεται οὐκ ἄλλο ἐν ἄλλῳ φῶς, ἀλλ' αὐτὸ καθ' αὑτὸ μόνον, καθαρὸν ἐφ' ἑαυτοῦ ἐξαίφνης φανέν.* Light is in Plotinus identified with the first principle, but the light is only perceptible by closing the eyes to those objects which it illuminates. He carries out his analogy by alluding to the fact that if we press our hand tightly over the eyes, we see nothing of external things, but we seem to see a light in our darkened field of vision (*ibid.*): *τότε γὰρ οὐχ ὁρῶν ὁρᾷ, καὶ μάλιστα τότε ὁρᾷ· φῶς γὰρ ὁρᾷ.*

Page 164, l. 15. *our native philosopher*, &c. The word *ἡμεδαπός* seems to refer to the comparison that Synesius was making on page 1132 between the Greek and the foreigner (*βάρβαρος*). The passages which have just preceded this would imply a disagreement with the orthodox Neoplatonists of the school of Ammonius Saccas, Plotinus in chief, who placed the knowledge of God on heights that could only be attained by ecstasy and then only for a brief moment. The life of the philosopher was a preparation for the coming of the great moment. Speaking of the divine illumination, Plotinus (*Enn.* v. 5. 8) tells us that we must not search for it, but wait for it quietly, as the eye awaits the rising of the sun. The following passage (*Enn.* v. 3. 17) explains his view: *ἀλλ' ἀρκεῖ κἂν νοερῶς ἐφάψασθαι, ἐφαψάμενον δέ, ὅτε ἐφάπτεται, πάντῃ μηδὲν μήτε δύνασθαι μήτε σχολὴν ἄγειν λέγειν, ὕστερον δὲ περὶ αὐτοῦ συλλογίζεσθαι. τότε δὲ χρὴ ἐωρακέναι πιστεύειν, ὅταν ἡ ψυχὴ ἐξαίφνης φῶς λάβῃ. τοῦτο γὰρ . . . παρ' αὐτοῦ καὶ αὐτός* (*ἔστι* should be understood here, i.e. He, the One, *is* the light. Cf. 'I am the Light of the world,' John viii. 12) *καὶ τότε χρὴ νομίζειν παρεῖναι, . . . ὅταν εἰς οἶκον καλοῦντός τινος ἐλθὼν*

φωτίσῃ, ἢ μηδ' ἐλθὼν οὐκ ἐφώτισεν. . . . καὶ τοῦτο τὸ τέλος τὸ ἀληθινὸν ψυχῇ, ἐφάψασθαι φωτὸς ἐκείνου καὶ αὐτῷ αὐτὸ θεάσασθαι, οὐκ ἄλλου φωτὶ ἀλλ' αὐτὸ δι' οὗ καὶ ὁρᾷ.

In order to reconcile his doctrine of religious ecstasy with his pretensions to form a reasoned system of philosophy, Plotinus is obliged to divide the intellect by giving it two sets of powers, as in this passage (*Enn.* vi. 7. 35): *καὶ τὸν νοῦν τοίνυν τὴν μὲν ἔχειν δύναμιν εἰς τὸ νοεῖν, ᾗ τὰ ἐν αὐτῷ βλέπει, τὴν δὲ ᾗ τὰ ἐπέκεινα αὐτοῦ ἐπιβολῇ τινι καὶ παραδοχῇ, καθ' ἣν καὶ πρότερον ἑώρα μόνον, καὶ ὁρῶν ὕστερον καὶ νοῦν ἔσχε καὶ ἓν ἐστι· καὶ ἔστιν ἐκείνη μὲν ἡ θέα νοῦ ἔμφρονος, αὕτη δὲ νοῦς ἐρῶν. ὅταν ἄφρων γένηται μεθυσθεὶς τοῦ νέκταρος, τότε ἐρῶν γίνεται ἁπλωθεὶς εἰς εὐπάθειαν τῷ κόρῳ· καὶ ἔστιν αὐτῷ μεθύειν βέλτιον ἢ σεμνοτέρῳ εἶναι τοιαύτης μέθης.* It will be seen from this that the mind has the power first to think and reason, while turned to what is within it, and second to see by a certain perception and comparison (intuition?) what is above it, and so is one. The first state is that of reason, the second that of this complete unity of the mind, which comes from repudiating reason and submitting to the passionate power that is within it. This last state prepares the way for union with the One. In this wise Plotinus adumbrates the real nature of his religion, for such indeed it is, the preparation of the mind for a passionate flight to a union with the Eternal. One is inclined to ask, taking the argument in these last passages, in conjunction with the distinction between Greeks and Barbarians which Synesius introduces here, whether he does not mean to imply that the philosophy of the Egyptian Plotinus was not the philosophy of his Greek masters, Plato and Aristotle. To ascend gradually to the conception of the first cause, of the good, by training in dialectic they would have regarded as the orthodox teaching of philosophy. It is true that unquestionable authorities on Plotinus, Bouillet and Mackenna amongst others, have considered that this matter of ecstasy bulks too large in the prevalent notions in regard to the author whom they have so ably commented upon. But the passages I note seem to me to leave little doubt that this absolute casting off of the trammels of reason is the goal of his philosophy or religion. In *Enn.* vi. 9. 11 he is even more explicit in describing the state of one carried aloft by ecstasy: *οὐ γάρ τι ἐκινεῖτο παρ' αὐτῷ, οὐ θυμός, οὐκ ἐπιθυμία ἄλλου παρῆν αὐτῷ ἀναβεβηκότι, ἀλλ'*

οὐδέ τις λόγος, οὐδέ τις νόησις, οὐδ' ὅλως αὐτός, . . . ἀλλ' ὥσπερ ἁρπασθεὶς ἢ ἐνθουσιάσας . . . ἑστὼς πάντῃ καὶ οἷον στάσις γενόμενος. . . . After comparing this flight of the soul to the entrance into a shrine (*ὥσπερ τις εἰς τὸ εἴσω τοῦ ἀδύτου εἰσδὺς . . .*), he describes its state as *ἴσως . . . οὐ θέαμα, ἀλλὰ ἄλλος τρόπος τοῦ ἰδεῖν, ἔκστασις καὶ ἁπλωσις, καὶ ἐπίδοσις αὐτοῦ, καὶ ἕφεσις πρὸς ἀφήν, καὶ στάσις καὶ περινόησις πρὸς ἐφαρμογήν, εἴπερ τις τὸ ἐν τῷ ἀδύτῳ θεάσεται. εἰ δ' ἄλλως βλέποι, οὐδὲν πάρεστι.*

Again in *Enn.* v. 1. 6 he speaks of the worshippers as obtaining this union by transcending all things (*ἐπέκεινα ἁπάντων*), including no doubt the ideas of reason, beauty, as in vi. 9. 11 (*τὸ καλὸν ἤδη ὑπερθέων*), and all *intelligibilia*. These they discard as those who penetrate into the remotest shrine in the mysteries leave their clothing behind them (*ἀποδυομένοις ἃ καταβαίνοντες ἠμφιέσμεθα Enn.* i. 6. 7). Bouillet (iii. 562) quotes a passage from Bossuet, *Élévation à Dieu*, that makes an interesting comparison with the Plotinian conception: 'Alors s'accomplira notre parfaite unité en nous-mêmes, et avec tout ce qui possédera Dieu avec nous; et ce qui nous fera tous parfaitement un, c'est que nous serons, et nous verrons, et nous aimerons; et tout cela sera en nous tous une seule et même vie.'

Page 164, l. 28. *Amus the Egyptian.* Crawford (pp. 471–3) has a long note on this allusion. He refers to a passage in Socrates (iv. 23) where a certain *Ἀμμοῦν* is mentioned as one who extended and improved the hermitages in Egypt and whose cell was on the Nitrian mountain, and to Sozomen (i. 14), who calls him *Ἀμοῦν* and *Ἀμοῦς*. He agrees, however, with Krabinger in supposing that Amus here is really meant for Thamus, the Egyptian king. In Plato's *Phaedrus*, 274 C, E, it is said that the Egyptian god Theuth—called Ammon by Socrates—invented letters and taught them to Thamus (*Θαμοῦς*), king of Egypt, who remarked to him: *Ἄλλος μὲν τεκεῖν δυνατὸς τὰ τῆς τέχνης, ἄλλος δὲ κρῖναι. κτλ.*

Petavius quotes a Scholion, 'quod ex Med. margine transcribere visum est', concerning Amus (1136, Migne): *ἐρομένου τινὸς αὐτὸν εἰ ἀναγκαῖα τὰ γράμματα, ἔφη, εἰ ὁ νοῦς ἔρρωται, τίς χρεία γραμμάτων; τὸ δὲ οὐκ ἐξεῦρεν . . . ἀλλ' ἀπεφήνατο τούτους δεῖσθαι γραμμάτων, οἵτινες οὐ μέγεθος εὐτύχησαν νοῦ, ἵνα τὴν τοῦ νοῦ ἔνδειαν ἐντεῦθεν ἐπανορθῶνται.*

Page 165, l. 11. *phoenix.* Herodotus (ii. 73) describes the phoenix in

the following words: 'Another bird also is sacred; it is called the phoenix, I myself have never seen it, but only pictures of it; for the bird comes but seldom into Egypt, once in five hundred years, as the people of Heliopolis say. It is said that the phoenix comes when his father dies. If the picture truly shows his size and appearance, his plumage is partly golden and partly red. He is most like an eagle in shape and bigness. The Egyptians tell a tale of this bird's devices which I do not believe. He comes, they say, from Arabia, bringing his father to the Sun's temple enclosed in myrrh, and there buries him. His manner of bringing is this: first he moulds an egg of myrrh as heavy as he can carry, and when he has proved its weight by lifting it he then hollows out the egg and puts his father in it, covering over with more myrrh the hollow in which the body lies; so the egg being with his father in it of the same weight as before, the phoenix, after enclosing him, carries him to the temple of the Sun in Egypt. Such is the tale of what is done by this bird.' (Translated by A. D. Godley, Loeb Library.)

Page 165, l. 19. '*second voyage.*' This expression is put into the mouth of Socrates by Plato in the *Phaedo* (99 D) at the point of his discourse on the immortality of the soul where he tells of his disappointment over the futility of the materialism of Anaxagoras and of his attempt to seek the first cause of the universe in a 'second voyage'. The text is: *τὸν δεύτερον πλοῦν ἐπὶ τὴν τῆς αἰτίας ζήτησιν ἣ πεπραγμάτευμαι, βούλει σοι . . . ἐπίδειξιν ποιήσωμαι . . . .*

Burnet in his edition of the *Phaedo* (p. 99) quotes Eustathius *in Od.* p. 1453, 20: *δεύτερος πλοῦς λέγεται ὅτε ἀποτυχών τις οὐρίου κώπαις πλέῃ, κατὰ Παυσανίαν.*

Page 165, l. 23. *Concerning these men.* He seems to have in mind in these pages the same class of pseudo-philosophers whom he attacks in Letter 154, and of whom he speaks with bitter sarcasm. 'No doubt', he says, 'these men alone have become spectators of the knowable. This privilege is unlawful for me . . . . A shadow would surpass these men in uttering anything to the point; but their pretensions are extraordinary', &c. The following passage from St. Clement of Alexandria is quoted by Bigg (*Christian Platonists of Alexandria*, ed. 2, p. 120): 'For he who merely abstains from wrong is not

righteous unless he adds well-doing and knowledge of the reason why he ought to do some things and not do others' (*Stromata*, vi. 12. 103).

Page 166, l. 15. *reverence to this abstention.* Synesius may have in mind here Christian extremists on the question of celibacy and procreation, fanatical ascetics such as Marcion and Tatian. Cf. Irenaeus, *Adv. Haer.* i. 28. 1. See Walter Scott, *Hermetica*, vol. iii, p. 141, for a quotation from St. Clement of Alexandria (*Stromata*, iii. 3. 12).

Synesius, besides the fact that he rather leant upon the doctrines of Plato himself and had never followed the extravagances of certain Christians and Neoplatonists, was always affected also by the teachings of the Stoa, which pointed in another direction than that of a struggle *à outrance* with matter in the form of the complete separation of the sexes.

Page 168, l. 7. *Zoroaster, Hermes, Antonius.* Synesius means Hermes Trismegistus, the mythical author of the *Hermetica*, works written by Egyptian Greeks in the second century, in all probability, containing Neoplatonic doctrines and commonly believed to have come down from great antiquity through the hands of Egyptian priests. Druon thinks Antonius must be St. Antony of the Thebaid. In this way reference is made to the wisdom of Persia, Egypt, and Christendom, if the identification of Antonius is right.

Page 168, l. 30. *falling into some abyss*, &c. The text is: *εἰς ἄβυσσόν τινα φλυαρίας ἐμπεσόντας*. Cf. Plato, *Parmenides*, 130D: 'Then again', Socrates says to Parmenides in the dialogue, 'when I have taken up this position, I run away, because I am afraid that I may fall into a bottomless pit of nonsense (*τινα βυθὸν φλυαρίας*) and perish . . . .' 'Socrates', represented here as a young and inquiring mind, comes to Zeno and Parmenides for advice in the difficulties that his theory of ideas present to him. After some discussion of the problem the aged Parmenides says to him that he thinks his hesitation as to the road to take comes from his attempt to define the ideas without sufficient previous training. He then proceeds to give an example of how metaphysical argument should proceed, and this forms the main part of the dialogue. Synesius means to point out that even Socrates stood in need of education.

Page 169, l. 13. *You must . . . watch small mysteries*, &c. St. Clement

of Alexandria (*Stromata*, v. c. 11 p. 689, ed. Potter) alludes to these small mysteries in the following terms: 'In the Hellenic Mysteries there are first of all, and for good reasons, purifications analogous to those that take place among the Barbarians. After these come the *small mysteries*, which include the rudiments of teaching and of preparation for what is to follow. As to the *great mysteries*, in all their tenor there is nothing further to be *learned*; one only has to contemplate and to arrive at a spiritual conception of nature and events' (Cousin, *Frag. Phil. Anc.* p. 448).

Olympiodorus, in his commentary on the *Phaedo*, speaks of the ceremonies in these terms: 'In the holy initiations first came the public cleansings, then the more secret purification. These were followed by the reunions, after which came the initiations and last of all the intuitions. The moral and political virtues correspond to the public cleansings, the purificatory virtues which separate us from the outer world to the secret purifications; while the same virtues directed towards unity correspond to the initiations, and the pure intuition of the ideas to the mystic intuition itself. The end is to bring souls to their final state, i. e. their life in Zeus . . . thus the subject of initiation dwells with the gods according to the function of the divinities who preside over the initiation. There are two sorts of initiations: the initiations of this world, which are, so to speak, preparatory, and those of the other world, which carry out the first.' See Bouillet, *Plot.* iii. 608.

Page 170, l. 13. *dear at three for an obol.* Petavius quotes Galen, *Protrepticos ad Artes* [c. 6]: *καίτοι οὐκ αἰσχρὸν τὸν οἰκέτην μὲν ἐνίοτε δραχμῶν εἶναι μυρίων ἄξιον, αὐτὸν δὲ τὸν δεσπότην αὐτοῦ μηδὲ μιᾶς; καὶ τί λέγω μιᾶς; οὐδ' ἂν προῖκά τις τὸν τοιοῦτον λάβοι.*

Page 170, l. 28. *Calliope, receiving us . . . parched with drought.* Cf. Propertius, iii. 3. 51:

> talia Calliope, lymphisque a fonte petitis
> ora Philetaea nostra rigavit aqua.

Page 171, l. 29. *something quite serious . . . from those who jest.* This is the same vein of thought as in Letter 1 (to Nicander), where he speaks of his books as 'all from the same father, who inclines now to the serious and now to the lighter side'.

Page 172, l. 10. *the ephetes.* The *ephetae* were judges in Athens first created by Draco. They were Eupatridae and formed a board under the King Archon whose function it was to try cases of homicide, but after the creation of the senate of the Areopagos, which then took over cases of wilful murder, the rôle assigned to the *ephetae* was that of trying cases of involuntary homicide.

Page 175, l. 30. *Socrates gave himself up even to Prodicus . . . and permitted Hippias to put in a word.* Cf. Plato, *Protagoras*, 315 E 'I (i.e. Socrates) was very anxious to hear what Prodicus was saying, for he seems to me to be an all-wise and inspired man; but his fine deep voice made an echo in the room which rendered his words inaudible'. Hippias, in the dialogues that bear his name, certainly does more than 'put in a word'; he speaks to Socrates often contemptuously, and always as one possessed of superior knowledge. 'O Socrates,' he exclaims, 'you are always weaving the meshes of an argument, selecting the most difficult point, and fastening upon details, instead of grappling with the matter in hand as a whole' (*Hippias Minor*, 369 B). Socrates argues with him in a vein of irony, sometimes caustic, as in the next passage: 'O Hippias, I do not doubt that you are wiser than I am', &c. Hippias is the type of the ignorant, bombastic sophist, the favourite butt of Socrates' sarcasms in the dialogues. Glaucon was Plato's younger brother, and is represented in the *Republic* as a rich young man who breeds hounds and quails but is modest and an enthusiastic admirer of Socrates. As to Critias, he is the chief interlocutor in the celebrated dialogue of Plato that contains the story of the vanished continent Atlantis, and of which the last portion is lost. It was to this Critias that Socrates refused to yield, as Diogenes Laertius tells us (ii. 24), when he and his colleagues ordered him to bring Leon of Salamis before them for execution. 'Simon was a citizen of Athens and a cobbler', says Diogenes Laertius. 'When Socrates came to his workshop and began to converse, he used to make notes of all that he could remember. And this is why people apply the term 'leathern' to his dialogues . . . thirty-three in number.'

Page 176, l. 10. The allusion to *Cleitophon abusing* Socrates is

not quite accurate. In the Platonic dialogue that bears his name Cleitophon (410 c) defends himself against this charge, admitting to Socrates that he had criticized him only as not being sufficiently definite in his teachings as to how virtue might be acquired. 'It is for this reason', he says, 'that I shall doubtless go to Thrasymachus or anybody else from whom I can gain instruction, unless you consent to put an end to (mere) exhortations'. He ends the short discourse by saying to Socrates, 'I beg of you be no longer deaf to my questions, that I may be no longer compelled, as I am just now, to praise you before Lysias, and many others, on certain points and to blame you at the same time on others.'

Page 176, l. 13. *Phaedrus sufficed him.* Synesius means to show that he regards it as an excellent trait in the character of Socrates that he could condescend to intellectual intimacy with a naïve and simple mind like that of Phaedrus.

Of Xanthippe Diogenes Laertius recounts several anecdotes, for instance, that when she scolded Socrates and then finally drenched him with water, he only exclaimed: 'Did I not say that Xanthippe's thunder would end in rain?' He said, according to the same biographer, that he had chosen a violent woman to live with for the same reason that horsemen choose high-spirited horses (Diog. Laer. ii. 26–36).

Page 177, l. 22 ff. *philosophy . . . will praise rhetoric.* Synesius in these preceding pages shows a vein of irritation against his traducers that is easy to understand. The attacks on him came from the quarter not of the rhetoricians but of the philosophers. In the letter to Hypatia already quoted (*Ep.* 154) he says of them, with some contempt, 'they support their beards with the hand'. But he is not attacked, it would seem, as was the Emperor Julian, for being a philosopher, and for wearing the beard. That would have been the *beau rôle* perhaps in the eyes of Synesius, and it certainly gave Julian a magnificent opportunity of replying, which he did with great effect in the *Misopogon*. The enemies of Synesius, possibly instructed by this past history, were more subtle and attacked him not as a philosopher, but as a rhetorician. Now as it was evidently Synesius' weakness to imagine himself nothing if not a philosopher, and to fancy that he held aloof from the arts of the sophist, that he was one 'who through philosophy had been brought up in a

more rustic mould' (*Egyptian*, 1253 c), it must have been galling to be assailed and criticized for being the very thing he had always been affecting a disdain for, namely the sophist. The same irritation is noticeable in the last chapter in *Dreams*; there it takes the form of a counter-attack on men whom he pillories as rhetoricians and sophists, like the gargling and gum-chewing orator so eloquently described here.

Page 178, l. 27. *The name of Pythagoras of Samos . . . has been inscribed*, &c. It would seem from all this that the Pythagoreans' tradition in regard to literature was to attach themselves not to the letter of a book, but to the spirit; they were not to read the work but, so to speak, meditate it. The Neo-Pythagoreans were still in existence in the time of Synesius, and may obviously have had a certain influence on him in other directions than this. Apollonius of Tyana is imbued with the Neo-Pythagorean doctrine, as also Dio himself (see Nock's *Sallustius*, p. xxxvii).

Page 180, l. 26. *This is quite like*, &c.: cf. Mayor on Juv. 14, 76.

Page 181, l. 14. *And even if the thought was different*, &c. A very good example of the sort of talent which Synesius ascribes to himself may be found in the translation of Boethius written by King Alfred the Great in the ninth century. The King was not satisfied with translating the Latin text, but at certain moments would introduce a passage of his own invention, writing in the style of the author he was translating, and, this terminated, he would pick up again the thread of the translation proper. Some of the sallies of King Alfred introduced in this way are doubly interesting, for they give a glimpse on the one hand of his own sentiments and ideals, and on the other of his power of writing in the same style as his great model. An edition of this work in modernized English is published by the Clarendon Press (Oxford, 1900) with King Alfred's intercalations in italics, so that the work which is of his own creation can be compared with that of the Latin philosopher.

Page 182, l. 6. *Cratinus and of Crates.* Both Cratinus and Crates are mentioned in the parabasis of *The Knights* of Aristophanes, lines 526 *seq.* Cratinus was an old man when Aristophanes brought out this play, in which he speaks of his elder rival as a man quite finished and in his dotage, though one who was brilliant in his day:

Thus in glory was he seen, while his years as yet were green;
but now that his dotage is on him,
God help him! for no eye, of all those who pass him by,
throws a look of compassion upon him.

A few lines further up he had introduced his name by saying:

Who Cratinus may forget or the storm of whim and wit
which shook theatres under his guiding?
When Panegyric's song poured her flood of praise along
who but he on the top wave was riding?

Poetical justice, however, came to the rescue of Cratinus, for in the following year he wrested away the prize from Aristophanes, in spite of the fact that the play presented to the judges by the latter was the most famous of his works, *The Clouds*. A few lines further on in the parabasis Aristophanes has a thrust at Crates also. Crates began life as an actor, and took the foremost roles in the plays of Cratinus; he afterwards became himself a writer of plays of the Old Comedy. Aristophanes gibes at the actor who rivalled his own protégés, Callistratus and Philonides, in the following lines:

I spare myself the toil to record the buffets vile,
the affronts and the contumelies hateful,
Which on Crates frequent fell, yet I dare you, sirs, to tell,
where was Caterer more pleasing or grateful?
Who knew better how to lay soup piquant and entremets, . . .
or hash'd sentiment so to your wishes?

Diphilus was a contemporary of Menander, and a writer of plays much admired in the days of the New Comedy. Only fragments have come down to us. Philemon was twenty years younger than Menander and seems to have been a brilliant example of the same school. Two at least of his plays, and probably more, were imitated by Plautus. Synesius apparently means to show us that he was equally versed in the authors of the Old Comedy and the New.

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